

MINOR POETS OF THE CAROLINE PERIOD

VOL III CONTAINING

JOHN CLEVELAND THOMAS STANLEY
HENRY KING THOMAS FLATMAN
NATHANIEL WHITING

EDITED BY
GEORGE SAINTSBURY, MA

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Henry King

Which looks above our gadders' trivial reach,
The commonplace of travellers, who teach
But table-talk, and seldomly aspire
Beyond the country's diet or attire,
Whereas your piercing judgement does relate
The policy and manage of each State
And since she must here without envy grant
That you have further journey'd the Levant
Than any noble spirit by her bred
Hath in your way as yet adventured,
I cannot less in justice from her look,
Than that she henceforth canonize your book
A rule to all her travellers, and you
The brave example, from whose equal view
Each knowing reader may himself direct,
How he may go abroad to some effect,
And not for form what distance and what trust
In those remoter parts observe he must
How he with jealous people may converse,
Yet take no hurt himself by that commerce
So when he shall embark'd in dangers be,
Which wit and wary caution not foresee,
If he partake your valour and your brain,
He may perhaps come safely off again,
As you have done, though not so richly fraught
As this return hath to our staple brought

I know your modesty shuns vulgar praise,
And I have none to bring, but only raise
This monument of Honour and of Love,
Which your long known deserts so far improve,
They leave me doubtful in what style to end,
Whether more your admirer or your friend.

To my honoured Friend Mr. George Sandys

It is, Sir, a confess'd intrusion here
That I before your labours do appear,
Which no loud herald need, that may proclaim
Or seek acceptance, but the Author's fame

124-5 canonize rule] A play of words
Mr George Sandys] These verses appeared as commendatory to Sandys' well-known
Paraphrase upon the Divine Psalms, 1648 Sandys was not only a friend of King
of all his group), but, according to l 14 of this piece, a relation the exact connexion
however, was unknown to Hannah and Hooper, and is to me Indeed, l 18 might
taken to mean that we were not to look further for 'extraction' than to the fact that
they were both sons of bishops Hannah saw this, but drew the inference somewhat
too positively

Mr Percy Simpson has found the following variants in Sandys' own book
25 might] would 27 straight vow'd] strait-vow'd 57-62 absent 64 Would
And skill] Art 89 They would by no means (had they power to choose)
90 practice] Custom 96 stuffs] stuff 116 Allow] Confess.
King may have retouched the piece

To my honoured Friend Mr George Sandys

Much less that should this happy work commend
Whose subject is its licence and doth send
It to the world to be receiv'd and read,
Far as the glorious beams of truth are spread

Nor let it be imagin'd that I look
Only with customs eye upon your book 10
Or in this service that 'twas my intent
To exclude your person from your argument
I shall profess much of the love I owe
Doth from the root of our extraction grow
To which though I can little contribute
Yet with a natural joy I must impute
To our tribes honour what by you is done
Worthy the title of a Prelates son.

And scarcely have two brothers farther borne
A fathers name or with more value worn 20
Their own than two of you whose pens and feet
Have made the distant points of Heaven to meet,
He by exact discoveries of the West
Yourself by painful travels in the East.

Some more like you might pow'rfully confute
Th opposers of Priests marriage by the fruit.
And (since tis known for all their straight vow'd life,
They like the sex in any style but wife)
Cause them to change their cloister for that state
Which keeps men chaste by vows legitimate 30
Nor shame to father their relations
Or under nephews names disguise their sons
This child of yours born without spurious blot
And fairly midwiv'd as it was begot
Doth so much of the parents goodness wear
You may be proud to own it for your heir
Whose choice acquits you from the common sin
Of such who finish worse than they begin
You mend upon yourself, and your last strain
Does of your first the start in judgement gain 40
Since what in curious travel was begun,
You here conclude in a devotion

Where in delightful raptures we descry
As in a map Sions chorography
Laid out in so direct and smooth a line
Men need not go about through Palestine
Who seek Christ here will the straight road prefer
As nearer much than by the Sepulchre

3 Orig note [Sir Edw n Sandys survey of Religion in the West] More properly entitled *Europae Speculum* (1559)

Prefatory Note

who has had the benefit of Mr. G. Thoin-Drury's univalled knowledge of these minors. I could not think of clamping the hands of scholars so well versed as these were in seventeenth-century work and they have accordingly bestowed rather more attention than had originally formed part of my own plan on *apparatus criticus* and comparison of MSS. The reader of course gains considerably in yet other respects. I owe these gentlemen, who may almost be called part-editors of this volume as far as text is concerned, very sincere thanks, and I have endeavoured as far as possible to specify their contributions.

When the war came the fortunes of the book inevitably received another check. The Clarendon Press conducted its operations in many other places besides Walton Street, and with many other instruments besides types and paper. Nor had its Home Department much time for such mere *belles lettres* as these. Moreover the loss of my own library, and the difficulties of compensating for that loss in towns less rich in books than Edinburgh, put further drags on the wheel. So I and my Carolines had to bide our time still, and even now it has been thought best to jettison a part of the promised cargo of the ship rather than keep it longer on the stocks.

The poets whom I had intended to include, and upon whom I had bestowed more or less labour, but who now suffer exclusion, were Heath, Flecknoe, Hawkins, Beedome, Prestwich, Lawrence, Pick, Jenkyn, and a certain 'Philander'. Of these I chiefly regret Heath the pretty title of whose *Clarastella* is not ill-supported by the text, and who would have 'taken out the taste' of Whiting satisfactorily for some people—Hawkins, Lawrence, and Jenkyn. Henry Hawkins in *Parthencia Sacra* has attained a sort of mystical unction which puts him not so very far below Crashaw, and perhaps entitles him to rank with that poet, Southwell, and Chideock Tichborne earlier as the representative quartette of English Roman Catholic poetry in the major Elizabethan age. Lawrence's *Arnalte and Lucenda*, not a brilliant thing in itself, has real literary interest of the historical-comparative kind as representing a Spanish romance by Diego de San Pedro (best known as the author of the *Carcel de Amor*) and its French translation by Herberay, the translator of *Amadis*. But such things remain to be taken up by some general historian of the 'Heroic' Romance. As for 'Patheryke' [*sic*] Jenkyn he attracted me many years ago by the agreeable heterography of his name (so far preferable to more

Prefatory Note

recent sham Celticisms thereof) and held me by less fantastic merits Flecknoe pleaded for a chance against the tyranny of 'glorious John. But when it was a question between keeping these and the others with further delay and letting them go there could not be much doubt in which way England expected this man to do his infinitesimal duty.

One instance not of subtraction but of addition to the original contents seems to require slight notice. The eye weakness just mentioned having always prevented me from making any regular study of palaeography I had originally proposed only to include work already printed. I was tempted to break my rule in the case of Godolphin and made rather a mess of it. An errata list in the present volume (p. 552) will I believe repair the blunder. The single censurer of this (I further believe) single serious lapse of mine was I remember troubled about it as a discredit to the University of Oxford. I sincerely trust that he was mistaken. None of us can possibly do credit to our University, we can only derive it from her. To throw any discredit on her is equally impossible though of course any member may relieve such discredit for himself. Let me hope that the balance against me for indiscreet dealing with perhaps one per cent. of my fifteen hundred or two thousand pages is not too heavy.

Little need be said of the actual constituents of the volume, which has however perhaps lost something of its intended composition in the artistic sense by losing its tail. A good English edition of Cleveland has long been wanted and I think—the thought being stripped of presumption by the number and valiancy of my helpers—that we have at last given one. Stanley and King—truer poets than Cleveland if less interesting to the general public—also called for fresh presentation. If anybody demurs to Flatman and still more to Whiting he must be left to his own opinion. I shall only note here that on Cleveland I was guilty of injustice to the Library of the University of Edinburgh (to which I owe much) by saying that it contained no edition of this reviler of Caledonia. None was discoverable in my time the process of overhauling and re-cataloguing being then incomplete. But my friend and successor, Professor Grierson tells me that one has since been found. As to King I have recently seen doubts cast on his authorship of 'Tell me no more'. But I have seen no valid reasons alleged for them and I do not know of any one else who has the slightest claim to it.

Prefatory Note

Of the whole three volumes it is still less necessary to say much I have owed special thanks in succession to Mr. Doble, Mr. Milford, and Mr Chapman (now Secretary) of the Clarendon Press, to Professors Fiith and Case (indeed, but for the former's generous imparting of his treasures the whole thing could hardly have been done) for loan of books as well as answering of questions, and to not a few others, among whom I may specially mention my friend of many years, the Rev William Hunt, D.Litt, Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford I wish the work had done greater credit to all this assistance and to the generous expenditure of the University and its Press But such as it is I can say (speaking no doubt as a fool) that I should myself have been exceedingly grateful if somebody had done it fifty years ago and that I shall be satisfied if only a few people are grateful for it between now and fifty or five hundred years hence For there is stuff in it, though not mine, which will keep as long as the longest of these periods and longer ¹

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

I *Royal Crescent, Bath*
Oak-Apple Day, 1921

¹ The tolerably gentle reader will easily understand that, in a book written, and even printed, at considerable intervals of time, Time itself will sometimes have affected statements There may be a few such cases here But it seems unnecessary to burden the thing with possible Corrigenda, as to the post-war price of the Cross-bath (p 360), &c

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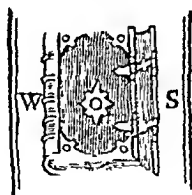
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P O E M S

By

J C

With Additions, never
before Printed



Printed in the Yeare
1653

J. Cleaveland Revived:
P O E M S,
O R A T I O N S,
E P I S T L E S,

And other of his Genuine
Incomparable Pieces, never
before publisht.

W I T H
Some other Exquisite Remains of
the most eminent Wits of both the
Universities that were his
Contemporaries

Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.



L O N D O N,
Printed for *Nathaniel Brook*, at the
Angel in Corn-hill 1659.

Clevelandz Vindiciæ,
O R,
CLIEVELAND'S
Genuine P O E M S,
Oiations, Epistles, &c
Purged from the many
False & Spurious Ones
Which had usurped his Name, and
from innumerable Errours and
Corruptions in the True
To which are added many never
Printed before

Published according to the Author's own Copies

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Nath Brooke*, at the *Angel* in *Corne*
Hill near the *Royal Exchange*, 1677

INTRODUCTION TO JOHN CLEVELAND.

ALMOST everybody an everybody not including many bodies—who has dealt with Cleveland since the revival of interest in seventeenth-century writers has of necessity dwelt more or less on the moral that he points, and the tale that he illustrates, if he does not exactly adorn it. Moral and tale have been also generally summarized by referring to the undoubted fact that Cleveland had twenty editions while Milton's *Minor Poems* had two. I do not propose myself to dwell long on this part of the matter. The moral diatribe is not my trade and while almost any one who wants such a thing can deduce it from the facts which will be given, those who are unable to effect the deduction may as well go without it. What I wish to provide is what it is not easy for any one to provide, and impossible for any one to provide 'out of his own head'—that is to say an edition, sufficient for reading and for all literary purposes, of the most probably authentic of the heterogeneous poems which have clustered round Cleveland's name. Such an edition did not exist when this collection of Caroline poets was planned, nor when it was announced nor has it been supplied since in this country. One did appear very shortly afterwards in America,¹ and it has been of use to me but it certainly does not make Cleveland's appearance here superfluous. Had not Professor Case of Liverpool, who had long made Cleveland a special study, insisted on my giving him in this collection, and most kindly provided me with stores of his own material, I should not have attempted the task and I still hope that Mr. Case will execute a more extensive edition with the prose, with the doubtful or even certainly spurious poems duly annotated, and with apparatus which would be out of place here. It cannot, however, be out of place to include—in what is almost a corpus of 'metaphysical' poetry of the less easily accessible class—one who has been regarded from different, but not very distant, points of view as at once the metaphysical 'furthest' and as the metaphysical *reductio ad absurdum*.

Cleveland (the name was also very commonly spelt in his own day 'Cleiveland'² and 'Cleaveland', as well as otherwise still) was born at

¹ *Poems of John Cleveland*, by John M. Berdan, New York, 1903.

² It has been said that we ought to adopt this spelling because of its connexion with a district of Yorkshire, which, before it was ransacked for iron ore, was both wild and beautiful. But as everybody now spells *this* 'Cleveland', and as the title derived from it has always been so spelt, the argument seems an odd one.

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Loughborough and christened on June 20 1613 His father Thomas was curate of the parish and assistant master at the Grammar School Eight years later the father was made vicar of Hinckley also provided with a grammar school at which John appears to have been educated till in 1627 he went to Christ's College, Cambridge—where, of course the everlasting comparison with his elder contemporary Milton comes in again for those who like it. He remained at Christ's for seven years as usual, performing divers college exercises on public occasions, occasionally of some importance, took his bachelor's degree (also as usual) in 1631 and in 1634 was elected to a fellowship at St John's, proceeding to his M A next year At the end of his probationary period he did not take orders, but was admitted as *legista*—perhaps also though the statement is uncorroborated officially to the third learned faculty of Physic There is also doubt about his incorporation at Oxford He served as Tutor and as Rhetoric Praelector nor are we destitute of Orations and Epistles of an official character from his pen Like the majority of university men at the time—and indeed like the majority of men of letters and education—he was a strong Royalist and was unlikely to stay in Cambridge when the Roundhead mob of the town was assisted by a Parliamentary garrison in rabbling the University It was natural that he should 'retire to Oxon' and it is probable that Oxford was his head quarters from 1642 to 1645 But he does not seem to have been actually deprived of his fellowship at St. John's till the last named year when the Earl of Manchester whom (especially as Lord Kimbolton) Cleveland had bitterly satirized had his opportunity of revenge and took it.

For Cleveland had already been active with his pen in the Royalist cause and was now appointed to a post of some importance as 'Judge Advocate of Newark' The Governor was Sir Richard Wallis for whom Cleveland replied to Leven's summons to surrender They held the town for the King from November to May when it was given up on Charles's own order Then comes the anecdote—more than a hundred years after date—of Leven's dismissing him with contemptuous lenity Let the poor fellow go about his business and sell his ballads This though accepted by Carlyle and a smart enough invention has no contemporary authority and is made extremely suspicious by its own addition that Cleveland was so vexed that he took to strong liquors which hastened his death Now Newark fell in 1646 and Cleveland lived till 1658 It would make an interesting examination question How much must a man drink in a day in order to hasten his death thereby twelve years afterwards? And it must be admitted if true, to be a strong argument on the side of the good fellow who pleaded that alcohol was a very *slow* poison

He escaped somehow however and we hear nothing of his life for

John Cleveland

another decade Then he is again in trouble, being informed against, to the Council of State, by some Norwich Roundheads who have, however, nothing to urge against him but his antecedents, his forgoing with 'papists and delinquents', his 'genteel garb' with 'small and scant means', and (which is important) his 'great abilitie whence he is able to do the greater disservice', this last a handsome testimonial to Cleveland, and a remarkable premium upon imbecility He was imprisoned at Yarmouth and wrote a very creditable letter to Cromwell, maintaining his principles, but asking for release, which seems to have been granted Cromwell—to do him justice and to alter a line of his greatest panegyrist save one in verse on another person—

Never *persecuted* but for gain,

and he probably did not agree with the officious persons at Norwich that there was much to be gained by incarcerating a poor Royalist poet But Cleveland had been at least three months in prison, and it is alleged, with something more like *vera causa* in the allegation, that he there contracted 'such a weakness and disorder as soon after brought him to the grave' A seventeenth-century prison was much more likely to kill a man in two years than 'strong waters' which had already been vigorously applied and successfully resisted for ten He died in Gray's Inn, of an intermittent fever, on April 29, 1658

Something will be said presently of the almost hopeless tangle of the so-called editions of Cleveland's *Poems* It seems at least probable that no single one of the twenty—or whatever the number is—can be justly called authoritative. That he was an extremely popular poet or rather journalist in verse as well as prose, is absolutely beyond dispute—the very tangle just referred to proves it—and, though it may be excessive to call him the most popular poet of his time, he may fairly be bracketed with Cowley as joint holder of that position Nor did his popularity cease as quickly as Cowley's did the Restoration indeed was likely to increase rather than diminish it, and the editions went on till close upon the Revolution itself, while there were at least two after it, one just on the eve of the eighteenth century in 1699 and one near its middle in 1742¹ Considerably before this, however, the critics had turned against him 'Grave men', to quote Edward Phillips and the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 'affirmed him the best of English poets', but not for long Fuller, who actually admired him, admitted that 'Clevelandizing' was dangerous, and Dryden, who must have admired him at one time, and shows constant traces of his influence, talks in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* of a 'Catagresis or Clevelandism' In the eighteenth

¹ I am not certain that I have seen a copy of this, and its existence has been denied but I have certainly seen it catalogued somewhere It should perhaps be added that 1699 is only 1687 with a fresh title

Introduction

century he passed almost out of sight till Johnson brought him up for 'awful exampling in the famous *Life of Cowley* and he has had few advocates since. Let us without borrowing from these advocates or attempting tediously to confute his enemies, deal with the facts, so far as they are known of his life and with the characteristics of the carefully sifted but in no sense selected¹ poetry which will follow.

As for his character as a man the evidence is entirely in his favour. He was an honest and consistent politician on his own side and if some people think it the wrong side, others are equally positive that it was the right. If (rather unfairly) we dismiss the encomia on his character as partisan there remains the important fact that no one on the other side says anything definite against it. If he was abusive it certainly does not lie with anybody who admires Milton to reproach him with that. But the fact is once more that except in so far as there is a vague idea that a cavalier and especially a cavalier poet must have been a deboshed person, there is absolutely no evidence against Cleveland and much in his favour. Also this is not our business which is with him as a poet.

As such he has been subjected to very little really critical examination.¹ The result of such as I myself have been able to give him was arrived at somewhat slowly or rather it flashed upon me after reading the poems several times over in different arrangements that which gives the serious and satiric pieces higgledy piggledy as in the older editions and that which separates them, as in 1677 and in Mr Berdan's American reprint. This result is that I entertain a very serious doubt whether Cleveland ever wrote serious poetry in one sense—he was of course serious enough in his satires—at all. That, on the other hand he deliberately set himself to burlesque the 'metaphysical manner I do not think or at least (for rather minute definition is necessary here) I do not think that he executed this burlesque with any reforming intention or any particular contempt for the style. Like Butler whom he in so many ways resembles—who pretty certainly owed him not a little and of whom he was as has often been pointed out, a sort of rough copy or spoiled draft—he was what he satirized in the literary way and he caricatured himself. Of course if anybody thinks as the *Retrospective Reviewer* thought that 'Tuscarra' and 'To the State of Love' are actually and intrinsically 'beautiful specimens of poetic conception' he will scout my notion. But I do not think that any one who has done me the honour even to look into these volumes will think me an 'antimetaphysical', and I must confess that I can see only occasional poetry here—only a caricature of such methods as may be suggested by Donne's 'Bracelet

¹ The most important treatments besides Johnson's treatments usefully separated in date are contained in the *Retrospect or Review* (vol. xii) Mr Gosse's remarks in *From Shakespeare to Pop* and Mr Berdan's in the edition above mentioned.

John Cleveland

piece, and the best things in Crashaw. It is, for instance, a very tell-tale thing that there is not, in Cleveland's work, a single one of the lovely lyrics that enshrine and ennoble the conceits in almost every one else of the school, from Donne himself to Sherburne. An American critic, defending Cleveland with the delightful indiscreetness of most defenders, maintains that these lyrics were failures—that they were *not* characteristic of the time. Well, let us be thankful that almost everybody down to Kynaston and John Hall 'failed' in this way not seldom.

But Cleveland never failed in it and unfortunately it wants a failure or two at least of this kind to make a poet. To illustrate what I mean, let me refer readers to Benlowes—comparison of Cleveland with whom would not long ago have been impossible except in a large library. Benlowes is as extravagant as Cleveland, whom (I rather think) he sometimes copied.¹ But he cannot help this kind of poetic 'failure' from breaking in. Cleveland can, or rather I should say that he does not try—or has no need to try—to keep it out. In 'Fuscaræ', eminently, in 'To the State of Love', perhaps most prettily, in the 'Antiplatonic', most vigorously in all his poems more or less, he sets himself to work to accumulate and elaborate conceits for their own sake. They are not directly suggested by the subject and still less by each other, they are no spray or froth of passion, they never suggest (as all the best examples and many not so good in others do) that indomitable reaching after the infinite which results at least in an infinite unexpectedness. They are merely card-castles of 'wit' in its worst sense—mechanical games of extravagant idea-twisting which simply aim at 'making records'. It is true that people admired them for being this. It is still truer that similar literary exercises may be found, and found popular, at the present day. It is even true, as will be shown later, that it is possible positively to enjoy them still. But these are different questions.

If Cleveland had little or nothing of the poetry of enthusiastic thought and feeling, he had not much more of the poetry of accomplished form, though here also he is exceptionally interesting. His 'Mark Antony'² has been indicated as an early example of 'dactylic' metre. It certainly connects interestingly with some songs of Dryden's, and has an historical

¹ They were both St John's men, and Benlowes must have been a benefactor of the College (see Evelyn's *Diary*) while Cleveland was Fellow. Also Cleveland's Poems had been published, and again and again republished, years before *Thophilus* appeared.

² The *Retrospective* eulogist was deeply hurt by Cleveland's parodying this, and of course drags in Milton once more. 'Could one fancy Milton parodying *Lycidas*?' Now there is considerable difference between 'Mark Antony' and *Lycidas* nor did Cleveland, so far as we know, dream of parodying his own poem on King. If Milton had had the humour to parody some of his own work, it would have been much the better for him and for us. No doubt Cleveland's actual parody is rather coarse and not extraordinarily witty but there is no more objection to it in principle than to Thackeray's two forms of the 'Willow Song' in *Ottima*.

Introduction

position of its own but I am by no means sure (*v inf*) that it was meant to be dactylic or even anapaestic

Cleveland therefore was not a great poet nor even a failure of one but he was but just a failure of a very great satirist Even here of course the Devil's Advocate will find only too much to say against him Every one of the pieces requires the editing polishing and criticizing which (we know pretty well) the author never gave to anything of his Every one suffers from Cleveland's adoption of the same method which he used in his purely metaphysical poems that of stringing together and heaping up images and observations instead of organizing and incorporating them Every one is a tangled tissue of temporary allusion needing endless scholiasttry to unravel and elucidate it It has been said and it is true that we find not a few reminiscences of Cleveland in Dryden There is even in the couplet of the older and smaller poet something of the weight, the impetus the *animosity* of that of the younger and greater But of Dryden's *ordonnance* his generalship his power of coupling up his couplets into irresistible column Cleveland has practically nothing He has something of his own 'Rupertismus' but nothing more

But for all that the Satires give us ample reason for understanding why the Roundheads persecuted Cleveland and justify their fear of his abilities He has though an unequal an occasional command of the slap-in-the face couplet which—as has just been said—not impossibly taught something to Dryden or at least awoke something in him The Rebel Scot his best thing does not come so very far short of the opportunity which the Scots had given and its most famous distich

Had Cain been Scot God would have changed his doom,
Not forced him wander but confined him home,

was again and again revived till the unpopularity of North with South Britain flamed out last in Bute's time a hundred years and more after Cleveland's Of course it is only ignorance which thinks that this form of the couplet was invented by Cleveland or even in his time It may be found in Elizabeth's and in Cleveland's own day was sporadic nor did he himself ever approach such continuous and triumphant use of it as Dryden achieved only two years after Cleveland's own death But there is so to speak, the atmosphere of it and that atmosphere occasionally condenses into very concrete thunderbolts Unfortunately he knew no mood but abuse and such an opportunity as that of the Elegy on Laud is almost entirely lost

However such as he is—in measure as full as can with any confidence be imparted and omitting of course prose work—he is now before the reader, who will thus be able at last to form his own judgement on

John Cleveland

a writer who, perhaps of all English writers, combines the greatest popularity in his own time with the greatest inaccessibility in modern editions

Nor should any reader be deterred from making the examination by the strictures which have been given above on Cleveland's purely poetical methods and merits. These strictures were made as cautions, and as a kind of antidote to the writer's own undisguised partiality for the 'metaphysical' style. It is true that Cleveland, like Ben Jonson, has something of a helot of that style about him, and that his want of purely lyrical power deprives his readers of much of the solace of his (if not of their) sin. But those natures must be very morose, very prosaic, or at best steeled against everything else by abhorrence of 'False Wit' who can withstand a certain tickling of amused enjoyment at the enormous yet sometimes pretty quaintnesses of 'Fuscara' itself, and still more at those of the 'To the State of Love', which is his happiest non-satirical thing. From the preliminary wish to be a 'Shaker' to the final description of Chanticleer as

That Baron Tell-Clock of the night,

the thing is a kind of a carnival of conceit, a fairy tale of the fantastic. 'To Julia to expedite her Promise' is somewhat more laboured and so less happy, and the loss of the lyric form in 'The Hecatombe to his Mistress' is considerable. The heroic couplet squares ill with this sort of thing, but the octasyllabic admits it fairly, and so 'The Antiplatonic' with its greater part, and 'Upon Phillis walking' with the whole in this metre, are preferable. Yet it must be acknowledged that one heroic couplet in the former—

Like an ambassador that beds a queen
With the nice caution of a sword between,

is worthy of Dryden. Most of the other *seria* are but *nugae* and the chief interest of the 'Edward King' epicede, besides its contrast with *Lycidas*, is its pretty certain position as model to Dryden's 'Lord Hastings'. But the two 'Mark Antony' pieces and 'Square Cap' demand, both from the point of view of tone and from that of metre, more attention than was given to them above.

If any one not previously acquainted with the piece or the discussions about it will turn to the text of 'Mark Antony' and read it either aloud or to himself, I should say that, in the common phrase, it is a toss-up what scansion his voice will adopt supposing that he 'commences with the commencement'. The first stanza can run quite agreeably to the usual metrical arrangements of the time, thus

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When as | the nightingale | chanted | her | vespers
 And the | wild for|ester | couched on | the ground
 Venus | invited me | in th eve|ning whispers
 Unto | a fra|grant field | with roses crowned
 Where she | before | had sent
 My wish|es compliment,
 Unto | my heart s | content
 Played with | me on | the green
 Never | Mark Ant|ony
 Dallied | more wan|tonly
 With the fair | Egyptian Queen

or in technical language a decasyllabic quatrain, like *Annus Mirabilis* or Gray's *Elegy* but with hypercatalexis or redundancy in the first and third lines and occasional trochees for iambs, followed by a batch rhymed *aaabccb* of seven three foot lines also iambic. This which as far as the first quatrain is concerned is very nearly the exact metre of Emily Brontë's *Remembrance* and of Myers's *St Paul* suits the second and third stanzas as well as the first.

When the reader comes to the fourth stanza or if like some irregular spints he takes the last first and begins with it the most obvious scansion though the lines are syllabically the same will be different

Mys tical | gram mar of | am ous | glances
 Feeling of | pulses the | phys ic of | love
 Rhetorical | court ings and | musical | dances
 Num bering of | kisses a rith met ic | prove
 Eyes like al|stronomy
 Straight limbed ge|ometry,
 In her art s | in geny
 Our wits were | sharp and keen
 Ne ver Mark | An tony
 Dal lied more | wan tonly
 With the fair | Egyptian | Queen

(Trisyllabic rhythm either dactylic¹ or anapaestic² as may be on general principles preferred) And this may have occurred to him even with the first as thus

When as the | nightingale | chan ted her | ves pers

Now which of these is to be preferred? and which did the author mean? (two questions which are not so identical as they may seem) My own answer which I have already given elsewhere³ is that both are uncertain and that he probably had each of the rhythms in his head but confusedly⁴

¹ Marked by straight bars

² Marked by dotted bars

³ *History of English Prosody* (London 1906 10) vol II, app III

⁴ Very confusedly on the trisyllabic side or ear for in the evening is a very awkward dactyl and the evening whisp not a much cleverer anapaest while the same remark applies to the fragrant field and 'with roses' and their anapaestic counterparts

John Cleveland

'Square Cap' is much less doubtful, or not doubtful at all, and it may be thought to prove the anapestic-dactylic scansion, especially the anapestic of 'Mark Antony'. For it will be observed that, even from the first two verses, you can get no iambic run, except of the most tumbling character, on the line *here*

Come hith|er, Apoll|o's houn|cain' girl,
And in | a whole hip|pocrene | of chery
Let's drink | a round | till our brains | do whirl,
Tun|ing our pipes | to make | oursel|ve merry
A Cambridge lass, Venus like | lorr | of the froth.
Of an old | half-filled jug | of bar|ley broth,
She, she | is my mistress, her suitors ere | t'ere,
But she'll | have a Square cap if e'er | she late | ere.

The problem is scarcely one for dogmatic decision, but it is one of some interest, and of itself entitles Cleveland to attention of the prosodic kind. For these pieces are quite early—before 1645—and a third, 'How the Commencement grows new' (q.v.), is undeniably trisyllabic and meant for some such a time as the 'Selling's Round' which it mentions.

With such a combination of interests, political, historical, poetical (or regards school and period), and prosodic, it will hardly be denied that Cleveland deserves his place here. But I must repeat that I am here endeavouring to deal with him strictly on the general principles of this Collection, and am in no way trying to occupy the ground so as to keep out a more elaborate edition. I have had help from my friends Professors Firth and Case in information and correction of contemporary fact, but full comment on Cleveland, from the historical side, would nearly fill this volume and the problems of the work attributed to him would suffice for a very substantial bibliographical monograph. Neither of these, nor any exhaustive apparatus, even of the textual kind, do I pretend to supply. I simply endeavour—and have spent not a little time and trouble in endeavouring—to provide the student and lover of English literature with an accessible copy, sufficient in amount and fairly trustworthy in substance, of a curious and memorable figure in English verse.⁵

⁵ The extraordinary complexity of the editions of Cleveland has been glanced at above. The following summary will at least give the reader some idea of the facts, and the two original Prefaces will extra-illustrate these facts with some views of causes. It need only be added here that the principle of the collection now given is, of course, to exclude everything that is certainly *not* Cleveland's and, in giving what certainly and probably is his, to arrange the items as far as possible in the order of their publication in the author's lifetime, though the impossibility of working with an actually complete collection of all the issues before one may have occasioned some error here. In the following abstract only the *Poems* are referred to, as they alone concern us.

The original collection is contained in *The Character of a London Diurnal* [prose] with several select *Poems*, London, 1647. This was reprinted in the same year and the next so often that some admit *thirteen* different issues (of course, as was usual at the time, sometimes only 'stop press' batches with slight changes made in what is

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practically the same edition) while no one I think has allowed less than *five*. There are substantive additions in several of these but the singular characteristic of the whole and indeed of Cleveland's published *Poems* generally is that part of the matter even in the very earliest issue is certainly not his and that in very early forms these pieces were coolly headed 'Uncertain Authors'. The extent to which this jumbling and misattributing went on in the seventeenth century is generally if not very precisely known from the famous cases of *Sic Vita* (t. inf. on Bishop King &c.) and of the epitaph sometimes assigned to Browne more usually to Jon on. Another almost equally strange though perhaps not so commonly known is the assignment of some of the poems of a writer of position like the dramatist James Shirley to Carew. But Cleveland must have been rather exceptionally careless of his work during his life and he was treated with exceptional impudence (see Williamson's *Preface*) after his death. The process went on in 1651 to which two issues are assigned with three or four pretty certainly spurious additions while 1653 and 1654 each saw two more the last being printed again in 1656 and 1657. This last was also the last printed in Cleveland's lifetime.

But he was hardly dead when in 1659 two different issues each of them many times reprinted took the most astounding liberties with his name. The first foisted in more than thirty pieces by Robert Fletcher the translator of Martial. The other calling itself *Cleveland Reviv'd* contains the remarkable and perfectly frank explanation given below of the principles on which the work of Mr. Williamson was conducted, and the critical notions which directed his virtuous endeavours.

From the disaster of this singular fashion of building a poet's monument out of the fragments of other people's work Cleveland may be said to have never been entirely relieved. For though twenty years later in 1677 *Cleveland's Poems* (Preface and full title as a n. subjoined) undertook the task and provided a sort of standard (which may however be overvalued) ten years later still in 1687 the purged collection was reissued with all the spurious matter from previous ones heaped again on it and this with a fresh reissue (new title paged and with a pasted on finish) in 1699 appear to be the commonest copies that occur.

In such a tangle it is not easy to know how to proceed and I had made and discarded several plans before I fixed upon that actually adopted. I have taken the edition of 1653 which with its reprints almost unaltered to 1657 represents the latest text current during the author's life and during a full lustrum of that. The contents of this I have printed putting its few *spuria in italico* in the order in which they there appear. Next I have given a few additions from 1677 (the only one of the later accessible editions which even pretends to give Cleveland the whole Cleveland and nothing but Cleveland) and other sources. As was notified above complete *apparatus criticus* is not attempted in a text with such a history for this would only suit a complete edition of Cleveland's whole works but variants of apparent importance are supplied. I should add that while I myself have for many years possessed the *textus quasi receptus* of 1677 the exceeding kindness of Mr. C. set it on my shelves—for a time disgracefully long as far as I am concerned—copies of 1653 its lf. 1654 1659 1662 (with the exquisite remains of Dick Tom and Harry) 1665 1668 1669 (with the letters added) and the *omnium gatherum* of 1687 and 1699. The Bodleian copies of the *Poems* of 1647 1651 1653 1654 1657 1659 1662 1668 1669 1677 1687 have also been used to check the collations and the stitched quartos of *The Kings Dignity* (undated but known to be 1647) and the *Nus. pro Newcastle* 1651. The British Museum broadside of *The Son of Apostasy* has also been collated. Mr. Berdan's edition I have already mentioned. I have treated the text as far as modernization of spelling goes on the same principles as in preceding volumes. †

* This is apparently peculiar to some perhaps to one copy. The British Museum Bodleian &c. copies have it not.

† Since the above Introduction was first written an additional revision of the texts has been made by Mr. Percy Simpson with assistance from Mr. Thorn Drury as referred to in the General Preface of this volume. There can be no doubt that their labours superadded to those of Professor Cas. have enabled me to put forth in this edition a text infinitely superior to any previous one though my part of the credit is the least. Yet after all I dare say Cleveland remains as he has been impartially described—a terrible tangle.

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As stated above, it has been thought better to follow the miscellaneous arrangement of 1653 than the classified but not strictly chronological one of 1677. For those, however, who may desire it, the chronological order of the *political* poems is here added 1637-8, *Princess Elizabeth's Birth*, 1640, *A Dialogue*, 1641, *Epitaph on Strafford*, *Smectymnuus*, *The King's Return*, 1642, *Rupertismus*, 1643, *Upon Sir Thomas Martin*, *The Mixed Assembly*, 1643-4, *The Rebel Scot*, *The Scots' Apostasy*, 1645, *The Hue and Cry*, *Elegy on Laud*, *The General Eclipse*, *The King's Disguise*, 1649, *Elegy on Charles I*

Preface of Cleaveland Revived

To the Discerning Reader

(Prefixed to *Cleaveland Revived* 1659¹)

Worthy Friend there is a saying *Once well done and ever done* the wisest men have so considerably acted in their times as by their learned works to build their own monuments such as might eternize them to future ages our Jonson named his Works when others were called Plays though they cost him much of the lamp and oil yet he so went as to oblige posterity to admire them Our deceased Hero Mr Cleveland knew how to difference legitimate births from abortives his mighty genius availed out what he sent abroad as his informed mind knew how to distinguish betwixt writing much and well a few of our deceased poet's pages being worth cartloads of the scribblers of these times It was my fortune to be in Newark when it was besieged where I saw a few [some] manuscripts of Mr Cleveland's Amongst others I have heard that he writ of the Treaty at Uxbridge as I have been informed since by a person I intrusted to speak with one of Mr Cleveland's noble friends who received him courteously and satisfied his inquiries as concerning the papers that were left in his custody, more particularly of the Treaty at Uxbridge that it was not finished nor any of his other papers fit for the press They were offered to the judicious consideration of one of the most accomplished persons of our age he refusing to have them in any further examination as he did not conceive that they could

be published without some injury to Mr Cleveland from which time they have remained sealed and locked up neither can I wonder at this obstruction when I consider the disturbances our author met with in the time of the siege, how scarce and bad the paper was the ink hardly to be discerned on it The intimacy I had with Mr Cleveland before and since these civil wars gained most of these papers from him it being not the least of his misfortunes out of the love he had to pleasure his friends to be unfurnished with his own manuscripts, as I have heard him say often He was not so happy as to have any considerable collection of his own papers they being dispersed amongst his friends some whereof when he went for them he had no other answer but that they were lost or through the often reading transcribing or folding of them worn to pieces So that though he knew where he formerly bestowed some of them yet they were not to be regained For which reason the poems he had left in his hands being so few [and] of so inconsiderable [small] a volume he could not (though he was often solicited) with honour to himself give his consent to the publishing of them though indeed most of his former printed poems were truly his own, except such as have been lately added to make up the volume At the first some few of his verses were printed with the¹ character of the London Diurnal a stitched pamphlet in quarto

¹ This singular production is in the original punctuated after a fashion very suitable in its entire irrationality to the sentiments of its writer but I have taken the liberty (and no other) of relieving the reader of an additional burden by at least separating the sentences. The second edition of 1660 shows some alterations which are given above in brackets

Whether Mr Williamson was one of the most impudent persons in the world or merely (which seems more probable) an abject fool may be left to the reader to determine The thing does not seem to require much if any annotation The author I think is not otherwise known and the name is common enough The well known Secretary Williamson must have been his contemporary and may have had some connexion with our paragon besides that of Cavalier principles But he was Joseph

² a character 1662 (third edition)

John Cleveland

Afterwards, as I have heard Mr Cleveland say, the copies of verses that he communicated to his friends, the bookseller by chance meeting with them, being added to his book, they sold him another impression, in like manner such small additions (though but a paper or two of his incomparable verses or prose) posted off other editions, [whereas this edition hath the happiness to flourish with the remainder of Mr Cleveland's last never before printed pieces] I acknowledge some few of these papers I received [many of these last new printed papers] from one of Mr Cleveland's near acquaintance, which when I sent to his ever to be honoured friend of Grays-Inn, he had not at that time the leisure to peruse them, but for what he had read of them, he told the person I intrusted, that he did believe them to be Mr. Cleveland's, he having formerly spoken of such papers of his, that were abroad in the hands of his friends, whom he could not remember. My intention was to reserve the collection of these manuscripts for my own private use, but finding many of these I had in my hands already published in the former poems, not knowing what further proceedings might attend the forwardness of the press, I thought myself concerned, not out of any worldly [unworthy] ends of profit, but out of a true affection to my deceased friend, to publish these his never [other] before extant pieces in Latin and English and to make this

to be somewhat [like] a volume for the study. Some other poems are intermixed, such as the reader shall find to be of such persons as were for the most part Mr Cleveland's contemporaries; some of them no less eminently known to the three nations. I hope the world cannot be so far mistaken in his genuine muse, as not to discern his pieces from any of the other poems, neither can I believe there are any persons so unkind, as not candidly to entertain the heroic fancies of the other gentlemen that are worthily placed to live in this volume. Some of their poems, contrary to my expectation—I being at such a distance—I have since heard¹ were before in print, but as they are excellently good and so few, the [but in this second edition I have crossed them out, only reserving those that were excellently good, and never before extant. The] reader (I hope) will the more freely accept them. Thus having ingenuously satisfied thee in these particulars, I shall not need to insert more, but that I have, to prevent surreptitious editions, published this collection, that by erecting this Pyramid of Honour, I might oblige posterity to perpetuate their memories, which is the highest ambition of him, who is,

Newark, Nov 21, 1658

Yours in all virtuous endeavours,
E. WILLIAMSON

'The Stationer to the Reader.

(Prefixed to *Cleveland Revived*, 1660)

Courteous Reader, thy free Acceptance of the former edition, encouraged me so far as to use my best diligence to gain what still remained in the hands of the Author's friends. I acknowledge myself to be obliged to Mr Williamson, whose worthy example Mr Cleveland's other honourers have since pursued. I shall not trouble thee, Reader, with any further Apologies,

but only subscribe Mr W W his last Verses in his following Elegy on Mr. Cleveland

That Plagiary that can filch but one
Conceit from Him, and keep the Theft
unknown,

At Noon from Phoebus, may by the
same sleight,

Steal Beams, and make 'em pass for
his own light.

¹ 'I have since heard' omitted in 1662.

Preface of *Cleveland's Vindiciae*

(Prefixed to *Cleveland's Vindiciae* 1677¹)

To the Right Worshipful and Reverend
Francis Turner, D D, Master of St John's College
in Cambridge, and to the Worthy Fellows
of the same College

GENTLEMEN,

That we interrupt your more serious studies with the offer of this piece the injury that hath been and is done to the deceased author's ashes not only pleadeth our excuse, but engageth you (whose once he was, and within whose walls this standard of wit was first set up) in the same quarrel with us.

Whilst Randolph and Cowley lie embalmed in their own native wax how is the name and memory of Cleveland equally profaned by those that usurp and those that blaspheme it?—by those that are ambitious to lay their cuckoo's eggs in his nest and those that think to raise up Phoenixes of wit by firing his spicy bed about him?

We know you have not without passionate resentments beheld the prostitution of his name in some late editions vended under it wherein his orations are murdered over and over in barbarous Latin and a more barbarous translation and wherein is scarce one or other poem of his own to

commute for all the rest. At least every Cuirassier of his hath a fulsome draagoon behind him and Venus is again unequally yoked with a sooty anvil beater. Cleveland thus reviv'd dieth another death.

You cannot but have beheld with like zealous indignation how enviously our late mushroom wits look up at him because he overdroppeth them and snarl at his brightness as dogs at the Moon.

Some of these grand Sophys will not allow him the reputation of wit at all yet how many such authors must be creamed and spirited to make up his Fuscara?² And how many of their slight productions may be gigged³ out of one of his pregnant words? There perhaps you may find some leaf gold here mossy wedges there some scattered rays here a galaxy there some loose fancy frisking in the air here Wit's Zodiac.

The quarrel in all this is upbraiding merit and eminence his crime. His towering⁴ fancy soareth so high a pitch

¹ Here we get into *terra cognita* as regards authorship. The editors had been both of them Cleveland's pupils at St John's. 'J. L.' was John Lake (1624-1689) a man of great distinction—at this time Vicar of Leeds and I rebandary of York later Bishop first of Sodor and Man and then of Chichester who while he held the last named see had the double glory of withstanding James II as one of the Seven and of refusing the Oath to William. S. D. was also a Yorkshire clergyman—Samuel Drake—who had not only studied under Cleveland at Cambridge but fought under him at Newark. He became Vicar of Pontefract but (if the *DNB* is right in assigning his death to the year 1673) his work on the great vindication of his tutor must have been done some time before publication. Francis Turner (1638-1700) of a much younger generation and an Oxford man though admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge in 1664 had been Master of St John's College since 1670 and was therefore properly selected as chief dedicatee. He was destined to be connected with Lake again in the great act on's above noted as Bishop of Ely and for the last ten years of his life was an active Jacobite agent.

² The description of *Cleveland Reviv'd* in the third paragraph is perfectly just and anvil beater is an obvious echo gibe at William's own pliancy. It is less certain what grand Sophys are specially referred to further on—but Dryden *in gl'it* be one.

A Clevelandish word & *infra* p. 65 (*Rupertismus* l. 120).

⁴ In orig. as often 'touring' but to print this nowadays would invite misconception.

John Cleveland

that they fly like shades below him
The torrent thereof (which riseth far
above their high water mark) drowneth
their levels. Usurping upon the State
Poetic of the time, he hath brought
in such insolent measures of Wit and
Language that, despairing to imitate,
they must study to understand. That
alone is Wit with them to which they
are commensurate, and what exceedeth
their scantling¹ is monstrous.

Thus they deifie² his Wit and Fancy
as the clown the plump oyster when
he could not crack it. And now instead
of that strenuous masculine style which
breatheth in this author, we have only
an enervous effeminate froth offered, as
if they had taken the salivating pill
before they set pen to paper. You
must hold your breath in the perusal
lest the jest vanish by blowing on.

Another blemish in this monster of
perfection is the exuberance of his
fancy. His manna lieth so thick upon
the ground they loathe it. When
he should only fan, he with hurricanos
of wit stormeth the sense, and doth not
so much delight his reader, as oppress
and overwhelm him.

To cure this excess, their frugal wit
hath reduced the world to a Lessian
Diet³. If perhaps they entertain their

reader with one good thought (as these
new Dictators affect to speak) he may
sit down and say Grace over it: the
rest is words and nothing else.

We will leave them therefore to the
most proper vengeance, to humour
themselves with the perusal of their
own poems and leave the barber to
rub their thick skulls with bran⁴ until
they are fit for musk. Only we will
leave this friendly advice with them,
that they have one eye upon John
Tradescant's executor,⁵ lest among his
other Minims of Art and Nature
he expose their slight conceits: and
another upon the Royal Society, lest
they make their poems the counter-
balance when they intend to weigh air.

From these unequal censures we
appeal to such competent judges as
yourselves, in whose just value of him
Cleveland shall live the wonder of his
own, and the pattern of succeeding
ages. And although we might (upon
several accompts) bespeak your affec-
tions, yet (abstracting from these) we
submit him to your severer judgements,
and doubt not but he will find that
patronage from you which is desired
and expected by

Your humble Servants

J L S D⁶

¹ 'Scantling' is used in various senses. Either that of 'rough draft' or, as in Taylor, 'small piece' would do, but it is at least possible that it is not a noun at all, but a direct participle from the verb to 'scantle', found in Drayton, and meaning 'to be deficient', 'come short'. Some, however, prefer the sense 'dimension' or 'measurement', which would make it a sort of varied repetition of 'commensurate'.

² 'Deifie' is of course wrong. 'Defy' is likeliest, and in a certain sense (frequent in Elizabethan writers) would do, but 'decry' seems wanted.

³ A common phrase for an earlier 'Banting' regime derived from the *Hygiasticon* (Antwerp, 1623) of Leonard Lessius (1554-1624). I owe this information to the kindness of Dr Comrie, Lecturer on the History of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. The next sentence may, or rather must, be a reference to (in fact, a sling at) Dryden, *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (vol. 1, p. 52, ed. Ker, Oxford, 1900), who censures Cleveland for not giving 'a great thought' in 'words commonly received'. I owe the reminder of this to Mr Thorn-Drury.

⁴ The use of bran for shampooing is not perhaps so well known as that for poultices, foot-baths, &c. It is always a *softener* as well as a detergent.

⁵ Ashmole.

⁶ Perhaps I should add a very few words explaining why I have not made this 'authenticated' edition the base of mine. I have not done so because the editors, excellent as was evidently their intention, have after all given us no reasons for their exclusions and inclusions, because, though they have corrected some obvious errors, their readings by no means always intrinsically commend themselves to me, and especially because the distance between 1647 and 1677 reflects itself, to no small degree, in a certain definite *modernization* of form, grammatical and prosodic. 1653 has much more *contemporariness*.

P O E M S

To the State of Love Or the Senses Festival

I SAW a vision yesternight,
Enough to sate a Seeker's sight,
I wished myself a Shaker there
And her quick pants my trembling sphere
It was a she so glittering bright,
You'd think her soul an Adamite
A person of so rare a frame
Her body might be lined with same
Beauty's chiefest maid of honour,
You may break Lent with looking on her
Not the fair Abbess of the skies,
With all her nunnery of eyes
Can show me such a glorious prize!

10

And yet because tis more renown
To make a shadow shine she's brown,
A brown for which Heaven would disband
The galaxy and stars be tanned,
Brown by reflection as her eye
Deals out the summer's livery
Old dormant windows must confess
Her beams, their glimmering spectacles,

20

To the State of Love &c appeared first in 1651. The stanzas are not divided in the early editions but are so in 1677. Carew's *Raphia* may have given some suggestions. Apuleius and Lucretius also but not much is required. The substance is shocking to pure prudery no doubt but as observed in the introduction there is perhaps more gusto in the execution than in *Fuscara*.

A copy of this poem with many minor variants is in Bodleian MS. Tanner 306 fol. 424. It has one noteworthy reading: 'took say I e say or assay—the hunting term—in l. 27.'

2-3 The use of capitals in the seventeenth century is so erratic that it is dangerous to base much on it. But both Seekers and Shakers (a variant of Quakers) were actually among the countless sects of the time as well of course as Adamites. 1651 1653 1654 and 1657 have 'tempt for 1677 sate.'

4 pants 1677 pulse 1651 1653 1654, 1657 10 You'd break a Lent 1651 1653

11 13 Benlowes's lines (*v. sup.* 1. 356)—

The lady prioresse of the cloistered sky &c—

are more poetic than these but may be less original. Even that however is uncertain. Both poets though Benlowes was a good deal the elder were of St. John's and must even in other ways, have known each other. *Therophila* appeared a year after the edition in which this poem was first included. But the indebtedness may be the other way or common to an earlier original or non-existent.

19 Deals out] The earlier texts have 'Dazzle a', but 1677 seems here to have introduced the true reading found also in the MS. Deals out is far more poetical: the eye clothes with its own reflect on sky and stars and earth.

20-3 The punctuation of all editions including Mr. Berdan's makes these lines either totally unintelligible or very confused by putting a stop at spectacles and none at beams. That adopted in the text makes it quite clear.

John Cleveland

Struck with the splendour of her face,
Do th' office of a burning-glass.
Now where such radiant lights have shown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sunburned, with lustre of her own.

My sight took pay, but (thank my charms !)
I now impale her in mine arms ,
(Love's compasses confining you,
Good angels, to a circle too)
Is not the universe strait-laced
When I can clasp it in the waist?
My amorous folds about thee hurled,
With Drake I girdle in the world ,
I hoop the firmament, and make
This, my embrace, the zodiac
How would thy centre take my sense
When admiration doth commence
At the extreme circumference?

Now to the melting kiss that sips
The jellied philtre of her lips ,
So sweet there is no tongue can praise't
Till transubstantiate with a taste
Inspired like Mahomet from above
By th' billing of my heavenly dove,
Love prints his signets in her smacks,
Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax,
Which, wheresoever she imparts,
They're privy seals to take up hearts
Our mouths encountering at the sport,
My slippery soul had quit the fort,
But that she stopped the sally-port

Next to these sweets, her lips dispense
(As twin conserves of eloquence)
The sweet perfume her breath affords,
Incorporating with her words.
No rosary this vot'ress needs—
Her very syllables are beads ,

30 circle] 'compass' 1651, 1653, evidently wrong

33 It is not impossible that Aphra Behn had these lines unconsciously in her head when she wrote her own finest passage Unconsciously, for the drift is quite different, but 'hurled', 'amorous', and 'world' come close together in both

34 1651, 1653 again 'compass' for 'girdle'

37 'would', the reading of 1651, 1653, infinitely better than 'could', that of 1677

45 In this pyramidally metaphysical passage Cleveland does not quite play the game Mahomet's pigeon did not *kiss* him But 'privy seals to take up hearts' is very dear to fancy, most delicate, and of liberal conceit So also 'jewels are in ear-rings worn' below, where the game is played to its rigour, though the reader may not at first see it

46 his] 'her' 1651, 1653, but it clearly should be 'his', which is in 1677

53 1651, 1653 read 'Next to those sweets her lips dispense', *nescio an melius*

To the State of Love

No sooner 'twixt those rubies born
But jewels are in ear rings worn
With what delight her speech doth enter,
It is a kiss o th second venter
And I dissolve at what I hear
As if another Rosamond were
Couched in the labyrinth of my ear

60

Yet that s but a preludious bliss
Two souls pickeering in a kiss
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis storming that must take her in
When bodies join and victory hovers
Twixt the equal fluttering lovers
This is the game make stakes my dear!
Hark how the sprightly chanticleer
(That Baron Tell clock of the night)
Sounds boutesel to Cupid's knight.
Then have at all, the pass is got
For coming off oh name it not!
Who would not die upon the spot?

60

The Hecatomb to his Mistress

BE dumb you beggars of the rhyming trade
Geld your loose wits and let your Muse be spayed
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
Of balm elixir both the Indias
Of shrine saint sacrilege and such as these
Expressions common as your mistresses

61 her] our' a variant of one edit on (1665) is all wrong
62 Mr Berdan has strangely misinterpreted venter The phrase is quite
a common one = of the second *anna* The first kiss comes of lip and lip the
second of lip and love.

67 p ckeering] marauding 'skirmish ng in front of an army
70 For join [june] 1651 1653 and others have whine —suggesting the Latin
genu frequent in such contexts But join must be right Professor Gordon
points out that the passage is a reminiscence of Donne in his *Extasie*

As 'twixt two equall Armies Fate

Suspends uncertame victorie

Our soules (wh ch to adv uce their state

Were gone out,) hung t vixt her and mee (13-16)

This is contrasted with the bodily entergrafting of 19 &c

74 When prose and sense came in they were very contemptuous of th s Baron
Tell clock But the mage is complete congruous and capable of being championed

75 Boutesel of course = boot and saddle albeit bonte does not mean boot
The Hecatomb to his Mistress] (1651) This poem is perhaps the best text to
prove (or endeavour to prove) that Cleveland's object was really burlesque

1 you] y 1651 1653

2 1651 1653 read the for your and splay spade 1677 Spay' or splay
= to d stroy the reproductive powers of a fem le

3 the bastard] 1677 ag in alters the to your which does not seem good

5 sacr lege] sacrifice 1677

6 yourl their 1653, &c

John Cleveland

Hence, you fantastic postillers in song.
 My text defeats your art, ties Nature's tongue,
 Scorns all her tinselled metaphors of pelf,
 Illustrated by nothing but herself 10
 As spiders travel by their bowels spun
 Into a thread, and, when the race is run,
 Wind up their journey in a living clew,
 So is it with my poetry and you
 From your own essence must I first untwine,
 Then twist again each panegyric line
 Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
 As with a Jacob's staff, to take her height
 Suppose an angel, darting through the air,
 Should there encounter a religious prayer 20
 Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
 Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense
 Into a body — Let me crack a string
 In venturing higher, were the note I sing
 Above Heaven's Ela, should I then decline,
 And with a deep-mouthed gamut sound the line
 From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
 Nor find an epithet to set it forth
 Metals may blazon common beauties, she
 Makes pearls and planets humble heraldry. 30
 As, then, a purer substance is defined
 But by a heap of negatives combined,
 Ask what a spirit is, you'll hear them cry
 It hath no matter, no mortality
 So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
 Only I say she's not as others are
 For what perfections we to others grant,
 It is her sole perfection to want
 All other forms seem in respect of thee
 The almanac's misshaped anatomy, 40
 Where Aries head and face, Bull neck and throat,
 The Scorpion gives the secrets, knees the Goat,

7 postillers] The word means glossers or commentators on Scripture, and has acquired in several languages a contemptuous meaning from the frequently commonplace and trivial character of such things 'ye fantastic' 1653

9 1651, 1653 have 'his' for 'her', and in the next line 'lus self' for 'herself' The poem is particularly badly printed in this group, and I think the 1677 editors, in trying to mend it, have mistaken some places Thus in

22 They print 'Would' for 'Should' This may look better at first, but I at least can make no real sense of it With 'Should' I can make some The poet starts an extravagant comparison in 19-21, continues it in '[suppose] that Intelligence should', &c, finds it will not do, and breaks it off with the parenthetical 'Let me' &c To bring this out I have inserted the —

24 1677 'And venture', with a full-stop at 'higher', not so well, but in

25 'undecline' 1651, 1653, &c is nonsense, while in the next line 'sound agen' either points to a complete breakdown or indicates that, on the most recent Cockney principles, 'again' could be pronounced 'agine' and rhymes *a la* Mrs Browning The text is 1677

28 set] shadow 1677

35 define] describe 1677

37 perfections 1651, 1653 perfection 1677

The Hecatomb to his Mistress

A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
 Their namesake signs in their strange character
 As the philosophers to every sense
 Marry its object, yet with some dispense
 And grant them a polygamy with all
 And these their common sensibles they call
 So is t with her who stinted unto none
 Unites all senses in each action 50
 The same beam heats and lights, to see her well
 Is both to hear and feel to taste and smell
 For can you want a palate in your eyes
 When each of hers contains a double prize
 Venus's apple? Can your eyes want nose
 When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant rose?
 Or can your sight be deaf to such a quick
 And well-tuned face such moving rhetoric?
 Doth not each look a flash of lightning feel
 Which spares the body's sheath and nicks the steel? 60
 Thy soul must needs confess or grant thy sense
 Corrupted with the object's excellence
 Sweet magic, which can make five senses lie
 Conjured within the circle of an eye!
 In whom since all the five are intermixed
 Oh now that Scaliger would prove his sixth!
 Thou man of mouth that canst not name a she
 Unless all Nature pay a subsidy
 Whose language is a tax whose musk-cat verse
 Voids nought but flowers, for thy Muses' hearse 70
 Fitter than Celia's looks who in a trice
 Canst state the long-disputed Paradise,
 And (what Divines hunt with so cold a scent)
 Canst in her bosom find it resident
 Now come aloft come now and breathe a vein
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain
 Say the astrologer who spells the stars
 In that fair alphabet reads peace and wars

43 brief = list 44 name sake d 1651 1653 45 the] your 1677
 52 1677 not nearly so well see and for feel to' You want the list of senses
 completed and summed up by such a palate in see which repeated spoils all
 54 1651 1653 have his for hers but a double prize is more vivid if less strictly
 defensible than the beautiful of 1677 So in
 56 1677 opens with Seeing each instead of When from —much feeble But in
 57-8 The text, which is 1677 is better than 1653
 Or can the sight be deaf *if she but speak*
 A well-tuned face such moving rhetoric?
 which indeed is if not nonsense most clumsily expressed even if comma at face' be
 deleted
 60 and melts] yet melts 1677 66 sixth' 1651 1653 1677
 70 x The punctuation of the old texts — no comma at flowers and one at
 hearse — makes the passage hard to understand As I have altered this punctuation,
 it is clear
 73 what Divines] 1651 1653 &c 'with Divines'
 75 come now 1677: come, come 1651, 1653

John Cleveland

Mistakes his globe and in her brighter eye
 Interprets Heaven's physiognomy 80
 Call her the Metaphysics of her sex,
 And say she tortures wits as quartans vex
 Physicians, call her the square circle, say
 She is the very rule of Algebra
 What e'er thou understand'st not, say 't of her,
 For that's the way to write her character
 Say this and more, and when thou lopest to raise
 Thy fancy so as to inclose her praise—
 Alas poor Gotham, with thy cuckoo-hedge!
 Hyperboles are here but sacrilege 90
 Then roll up, Muse, what thou hast ravelled out,
 Some comments clear not, but increase the doubt
 She that affords poor mortals not a glance
 Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance,
 She that commits a rape on every sense,
 Whose breath can countermand a pestilence,
 She that can strike the best invention dead
 Till baffled poetry hangs down the head
 She, she it is that doth contain all bliss,
 And makes the world but her periphrasis 100

Upon Sir Thomas Martin,
 Who subscribed a Warrant thus 'We the
 Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee,' &c.
 when there was no Knight but himself

HANG out a flag and gather pence—A piece
 Which Afric never bred nor swelling Greece

83 square] squared 1677 If all this is not burlesque it is very odd

85 you undertake not 1651, 1653

91 roll] rouse 1651, 1653 ravelled] revealed 1651, 1653

98 the] her 1651, 1653

100 The hundred lines making the *hecatomb*—and the metaphysical matter the subject of sacrifice

Upon Sir Thomas Martin] (1651) We here turn to the other side of Cleveland's work, where jest and earnest are combined in a very different fashion. Martin was a member of the Committee of Sequestration appointed under the Act of April 1, 1643, which, in a more fearless and thoroughgoing fashion than that of some later legislation, confiscated in a lump the property of certain bishops and of political opponents generally. The sequestrators for Cambridge were this man and two other knights—Sir Dudley North and Sir John Cutts, with two esquires—a Captain Symonds and Dudley Pope.

1 'pence apiece' 1651, which makes doubtful sense 1653, 1677, and all others before me, have 'pence a piece', which I believe to be careless printing for the text above. The 'piece' is the same as the 'beast', and the brackets which follow in the originals are a printer's error. 'Piece', in this sense of 'rare object', is not uncommon. Cf. Prospero's 'Thy mother was a *piece of virtue*'. 'Pence apiece' (about the same as the Scotch fishwife's 'pennies each'), if not, as Mr. Berdan says, 'proverbial', is certainly a perfectly common expression, still I think existing, but it is difficult to see how what follows can thus suit it. 'Which' must have an antecedent.

Upon Sir Thomas Martin

With stories tympany, a beast so rare
 No lecturer's wrought cap nor Bartholomew Fair
 Can match him, nature's whimsey that outvies
 Tradescant and his ark of novelties,
 The Gog and Magog of prodigious sights,
 With reverence to your eyes Sir Thomas Knights
 But is this bigamy of titles due?
 Are you Sir Thomas and Sir Martin too? 10
 Issachar couchant twixt a brace of sirs,
 Thou knighthood in a pair of panniers,
 Thou that look'st wrapped up in thy warlike leather
 Like Valentine and Orson bound together,
 Spurs representative! thou that art able
 To be a voider to King Arthur's table,
 Who in this sacrilegious mass of all
 It seems has swallowed Windsor's Hospital,
 Pair royal headed Cerberus's cousin
 Hercules labours were a baker's dozen 20
 Had he but trumped on thee whose forked neck
 Might well have answered at the font for Smec
 But can a knighthood on a knighthood lie?
 Metal on metal is ill armory
 And yet the known Godfrey of Bouillon's coat
 Shines in exception to the herald's vote
 Great spirits move not by pedantic laws
 Their actions though eccentric, state the cause,

4 Bartlemew 1651 1653 'Bartholmew 1654 The word was of course pronounced Bartlemy and almost dissyllabically

5 that outvies 1651 1653 one that outvies perhaps rightly

6 Tredekin 1651 1653 Tradescant 1677

11 The reference to the animal between two burdens to whom Issachar is biblically compared (Gen xlix 14) is perhaps meant to be additionally pointed by Sir Martin the latter being one of the story names of the much enduring beast.

16 voider] The servant who clears the table also but here less probably the tray or basket used for the purpose

18 The Poor Knights of Windsor having fallen like other institutions into the maw of plebeian and Puritan plunder

19 The hyphen at Pair royal which Mr Berdan has dropped is important the term being technical in certain card games and meaning *à ree* cards of the same value—kings &c

21 trumped on thee = turned thee up like a trump

22 Smec —of course— tymnuus, and used both for the sake of contempt and as denoting a plurality of person

24 The principle of this line is of course part of the A B C of the more modern and dogmatic heraldry the application will lie either on sword or spur the two characteristic insignia of knighthood and both metallic 1677 changed ill armory to false heraldry and Scott was probably thinking of this line when he made Prince John and Wamba between them use the phrase in *Isidore*

25 Godfrey's arms as King of Jerusalem—five golden crosses on a silver shield—see commonly quoted as Cleveland quotes them in special exception to the rule But my friend Mr F P Barnard Professor of Mediaeval Archaeology in the University of Liverpool to whom I owe the materials of this note tells me that he has collected many other cases English and foreign The objection however was originally a practical one metal on metal and colour on colour being difficult to distinguish in the field It passed into a technical rule later

John Cleveland

And Priscian bleeds with honour Caesar thus
 Subscribed two consuls with one Julius
 Tom, never oaded squire, scarce yeoman-high,
 Is Tom twice dipped, knight of a double dye!
 Fond man, whose fate is in his name betrayed!
 It is the setting sun doubles his shade
 But it's no matter, for amphibious he
 May have a knight hanged, yet Sir Tom go free!

30

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, drowned in the Irish Seas.

I LIKE not tears in tune, nor do I prize
 His artificial grief who scans his eyes
 Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
 Confine them to the Muse's rosary?
 I am no poet here, my pen's the spout
 Where the rain-water of mine eyes run out
 In pity of that name, whose fate we see
 Thus copied out in grief's hydrography
 The Muses are not mermaids, though upon
 His death the ocean might turn Helicon

10

29 Priscian's head may not have bled here before it was broken by Butler, but the dates of the *writing* of *Hudibras* are quite uncertain

31 oaded] This singular word is in all the editions I have seen 1669 makes it 'loaded', with no sense that I can see in this passage Can it be 'oathèd'—be sworn either to the commission of the peace or something else that gave the title 'Esquire'? 'Oad', however, = woad, cf Minsheu, *Guide into Tongues*, 1617 'Oade, an hearbe Vide *Woade*' This would certainly suit the next line

On the Memory of Mr Edward King] First printed in the memorial volume of Cambridge verse to King, 1638, included in the *Poems* of 1651 It is of course easy (and it may be feared that it has too often been done) to contrast this disadvantageously with *Lycidas* A specific or generic comparison, bringing out the difference of ephemeral and eternal style in verse, will not be found unprofitable and is almost as easy to make No reader of Milton—and any one who has not read Milton is very unlikely to read this—can need information on King or on the circumstances of his death 1651 and 1653 add a spurious duplicate, the last fourteen lines of W More's elegy which followed Cleveland's in the Cambridge volume

* On the Same.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>Tell me no more of Stoics canst thou tell Who 'twas, that when the waves began to swell, The ship to sink, sad passengers to call 'Master, we perish'—slept secure of all? Remember this, and him that waking kept A mind as constant as he did that slept</p> | <p>Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love That went to Heaven, and to those flames above, Wrapt in a fiery chariot? Since I heard Who 'twas, that on his knees the vessel steered With hands bolt up to Heaven, since I see As yet no signs of his mortality,— Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone The self-same journey in a wat'ry one</p> |
|--|--|

1 do] will 16,8

2 who] that 1638

6 1651 'runs' all other editions (including 1638) 'run' The attraction to 'eyes' is one of the commonest of things

10 The everlasting confusion of 'mount' and 'fount' occurs in 'Helicon'

On the Memory of Mr Edward King

The sea's too rough for verse, who rhymes upon t
With Xerxes stives to fetter th Hellespont
My tears will keep no channel know no laws
To guide their streams but (like the waves their cause)
Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
As a description of his misery
But can his spacious virtue find a grave
Within th imposthumed bubble of a wave?
Whose learning if we sound we must confess
The sea but shallow and him bottomless. 20
Could not the winds to countermand thy death
With their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?
Or some new island in thy rescue peep
To heave thy resurrection from the deep
That so the world might see thy safety wrought
With no less wonder than thyself was thought?
The famous Staginte (who in his life
Had Nature as familiar as his wife)
Bequeathed his widow to survive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all philosophy 30
An ominous legacy that did portend
Thy fate and predecessors second end
Some have affirmed that what on earth we find
The sea can parallel in shape and kind
Books, arts, and tongues were wanting but in thee
Neptune hath got an university
We'll dive no more for pearls, the bope to see
Thy sacred reliques of mortality
Shall welcome storms and make the seamen prize
His shipwreck now more than his merchandise 40
He shall embrace the waves and to thy tomb
As to a Royaller Exchange shall come
What can we now expect? Water and fire
Both elements our ruin do conspire
And that dissolves us which doth us compound
One Vatican was burnt another drowned
We of the gown our libraries must loss
To understand the greatness of our loss
Be pupils to our grief, and so much grow
In learning as our sorrows overflow 50
When we have filled the rundlets of our eyes
We'll issue t forth and vent such elegies
As that our tears shall seem the Irish Seas
We floating islands living Hebrides

26 wonder] miracle 1638

34 1638 1677 and later editions read harmlessly but needlessly, for shape

46 Vatican used (as Mr Berdan justly notes) as = libra y

Cleveland's warmest defenders must admit that this epicede is a triumph of frigidity
And the personal note which *Lyndas* itself has been unfairly accused of wanting is here
non-existent to my eyes though some have discovered it.

John Cleveland

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

SIR, or Madam, choose you whether¹
Nature twists you both together
And makes thy soul two garbs confess,
Both petticoat and breeches dress
Thus we chastise the God of Wine
With water that is feminine,
Until the cooler nymph abate
His wrath, and so con corporate
Adam, till his rib was lost,
Had both sexes thus engrossed
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of Adam carved Eve,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up complete
Thus matrimony speaks but thee
In a grave solemnity
For man and wife make but one right
Canonical hermaphrodite
Ravel thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds such factions in the hair?
One half so churlish in the touch
That, rather than endure so much
I would my tender limbs apparel
In Regulus's nailed barrel
But the other half so small,
And so amorous withal,
That Cupid thinks each hair doth grow
A string for his invis'ble bow
When I look babies in thine eyes
Here Venus, there Adonis, lies

10

20

30

Upon an Hermaphrodite] (1647) This poem appeared in the 1640 and all subsequent editions of Randolph's poems and in the 1653 edition of Beaumont's. Beaumont had preceded Cleveland as a 'dumping-ground' for odds and ends of all kinds. But see the following poem

1 1647 and 1651 'Madame', which is not English, and which spoils the run of the verse

2 twists] 1647, 1651, 1653, and others 'twist d', which is very like the time

10 both sexes] 1677 and later 'theseses'

13 I do not know whether it is worth while to point out that catalectic or seven-syllabled lines with trochaic effect (cf 9, this, 16, and others), as well as complete trochaic dimeters (1, 2, &c), occur more frequently here than in *The Senses' Festival*, *Fuscaia*, &c. This, though of course Milton has it, was rather more frequent in Randolph's generation than in Cleveland's

22 1647, 1651, 1677, and later 'faction', but 'factions' 1653

25 1651, 1653, &c 'It would', which can hardly be right. On the other hand 1677 and its follower have 'With Regulus his' (l 26)

31 It can hardly be necessary to interpret this famous and charming phrase

Upon an Hermaphrodite

And though thy beauty be high noon
 Thy orb contains both sun and moon
 How many melting kisses skip
 Twixt thy male and female lip—
 Twixt thy upper brush of hair
 And thy nether beard's despair?
 When thou speak'st (I would not wrong
 Thy sweetness with a double tongue) 40
 But in every single sound
 A perfect dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another,
 Thus the sister that the brother
 When thou joinst hands my ear still fancies
 The nuptial sound I, John take Frances
 Feel but the difference soft and rough
 This is a gauntlet that a muff
 Had sly Ulysses at the sack o
 Of Troy, brought thee his pedlar's pack,
 And weapons too to know Achilles
 From King Lycomedes Phillis
 His plot had failed this hand would feel
 The needle that the warlike steel
 When music doth thy pace advance
 Thy right leg takes the left to dance
 Nor is't a galliard danced by one
 But a mixed dance though alone
 Thus every heteroclite part 60
 Changes gender but thy heart
 Nay those which modesty can mean
 But dare not speak are epicene
 That gamester needs must overcome
 That can play both Tib and Tom
 Thus did Nature's mintage vary
 Coming thee a Philip and Mary

48 Line shortened to the trochaic run in 1677 &c. by dropping 'is

52 Lycomedes puzzled the earlier printers who in 1647 and 1651 make it Nico-
 medes (corrupted by 1655 to Nichomedes)—a curiously awkward blunder as it
 happens 56 the left 1647 1655 thy left 1651

58 The late edition of 1687 when regularity was becoming a fetish inserted all
 before alone though 1677—its standard for the genuine poems—has not got it and
 it is not wanted

59 heteroclite part] 1677 and its followers puzzled by this the original reading
 read apart (apostrophating 'Het roel te') the sense of which is not clear while Mr
 Berdan would emend to heterochlie which is unnecessary Cleveland may well
 have scanned heteroclite' which is by no means an extravagant licence and has
 been paralleled by Longfellow in Euröchydon Indeed since I wrote this note
 Mr Simpson has furnished me with a parallel of heterochlie itself from Harl MS
 4126 f 102

60 but thy heart 1649 not the heart 1651 1655

62 But 1677 And in earlier texts

John Cleveland

The Author's Hermaphrodite.

(Made after Mr Randolph's death, yet inserted into his Poems)

PROBLEM of sexes¹ Must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw less than aums ace upon two dice
Wert thou served up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy sire into a double father?
True, the world's scales are even, what the main
In one place gets, another quits again
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
Slice one in two to keep her number just
Plurality of livings is thy state,
And therefore mine must be improprieate
For, since the child is mine and yet the claim
Is intercepted by another's name,
Never did steeple carry double truer,
His is the donative and mine the cure
Then say, my Muse (and without more dispute),
Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute
The Theban wittol, when he once descries
Jove is his rival, falls to sacrifice
That name hath tipped his horns, see, on his knees¹
A health to Hans-in-kelder Hercules!
Nay, sublunary cuckolds are content
To entertain their fate with compliment,
And shall not he be proud whom Randolph deigns
To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains?
Gramercy Gossip, I rejoyce to see
She'th got a leap of such a barbary
Talk not of horns, horns are the poet's crest,
For, since the Muses left their former nest
To found a nunnery in Randolph's quill,
Cuckold Parnassus is a forked hill
But stay, I've waked his dust, his marble stirs
And brings the worms for his compurgators

10

20

30

The Author's Hermaphrodite] (1647) The note, which appears in all editions, seems evidently conclusive as to this poem. Moreover the quibbles are right Clevelandish

7 'main' is a little ambiguous, or may appear so from the recent mention of dice. But that sense will hardly come in, and Cleveland was probably thinking of the famous passage in Spenser (Artegall's dispute with the giant, *F Q v ii*) as to the washing away and washing up of the *sea*. Yet 'main' *might* mean 'stock'. The reading of 'gets place' in one edition (1662), rather notable for blunders, cannot be listened to

15 steeple] By synecdoche for 'church' or 'parish'

16 donative] A play on words, as also in 'cure'

19 Theban wittol] Amphitryon

22 Hans-in-kelder] = 'unborn'

28 She'th] 1677 changes to 'Th'hast' barbary] 'Barbs' or Spanish horses were imported for the stud as early as Anglo Saxon times, but before Cleveland's day actual Arabs had been tried

34 compurgators] persons who swear in a court of law to the innocence or the veracity of some other person

The Author's Hermaphrodite

Can ghost have natural sons? Say, Og ist meet
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet?
 Were it a Phoenix (as the double kind
 May seem to prove being theres two combined)
 I would disclaim my right and that it were
 The lawful issue of his ashes swear
 But was he dead? Did not his soul translate
 Herself into a shop of lesser rate,
 Or break up house like an expensive lord
 That gives his purse a sob and lives at board?
 Let old Pythagoras but play the pimp
 And still there s hopes t may prove his bastard imp
 But I m profane for grant the world had one
 With whom he might contract an union,

40

35 I was unable to say why the King of Bashan comes in here except that the comparison of the *Dialogue on the Ec* Og the great commissary and the put case about 'penance' suggest some church lawyer of portly presence But Mr Simpson and Mr Thorn Drury have traced the thing from this point as follows

Cf *A Dialogue upon the Ec* l 47 Og the great commissary, where the copy in Rawlinson MS Poet 26 fol 94b has a marginal note Royn This was Dr William Roane of whom an account is given in the *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum Division 1* 'Political and Personal Satires' p 156 Dr Roane was one of the most eminent doctors who acted in Laud's Ecclesiastical Courts he fled from the indignation of the House of Commons and is frequently alluded to in pamphlets and broadsides of the time (see *Times Atlas* at on Jan 8 1641 *Old News newly Revived* Dec 21 1640 and *The Spirituall Courts Epitome* 2ed June 26 1641) The pamphlet illustrated in this note is *A Letter from Rhoan in France Written by Doctor Roane one of the Doctors of the late Sicke Commons to his Fellow Doctor of the Cvil Law Dat d 28 of Iune last past With an Ellegy written by his ome hand upon the death and burall of the sad Doctors Commons Printed in this happy yet t 1641* (Thomason's copy dated June 28)

Mr Thorn Drury supplies the following references bearing directly on the nickname and not noticed in the BM Catalogue *Fourt fugit vs meeting Or The Discourse amongst n y Lord Finch Sir Frances Windebank Sir John Suckl n and Doctor Roane as they accidentally met in France with a d lect on of their severall pranks in England Printed in the Yare 1641* 4

Suckling says to Roane, Hold there good Doctor Roane, and take me with you you are to be blamed too for not bidding farewell to Sir Paul Pnder (at whose beauteous house you have devoured the carcasse of many a cram d Capon) before you fled but I wonder more why you came hither so unprovided methinks some English dyet would have ben good for a weake stomach the Church Wardens of Northamptonshire promised to give you a good fee if you will goe to em and resolve em whether they may lawfully take the oath &c or no

'Wind That may very well be for they have given him a great Addition they stile him Og the great Commissary they say he was as briske in discharging the new Canons as he that made them

Suckling addresses Roane as Immense Doctor Roane so it is possible that it was his personal appearance which suggested the name of Og

Cf also *Can d a The Third Part* p 150 (1683)

Are you a Smock Sinner or so
 Commute soundly and you shall be let go
 F e Ogg the great Commissary before and behind
 Then sin on you know my mind

39 1647 1651 1653 &c 'It would' which can hardly be right

44 sob 1647 1651 1653 clearly sob Sob 1677 Cf *Comedy of Errors* (iv iii 22) gives a sob Sob is literally an act on the part of a horse of recovering its wind after exertion —hence respite (NED)

John Cleveland

They two were one, yet like an eagle spread,
I' th' body joined, but parted in the head 50
For you, my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope John, or Joan, or whatsoe'er you are,
You are a nephew, grieve not at your state,
For all the world is illegitimate
Man cannot get a man, unless the sun
Club to the act of generation
The sun and man get man, thus Tom and I
Are the joint fathers of my poetry
For since, blest shade, thy verse is male, but mine 60
O' th' weaker sex, a fancy feminine,
We'll part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,
So shall it be thy son, and yet my daughter

** To the Hectors, upon the unfortunate death of H. Compton.*

You Hectors! tame professors of the sword,
Who in the chair state duels, whose black word
Bewitches courage, and like Devils too,
Leaves the bewitch'd when 't comes to fight and do
Who on your errand our best spirits send,
Not to kill swine or cows, but man and friend,
Who are a whole court-martial in your drink,
And dispute honour, when you cannot think,
Not orderly, but prate out valour as 10
You grow inspired by th' oracle of the glass,
Then, like our zeal-drunk presbyters, cry down
All law of Kings and God, but what's their own
Then y' have the gift of fighting, can discern
Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn,
Who shall be baffled next, who must be beat,
Who killed—that you may drink, and swear, and eat
Whilst you applaud those murders which you teach
And live upon the wounds your riots preach

51 Porph'ry Chair] The Pope's throne, the myths of which, as well as of Pope Joan herself, are vulgate 'Nephew' carries out the allusion Popes' sons being called so Better to preserve the peace

59 thy] this 1651, 1653

62 The merit of the style for burlesque use could hardly be better brought out

To the Hectors (1653) is struck out in 1677 and Mr Berdan does not give it I asterisk it in text, but as it might be Cleveland's (though I do not think it is) I do not exclude it The Comptons were a good Royalist family in those days This Henry (not the Bishop) was killed in 1652 in a duel by George Brydges, Lord Chandos, who died three years later (see Professor Firth's *House of Lords during the Civil War*, p 223) The fame of the Hectors as predecessors of the Mohocks and possible objects of Milton's oburgation 'flown with insolence and wine', &c, is sufficient But they seem to have been more methodical maniacs and ruffians than their successors, and even to have had something of the superior quality of Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Captain M^cTurk about them, as professors and painful preachers of the necessity and etiquette of the duel

2 state duels] Arrange them like the said Captain M^cTurk in *St Roman's Well?* word] 1653 (wrongly for rhyme, though not necessarily for concord) 'words'.

To the Hectors

Mere booty souls¹ Who bid us fight a prize
 To feast the laughter of our enemies 20
 Who shout and clap at wounds count it pure gain,
 Mere Providence to hear a Compton's slain
 A name they dearly hate and justly should
 They love it twice worse their love would taint the blood
 Blood always true true as their swords and cause
 And never vainly lost till your wild laws
 Scandalled their actions in this person who
 Truly durst more than you dare think to do
 A man made up of graces—every move
 Had entertainment in it and drew love 30
 From all but him who killed him who seeks a grave
 And fears a death more shameful than he gave
 Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
 Drags thrice about the town what do you think?
 (If you be sober) Is it valour, say
 To overcome and then to run away?
 Fie! Fie! your lusts and duels both are one
 Both are repented of as soon as done

Square Cap

COME hither, Apollo's bouncing girl
 And in a whole Hippocrene of sherry
 Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl
 Tuning our pipes to make ourselves merry
 A Cambridge lass Venus-like born of the froth
 Of an old half-filled jug of barley broth
 She she is my mistress her suitors are many
 But she'll have a Square-cap if e'er she have any
 And first, for the plush sake the Monmouth cap comes 10
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle
 With his new fangled oath by Jupiter's thumbs
 That to her health he'll begin a pottle

¹⁹ booty souls] Apparently souls interested in nothing but booty' The piece would seem to have been addressed to Hectors in the actual Cavalier camp or at least party. The enemies' are of course the Roundheads and it will soon be noticed that there is no apodos or consequence to all these who's, &c. It is literally an Address and no more

²⁵ the r] = the Comptons —nothing to do with their and 'they' in the preceding lines

³¹ Does not run very smoothly the second 'l' m may be a foist

³⁹ are Cap (1647) is one of the pleasantest of all Cleveland's poems. Its prosodic puzzle and profit have been indicated in the Introduction and it might sometimes run more easily. But the thorough good fellowship and *esprit de corps* carry it off more than sufficiently. It would be pleasant to think that Mr. Samuel Pepys sang it on the famous occasion when he was scandalously over-served with drink as an undergraduate. It had been printed only three years when he went up though no doubt written earlier

² Cleveland has got the fount right her

⁷ she is] she's 1655

⁹ Monmouth cap] A soldier

John Cleveland

He tells her that, after the death of his grannam,
He shall have God knows what per annum
But still she replied, 'Good Sir, la-bee,
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!'

Then Calot Leather-cap strongly pleads,
And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion
The antipodes wear their shoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation? 20
Oh, how this football noddle would please,
If it were but well tossed on S Thomas his leas!
But still she replied, 'Good sir, la-bee,
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!'

Next comes the Puritan in a wrought-cap,
With a long-waisted conscience towards a sister.
And, making a chapel of ease of her lap,
First he said grace and then he kissed her
'Beloved,' quoth he, 'thou art my text'
Then falls he to use and application next, 30
But then she replied, 'Your text, sir, I'll be,
For then I'm sure you'll ne'er handle me.'

But see where Satin-cap scouts about,
And fain would this wench in his fellowship marry
He told her how such a man was not put out
Because his wedding he closely did carry
He'll purchase induction by simony,
And offers her money her incumbent to be,
But still she replied, 'Good sir, la-bee,
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!' 40

The lawyer's a sophister by his round-cap,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided,
The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have bridled

13, 14 A most singular blunder in 1677 (and the editions that follow it) shows that Cleveland's 'Vindicators' were by no means always attentive to his sense. It reads 'her grannam' and 'She shall have'—the exact effect of which, as an inducement to marry him, one would like to hear

15 la-bee] = 'let-a-be', 'let me alone'

17 One or two editions (but not very good ones) 'Thm Calot' Calot of course = 'calotte', the lawyer's cap or coif

18 This is a signal instance of the way in which these early anapaestic lines break down into heroics. 1677 and others read 'his pedigree'—not so well

22 S Thomas his leas] A decree of Oct 29, 1632, ordains that scholars and students of Corpus and Pembroke shall play football only 'upon St Thomas Layes', the site of Downing College later. This decree and the 'S' of 1651, 1653, would seem to show that 1677 is wrong in expanding to 'Sir', though two Cambridge editors ought to have known the right name. It was also called 'Swinecroft' (Information obtained from the late Mr J W Clark's *Memories and Customs*, Cambridge, 1909, through the kindness of Mr A J Bartholomew)

33 Satin-cap] Clerical cf Strode's poem on *The Caps* (*Works*, ed Dobell, p 106)
The Sattin and the Velvet hive
Unto a Bishopric doth drive

36 closely carry] = 'disguise', 'conceal'

Square-Cap

Come, leave these thread bare scholars,' quoth he
And give me livery and seisin of thee'

But peace John a Nokes and leave your oration
For I never will be your impropriation
I pray you therefore good sir, la bee,
For if ever I have a man, Square-cap for me!"

50

Upon Phillis walking in a morning before sun rising

THE sluggish morn as yet undressed,
My Phillis brake from out her East
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward
Ranked on each side with loyal duty
Weave branches to enclose her beauty
The plants, whose luxury was lopped
Or age with crutches underpropped
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her general dole
Each receives his ancient soul
The winged choristers began
To chirp their mattins and the fan
Of whistling winds like organs played,
Until their voluntaries made
The wakened Earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice
The flowers called out of their beds
Start and rouse up their drowsy heads
And he that for their colour seeks
May find it vaulting in her cheeks
Where roses mix—no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster

10

20

Upon Phillis &c (1647) This is perhaps the prettiest as *The Senses' Festival* is the most vigorous and *F. scara* the most laboured of Cleveland's Clevelandisms

6 1677 &c insert her between serving' and more —doubtless on the principle noticed before of patching lines to supposed regularity

7 Ranked 1647 1677 Banked 1651 1653 As it happens either will do and at the same time either if original is likely to have been mistaken for the other

8 Weave 1647 Wave 1651 1653 Weaved 1677 (the printer unconsciously assimilating it to the Ranked of l 8) The same remark applies as to the preceding line.

11 are] were 1677 1687

18 1654 Unto

19 1677 &c weakened putide

20 A meeting point of many pious poems

24 1677 vaulting to —hardly an improvement

26 Dryden may have had Cleveland in mind (as he pretty often and most naturally had seeing that the poems must have spent their youth with him) when he wrote

John Cleveland

The marigold (whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun and doth unlace
Her at his rise at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop) 30
Mistakes her cue and doth display
Thus Phillis antedates the day.

These miracles had cramped the sun,
Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizzled locks
To see what saint his lustre mocks
The trembling leaves through which he played,
Dappling the walk with light and shade
Like lattice-windows, give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye, 40
Lest her full orb his sight should dim
And bid us all good-night in him,
Till she should spend a gentle ray
To force us a new-fashioned day
But what religious palsy's this
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss,
And, that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe?
Phillis perceived and (lest her stay
Should wed October unto May, 50
And, as her beauty caused a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate-light

Upon a Miser that made a great feast,
and the next day died for grief.

NOR 'scapes he so, our dinner was so good
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud,

some of the latest and most beautiful of his own lines to the Duchess of Ormond (Lady Mary Somerset) •

O daughter of the Rose whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the Red and White

1677 '*Divides* her York and Lancaster'—pretty palpable emendation to supply the apparent lack of a verb

27-30 It has been suggested to me that the sense wants mechanical aid to clear it up, and I have therefore made a visible parenthesis of 'whose shop', following 1677

34 thinking] fearing 1677

36 1653 &c 'saints'—a misprint, as 1647, 1651 have the singular

38 Here, for once, Cleveland achieves the really poetical conceit

42 1647, 1651, 1653, &c 'bids'—again a mere misprint

43 1647, 1651, 1653 'would'

47 straw] For 'strew', as in the A V

49 1649, 1651, 1653, 'perceives' (an unconscious echo of 'leaves' in l 48)

Upon a Miser, &c (1647) This juxtaposition of the serious-sentimental-fanciful with the burlesque satiric may not please some readers. But the older editions which give it seem to me better to represent the ideas of the time than the later siftings and reclassifications of the age of prose and sense. And this is one reason why I follow the order of 1653 rather than that of 1677

2 'Cud' is spelt in 1647 here and elsewhere in Cleveland 'cood'

Upon a Miser that made a great feast

And what delight she took in th' invitation
Strives to taste o'er again in this relation

After a tedious grace in Hopkins rhyme
Not for devotion but to take up time
Marched the trained band of dishes ushered there
To show their postures and then as they were
For he invites no teeth perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony

10

Thus is our feast a muster, not a fight
Our weapons not for service, but for sight

But are we tantalized? Is all this meat
Cooked by a limner for to view, not eat?
Th' astrologers keep such houses when they sup
On joints of Taurus or their heavenly Tup
Whatever feasts be made are summed up here,
His table vies not standing with his cheer
His churchings christenings in this meal are all
And not transcribed but in th' original.

20

Christmas is no feast movable, for lo,
The self same dinner was ten years ago!

'Twill be immortal if it longer stay

The gods will eat it for ambrosia

But stay a while unless my whinyard fail

Or is enchanted I'll cut off th' entail

Saint George for Englaod then I have at the mutton

When the first cut calls me bloodthirsty glutton.

Stout Ajax, with his anger-coddled brain

Killing a sheep thought Agamemnon slain,

30

The fiction's now proved true wounding his roast

I lamentably butcher up mine host

Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon

Makes him an eunuch when it carves his capoo

Cut a goose leg and the poor soul for moan

Turns cripple too and after stands on one

Have you not heard the abominable sport

A Lancaster grand jury will report?

3 In some copies invitation of course wrongly

4 taste] cast 1657

5 Cleveland giped at Sternhold and Hopkins in prose (*The Character of a London*

Dirin 14) as well as verse 1647 1651 misprint rhythm

11 The text from 1677 is a clear improvement at first sight on the earlier This is

a feast though I would not be too sure that Cleveland did not write it thus

16 1677 th' heavenly 17 1677 he made

18 Meaning apparently that as was the custom the table between these sham

feast days was moved off its trestles and cleared away but the feast was a standing

one kept to reappear

o in th] i th 1647 1651

26 is] it 1647 1651

28 1677 'Where

29 Stout] What 1651 1657

31 1677 'the roast

34 carves] One edition of no value (1665) serves

35 soul] fool 1677

38 Lancaster because of the Lancashire witches See Heywood *Lancashire Witches*

Act V

John Cleveland

The soldier with his Morglay watched the mill ,
The cats they came to feast, when lusty Will
Whips off great puss's leg which (by some charm)
Proves the next day such an old woman's arm
'Tis so with him whose carcass never 'scapes,
But still we slash him in a thousand shapes
Our serving-men (like spaniels) range to spring
The fowl which he had clucked under his wing
Should he on widgeon or on woodcock feed
It were, Thyestes like, on his own breed
To pork he pleads a superstition due,
But we subscribe neither to Scot nor Jew
[No liquor stirs, call for a cup of wine
'Tis blood we drink, we pledge thee, Catiline]
Sauces we should have none, had he his wish
The oranges i' th' margent of the dish
He with such huckster's care tells o'er and o'er,
The Hesperian dragon never watched them more
But being eaten now into despair
(Having nought else to do) he falls to prayer
'As thou didst once put on the form of bull
And turned thine Io to a lovely mull,
Defend my rump, great Jove, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all this grief.'
But no Amen was said see, see it comes!
Draw, boys, let trumpets sound, and strike up drums
See how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
And every trencher hath a limb of him.
The venison's now in view, our hounds spend deeper
Strange deer, which in the pasty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the park, making his guest,
(As he had stoln't alive) to steal it drest '
The scent was hot, and we, pursuing faster
Than Ovid's pack of dogs e'er chased their master,

40

50

60

70

- 39 Morglay] The sword of Bevis
43 'Tis] It's 1677 44 'him' 1647 'them' 1651, 1653
46 These lines appear with some variants and are not clear in any text 'which he
had cluck'd under his wing' 1677, for the earlier 'when he hath clock't under her wing'
1647, 1651, 1653 Professor Case suggests 'cloak't' (i.e. 'hidden') for 'clock't'
50 Mr Berdan says, 'Englishmen supposed that the Scotch did not eat pork' But,
until quite recently, it was a fact, and even now there is much less eaten north than
south of the Tweed As for Cleveland's day, James the First's aversion to it was well
known and had been celebrated by Ben Jonson In 1647, 1651, 1653 'But not a mouth
is muzzled by the Jew'
51-2 Not in earlier editions Added in 1677 54 1677 'margin of his dish'
55 1647, 1651, 1653, &c omit 'care' and read 'tells them'
59 1677 'Thou that didst'
60 'turned thine' 1677, 1687 'turn'st thy' 1647, 1651, 1653, &c mull] Dialectic
for 'cow', especially as a call-name It seems to be connected with the sense of
the word for 'lips', especially large loose ones
61 1677 allay my grief,
O spare me this, this monumental beef
66 'hath' 1677, 1687 'has' 1651, 1653 and its group

Upon a Miser that made a great feast

A double prey at once may seize upon,
Acteon and his case of venison
Thus was he torn alive to vex him worse
Death serves him up now as a second course
Should we, like Thracians our dead bodies eat
He would have lived only to save his meat
[Lastly, we did devour that corpse of his
Throughout all Ovid's Metamorphoses]

80

A Young Man to an Old Woman courting him

PEACE Beldam Eve, surcease thy suit,
There's no temptation in such fruit
No rotten medlars whilst there be
Whole orchards in virginity
Thy stock is too much out of date
For tender plants to inoculate
A match with thee thy bridegroom fears
Would be thought interest in his years
Which when compared to thine become
Odd money to thy grandam sum
Can wedlock know so great a curse
As putting husbands out to nurse?
How Pond and Rivers would mistake
And cry new almanacs for our sake.
Time sure hath wheeled about his year
December meeting Janiveer
The Egyptian serpent figures Time
And stripped returns unto his prime.
If my affection thou wouldst win,
First cast thy hieroglyphic skin
My modern lips know not, alack!
The old religion of thy smack
I count that primitive embrace
As out of fashion as thy face
And yet so long 'tis since thy fall
Thy fornication's classical
Our sports will differ thou mayst play
Lero and I Alphonso way

10

20

73 may 1651 1653 &c 'we 1677

79 80 Added in 1677 &c with very doubtful advantage

A Young Man &c (1647)

8 1677 &c have incest which is rather tempting but considering the odd money which follows not I think absolutely certain

13 Edward Pond died in 1629 but the almanac published by him first in 1601 lasted till 1709 Rivers was probably Peregrine Rivers Student in Mathematics writer of one of the numerous almanacs of the period There are in the Bodleian copies of his almanacs for 1629 1630 1638 all printed at Cambridge (Information supplied to me from Oxford)

15 Some copies this'

22 Rather a good line

27 1651 1653 &c mayst 1647, 1677 &c must

John Cleveland

I'm no translator, have no vein
To turn a woman young again,
Unless you'll grant the tailor's due,
To see the fore-bodies be new
I love to wear clothes that are flush,
Not prefacing old rags with plush,
Like aldermen, or under-shrieves
With canvass backs and velvet sleeves
And just such discord there would be
Betwixt thy skeleton and me

30

Go study salve and treacle, ply
Your tenant's leg or his sore eye
Thou matrons purchase credit, thank
Six pennyworth of mountebank,
Or chew thy cud on some delight
That thou didst taste in 'eighty-eight,
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthful sins again
But if thou needs wilt be my spouse,
First hearken and attend my vows

40

*When Aetna's fires shall undergo
The penance of the Alps in snow,
When Sol at one blast of his horn
Posts from the Crab to Capricorn,
When th' heavens shuffle all in one
The Torrid with the Frozen Zone,
When all these contradictions meet,
Then, Sibyl, thou and I will greet
For all these similes do hold*

50

In my young heat and thy dull cold
Then, if a fever be so good
A pimp as to inflame thy blood,
Hymen shall twist thee and thy page,
The distinct tropics of man's age

60

Well, Madam Time, be ever bald
I'll not thy periwig be called
I'll never be 'stead of a lover,
An aged chronicle's new cover.

35 1647 'Monster Shrieves', 1653 'Monster-Sheriffs', which can hardly be right.

44 'eighty-eight] The Armada year, often taken as a standard of remoteness not too remote. This, which is the later reading, of 1677 *sqq*, seems better than 'Thou takest in thy Eighty Eight' (1647, 1651, 1653, &c.)

49-62 The italics of 1653, though discarded in 1677, seem worth keeping, because of the solemn call of attention to the particulars of the 'Vow', they extend in the 1653 text to l 60. But 1647 and 1651, prefix inverted commas to ll 49-56, which seems a more effective ending to the 'Vow'.

53 Some inferior editions put in 'shall' 1647, 1651, 1653, and 1677 exclude it

61 twist] In the sense of 'twine', 'unite', 'page'='boy'

62 1647, 1651 'Tropicks' 1653 'Tropick', but both Cancer and Capricorn are wanted

Stay, should I answer, Lady, then

To Mrs K T

(Who asked him why he was dumb)

STAY, should I answer, Lady then
In vain would be your question
Should I be dumb why then again
Your asking me would be in vain
Silence nor speech, on neither hand
Can satisfy this strange demand
Yet, since your will throws me upon
This wished contradiction,
I'll tell you how I did become
So strangely as you hear me dumb 10
Ask but the chap fallen Puritan
'Tis zeal that tongue ties that good man
(For heat of conscience all men hold
Is th only way to catch their cold)
How should Love's zealot then forbear
To be your silenced minister?
Nay, your Religion which doth grant
A worship due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the Vulgar Tongue 20
My ruder words would give offence
To such an hallowed excellence
As th English dialect would vary
The goodness of an Ave Mary
How can I speak that twice am checked
By this and that religious sect?
Still dumb and in your face I spy
Still cause and still divinity
As soon as blest with your salute
My manners taught me to be mute. 30
For, lest they cancel all the bliss
You signed with so divine a kiss
The lips you seal must needs consent
Unto the tongue's imprisonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise
With a strange Ela to my eyes
Where it gets bail and in that sense
Begins a new found eloquence

To Mrs K T &c (1677) To this title 1677 and its followers add *Written eale its*
I mo The variant on *currents* is of some interest, and the statement may have been
made to excuse the bad opening rhyme

5 neither] either 1677

14 the r cold 1677 1677 that cold 1647 16,

16 silenced] As some Puritans were before Cleveland wrote and all or almost all
Churchmen afterwards.

31 1677 Lest I should cancel all the bliss

37 ba l] 1677 &c. halt which is doubtless a misprint.

John Cleveland

The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
The Dragon's tail tied on a knot, a nest
Of young Apocryphas, the fashion
Of a new mental Reservation

While Roger thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, saying, 'My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence, for the point is nice
I never read on 't, but I fasted twice,
And so by revelation know it better
Than all the learn'd idolaters o'th' letter'
With that he swelled, and fell upon the theme
Like great Goliah with his weaver's beam
'I say to thee, &c, thou li'st'

Thou art the curléd lock of Antichrist,
Rubbish of Babel, for who will not say
'Tongues were confounded in &c ?
Who swears &c, swears more oaths at once
Than Cerberus out of his triple sconce
Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurst &c thou, for now I scent
What lately the prodigious oysters meant !
Oh Booker ! Booker ! How camest thou to lack
This sign in thy prophetic almanac?
It's the dark vault wherein th' infernal plot
Of powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
Peruse the Oath and you shall soon descry it
By all the Father Garnets that stand by it,

20

30

40

17 1677, less euphoniously, 'Whilst'

22 A reading of the *Rump* version, 'Than all the Idolaters of the letter', though almost certainly a mere mistaken correction, has some interest.

23 fell] sett *MS*

24 Goliah] This form occurs in all the texts

25 In this and other lines that follow much of the quaintness is lost by 'extending' the '&c' of the older editions

28 were] are 1677, *MS*

32 All editions, I think, before 1677 (which substitutes 'false') have 'half' 'False' is very feeble, 'half' refers picturesquely to the delineation of the Serpent tempting Eve with a human head, being coiled below like the curves of the &c 'False' *MS*

33 1677, *MS* 'Accurst Et Caetera ! now, now I scent'

34 I do not know whether these very Livyish oysters have been traced 1677 and *MS* omit 'lately' and read 'prodigious bloody oysters'

35 John Booker (1603-1677), Manchester man, haberdasher, writing-master, and astrologer, gained a great deal of credit by interpreting an eclipse after the usual fashion as portending disaster to kings and princes, the great Gustavus Adolphus and the unfortunate Frederick, 'Winter'-King of Bohemia, being complaisant enough to die in accordance

36 This sign] 1677, *MS* 'This fiend'—more energetically

37 'Tis the dark vault where the' *MS*

40 The sting of 'the Father Garnets that stand by it' lies in the words immediately preceding the obnoxious '&c'—'archbishops, bishops, &c'—whom the Puritan divine stigmatizes as Jesuits and traitors to Church and State As has been stated, the oath distinctly, in set terms and twice over, abjured Rome and all things Roman, but the Puritans of those days, like their descendants, paid no attention to trifles of this kind For 'stand' *MS* reads 'stood'

A Dialogue between two Zealots

Gainst whom the Church (whereof I am a member)
Shall keep another Fifth Day of November
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruss
&c.—it's so abominous!

The Trojan nag was not so fully lined
Unrip &c, and you shall find
Og the great commissary and (which is worse)
The apparitor upon his skew bald horse
Then finally my babe of grace, forbear
&c. will be too far to swear

30

For 'tis (to speak in a familiar style)
A Yorkshire wee bit longer than a mile

Here Roger was inspired and by God's diggers
He'll swear in words at large but not in figures
Now by this drink which he takes off as loath
To leave &c in his liquid oath

His brother pledged him and that bloody wine
He swears shall seal the Synod's Catline
So they drunk on, not offering to part

Till they had quite sworn out the eleventh quart,
While all that saw and heard them jointly pray
They and their tribe were all &c.

60

Smectymnuus, or the Club-Divines

SMECTYMNUS! The goblin makes me start!
I th name of Rabbi Abraham, what art?

43 Yet] Nay MS

44 1647 1651 abominous' 1651 abominous The h must be kept in 'ab/omi-
nous though not unusual for abo, because it helps to explain and perhaps to
justify 1677 and MS in reading 'abdominous' This though something suggestive
of a famous Oxford story derives some colour from untruss and may be right
especially as I do not know another example of abominous for abominable

47 Og] v s p 31 MS has marginal note Roan

48 Skew bald is not = piebald though most horses commonly called piebald are
skewbalds 'Pie[maggie]bald is bl ck and white skewbald b w (or some other
colour not black) and white The Church-courts were much more unpopular in these as
in mediaeval times than the Church and High Commissioners and commissaries
and apparitors were alleged to lurk under the guileful and dreadful '&c.

49 babes 1677

5 Blount's *Glossographia* (1656) a useful book shows the ignorance of Northern
English then prevailing by supposing weabit (the form found in Cleveland originally)
to be way bit It is of course, little bit the Scotch mile and a bittock

53 Here] Then 1647 1651 1651 God's diggers] = nails or fingers Commoner in
the corruption Ods diggers

54 in words at large 1647 ('at length one issue of 1647) at words in large
1651 1651 in words at length and not in figures MS

58 Edd Catline as usual but 1677 Catline He swears he'll be the Synod's
MS

59 Thus they drunk on not offering to depart MS

60 1677 omits quite'—no doubt for the old syllabic reason MS substitutes fully

62 Perhaps nowhere is the comic surprise of the symbol more wanted than here
and more of a loss when that symbol is extended

Smectymn is &c (1647) Whether this lively sketch on the five 'reverend men whose
friend Milton was (as far as he could be proud of being anything but himself) proud of

John Cleveland

Syriac? or Arabic? or Welsh? what skill't?
 Ap all the bricklayers that Babel built,
 Some conjurer translate and let me know it,
 Till then 'tis fit for a West Saxon poet
 But do the brotherhood then play their prizes
 Like mummers in religion with disguises,
 Out-brave us with a name in rank and file?
 A name, which, if 'twere trained, would spread a mile! 10
 The saints' monopoly, the zealous cluster
 Which like a porcupine presents a muster
 And shoots his quills at bishops and their sees,
 A devout litter of young Maccabees!
 Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath devoutly shown
 The Twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone,
 Thus faction's *à la mode* in treason's fashion,
 Now we have heresy by complication
 Like to Don Quixote's rosary of slaves
 Strung on a chain, a murnival of knaves 20
 Packed in a trick, like gipsies when they ride,
 Or like colleagues which sit all of a side.
 So the vain satyrists stand all a row
 As hollow teeth upon a lute-string show
 Th' Italian monster pregnant with his brother,
 Nature's diæresis, half one another,
 He, with his little sides man Lazarus,
 Must both give way unto Smectynnuus
 Next Sturbridge Fair is Smec's, for, lo! his side
 Into a five-fold lazar's multiplied 30

being was in Milton's own mind when he wrote his *Apology* for the acrostically named treatise, one cannot say It is a lively 'mime' enough, and he seems to throw back that word with some special meaning Cleveland's poem may have appeared in the summer of 1641 Naturally, it is in the *Rumpf* poems

3 All editions 'skilt' It apparently must be as in text 'skill't' for 'skill'st' = 'dost thou [or 'does it'] signify?'

4 1677, &c 'Ape', but 'Ap' in the Welsh sense (Welsh having just been mentioned) does well enough It would go, not too roughly for Cleveland's syntax, with 'conjurer' Let some wizard, descended from all these, and therefore knowing all tongues, translate

6 This is rather interesting Does it refer to Wessex or Devonshire dialect of the day, or to old West Saxon? Junius did not edit Cædmon till fourteen years later, but there was study of Anglo-Saxon from Parker's time at Cambridge

7 the brotherhood] 'Brother' and 'sister' being constant sneers at the Puritan play their prizes] = 'fight'

10 Perhaps another sneer at the 'train-bands' of the City.

15 'distinctly' 1677

16 'in a' 1677

18 I suppose *à la mode*, which is in 1677, is right, but the 'all a-mode' of 1647, 1651, 1653 is tempting

20 'murnival' or 'mournival' Four aces, kings, &c, especially at gleek

22 1677, &c 'Or like the College'

24 'hallow' 1653

25 I knew not this monster, and suspected that he would not be a delicate monster to know But Mr Thorn-Drury has found him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1777, p 482 Lazarus Collondo, a Genoese, had a small brother growing out of his side, with one leg, two arms, &c, &c

29 'Smec' will now be an even 'greater attraction at the Sturbridge fair at Cambridge All fairs rejoiced in monsters

Smectymnuus, or the Club-Drives

Under each arm there s tucked a double gizzard,
 Five faces lurk under one single vizard
 The Whore of Babylon left these brats behind
 Heirs of confusion by gavelkind
 I think Pythagoras soul is rambl'd hither
 With all the change of raiment on together
 Smec is her general wardrobe she'll not dare
 To think of him as of a thoroughfare.
 He stops the gossiping dame, alone he is
 The purlieu of a mctempsychosis,
 Like a Scotch mark where the more modest sense
 Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to thirteen pence
 Like to an ignis fatuus whose flame
 Though sometimes tripartite joins in the same
 Like to nine tailors who if rightly spelled,
 Into one man are monosyllabled
 Short handed zeal in one hath cramped many
 Like to the Decalogue in a single penny

See see how close the curs hunt under sheet
 As if they spent in quire and scanned their feet
 One cure and five incumbents leap a truss,
 The title sure must be litigious
 The Sadducees would raise a question
 Who must be Smec at th Resurrection
 Who coop'd them up together were to blame
 Had they but wire drawn and spun out their name
 'Twould make another Prentices Petition
 Against the bishops and their superstition
 Robson and French (that count from five to five
 As far as nature fingers did contrive—

36 The change as in 1647 1651 1653 and its group including the *Rump* vers on is not so good as 'her', which 1677 reads

38 i e to go on to any other body'

40 Purlieu seems to be used in the sense of 'precinct or province

41 2 These lines are in all the seventeenth century editions I have seen but not in Mr Berdan's The Scots pound was of course only twenty English pence and so the mark (two thirds) 'shrank accord ngly

49 1647 1651 1677 insert a before sheet The metaphor is probably as old as hunting Spend' as Professor Case reminds me has had already in *The Mer* 1 67 the sense of give tongue Scanned their feet for kept pace is good enough but why the five should leap a truss and why this should be litigious I again frankly confess myself to have been ignorant Mr Simpson however quotes R Fletcher in *Ex Olo Negotium* 1656 p 202 The model of the new Religion'

How many Queere religions? clear your throat

May a man have a penyworth? four a groat?

Or do the *In* ucto leap at truss a sayle?

Three tenents clap while five hang on the tayle?

Cleveland seems to have tied in this piece to equal the mystery of the title of Smec by his own matter and to have succeeded very fairly

54 1677 &c 'shall be' 'at th' 1647 1677 at the 1651 1653

55 coop'd] cooked 1647 1651 56 1677 &c the name

57 An absurd, but doubtless in the circumstances dangerous document of the kind was actually disseminated in which the prentices bold engaged to defend his Sacred Majesty against Popish innovations such as archbishops and bishops appear to be

John Cleveland

She saw they would be 'sessors, that's the cause
 She cleft their hoof into so many claws)
 May tire their carrot-bunch, yet ne'er agree
 To rate Smectymnuus for poll-money

Caligula—whose pride was mankind's bail,
 As who disdained to murder by retail,
 Wishing the world had but one general neck,
 His glutton blade might have found game in Smec
 No echo can improve the author more
 Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score
 No felon is more lettered, though the brand
 Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand
 Some Welshman was his godfather, for he
 Wears in his name his genealogy

The banns are asked, would but the times give way,
 Betwixt Smectymnuus and Et Cactera
 The guests, invited by a friendly summons,
 Should be the Convocation and the Commons
 The priest to tie the foxes' tails together
 Mosely, or Sancta Clara, choose you whether.
 See what an offspring every one expects,
 What strange pluralities of men and sects!
 One says he'll get a vestry, but another
 Is for a synod, Bet upon the mother
 Faith, cry St George! Let them go to't and stickle
 Whether a conclave or a conventicle
 Thus might religions caterwaul, and spite
 Which uses to divorce, might once unite
 But their cross fortunes interdict their trade,
 The groom is rampant but the bride displayed
 My task is done, all my he goats are milked
 So many cards i' th' stock, and yet be bilked?
 I could by letters now untwist the rabble,
 Whip Smec from constable to constable,
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Only kneel down and take your father's blessing
 May the Queen Mother justify your fears
 And stretch her patent to your leather ears!

63 carrot-bunch] Cant for 'fingers'

70 'pay' 1653, 1677 'pays' 1647, 1651 1677 'and use'.

75 'Banns' 1677 'Baues' in earlier texts 1653 'time'

78 The Convocation which had been guilty of '&c', and the Commons who mostly sympathized with 'Smec'

79 foxes' tails] As at Samson's marriage (Judges xv 4-7)

80 Mosel[e]y, Milton's printer, and Sancta Clara, the Jesuit?

82 1677 'plurality'

83 'Vestry, but' 1677 'Vestery' 1647, 1651, 165,

84 1677 'Bets'

90 The heraldic terms are pretty plain, but 1677 reads 'is spade' i e 'spayed', as in *The Hecatomb to his Mistress*, l 2

94 Rhyme here really badly managed

95 1677 'another's'

97 The fear and dislike of Henrietta Maria (whom Mr Berdan supposes to be meant) among the disaffected is only too certain and the fate of Prynne's ears for his scandal

Flea-bitten Synod, an Assembly brewed

The Mixed Assembly

FLEA BITTEN synod an assembly brewed
 Of clerks and elders *are* like the rude
 Chaos of Presbytery where hymen guide
 With the tame woolpack clergy by their side
 Who asked the banns twixt these discoloured mates?
 A strange grotesco this the Church and states,
 Most divine tick tack in a piebald crew,
 To serve as table men of divers hue!
 She, that conceived an Ithiopian heir
 By picture, when the parents both were fair 10
 At sight of you had born a dappled son
 You checkering her imagination
 Had Jacob's flock but seen you sit the dams
 Had brought forth speckled and ring streaked lambs
 Like an inappropriator's motley kind
 Whose scarlet coat is with a cassock lined
 Like the lay thief in a canonic weed,
 Sure of his clergy ere he did the deed
 Like Royston crows who are (as I may say)
 Innards of both the Orders, Black and Gray 20
 So mixed they are one knows not whether's thicker
 A layer of burgess, or a layer of vicar
 Have they usurped what koyal Judah had
 And now must Levi too part stakes with Gad?
 The sceptre and the crosier are the crutches
 Which if not trusted in their pious clutches
 Will fail the cripple State And were't not pity
 But both should serve the yardwand of the City?

of her is notorious But why at that time she should be called a Queen Mother (it was her proper title afterwards and she was one of the very few to whom it was actually given) and what the last line mean I know not nor does Professor First unless Marie de Médicis (who was Queen Mother in France and has I visited England) had as he suggests a share in some leather patent and is meant here Since sea's are vellum in *Rupertus* 169 (v. 2, p. 67)

The *Mixed Assembly* (1647) This was the famous Westminster Assembly which met in July 1643—a hodge podge of half a score peers a score of commoners and about four times as many divines as laymen Tanner MS 465 of the Bodleian has a poor copy of this poem but some transpositions and omissions suggest that it preserves an earlier draft. Lines 63-6 follow 52-71-8 But 2 are omitted

1 Flea bitten) 1/3 of a horse—1/3 laymen appearing like specks on the body of clergy
 2 a a) Usually interpreted in the apothecary's sense in equal quantities written so in prescriptions and said to be from the Greek—d being then used

6 7 Church and State's Most divine MS
 19 In a fable a Royston crow (the town being on the way to Cambridge has I probably a bad reputation for fleecing the guileless undergraduate) advise I an innocent of his kind to drop a shellfish from a height on rocks where the Royston bird was waiting and secured the meat

28 1677 changes But to That

John Cleveland

That Isaac might stroke his beard and sit
 Judge of εἰς Ἄιδου and *elegerit*? 30
 Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
 The miscellany-satyr and the faun
 And all th' adulteries of twisted nature
 But faintly represent this riddling feature,
 Whose members being not tallies, they'll not own
 Their fellows at the Resurrection
 Strange scarlet doctors these! They'll pass in story
 For sinners half refined in Purgatory,
 Or parboiled lobsters, where there jointly rules 10
 The fading sables and the coming gules
 The flea that Falstaff damned thus lewdly shows
 Tormented in the flames of Bardolph's nose
 Like him that wore the dialogue of cloaks
 This shoulder John-a-Stiles, that John-a-Nokes,
 Like Jews and Christians in a ship together
 With an old neck-verse to distinguish either,
 Like their intended discipline to boot,
 Or whatsoever hath neither head nor foot,
 Such may their stript-stuff-hangings seem to be,
 Sacrilege matched with codpiece simony 50
 Be sick and dream a little, you may then
 Fancy these linsey-woolsey vestry-men
 Forbear, good Pembroke, be not over-daring.
 Such company may chance to spoil thy swearing,
 And thy drum-major oaths, of bulk unruly,
 May dwindle to a feeble 'By my truly'!
 He that the noble Percy's blood inherits,
 Will he strike up a Hotspur of the spirits?
 He'll fright the Obadiahs out of tune
 With his uncircumcised Algernoon, 60

29 1677 inserts 'go' before 'stroke' But Cleveland probably scanned 'I sa-ac
 The reference is to Isaac Pennington cf *The Rebel Scot*, l 79

30 The phrase is of course Homeric (sc δόμους) and with its companion combines
 the idea of an ecclesiastical condemnation ('delivering over to Satan') and a civil
 execution, a writ of *elegit*

32 faun] All old editions, I think, and Mr Berdan, 'fawn' But the *animal*
 (always now indicated by that spelling) is not of a 'twisted nature', the half-god is

40 One of those that taught Dryden something

41 Cleveland, like most Royalists and their master, was evidently sound on
 Shakespeare A copy of 1677 in my possession has a manuscript list of references on
 the fly-leaf

46 'neck-verse'] = for benefit of clergy

49 'Stript', 1647, 1651, 1653, is evidently 'striped', and is printed 'strip'd' in 1677

53 Philip Herbert, fourth Earl of Pembroke, though a patron of literature and the
 arts, was a man of bad character and a virulent Roundhead

55 'thy' 1677 'these' 1647, 1651, 1653

of bulk unruly] if Vulcan rule you MS

59 1647, 1651 'Obadiahs' 1653 and its group 'Obadiah' 1677 'Obadiah's'

60 Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland—who repented too late of his
 rebellion and tried to prevent the consequences—seems to have joined the Roundheads
 out of pique (his pride was notorious) at neglect of his suggestions and interference

The Mixed Assembly

A name so stubborn 'tis not to be scanned
 By him in Gath with the six fingered hand
 See they obey the magic of my words!
 Presto! they're gone, and now the House of Lords
 Looks like the withered face of an old hag
 But with three teeth like to a triple gag
 A jig! a jig! and in this antic dance
 Fielding and Doxie Marshall first advance
 Twisse blows the Scotch pipes and the loving brace
 Puts on the traces and treads cinque a pace
 Then Saye and Sele must his old hamstrings supple,
 And he and rumbled Palmer make a couple
 Palmer's a fruitful girl if he'll unfold her,
 The midwife may find work about her shoulder
 Kimbolton that rebellious Boanerges,
 Must be content to saddle Dr Burges
 If Burges get a clap 'tis neer the worse
 But the fifth time of his compurgators
 Noll Bowles is coy, good sadness, cannot dance
 But in obedience to the ordinance

80

with his powers as Lord High Admiral By putting the fleet into the hands of the Parliament he did the king perhaps more hurt than any other single person at the beginning of the war Algernoon' 1647 1651 later texts spoil the point of the next line by using the conventional form

68 Fielding] Basil the degenerate son of the first Earl of Denbigh. He actually served in the Parliamentary Army but like Northumberland who did not go that length repented too late

Doxie Marshall] The Stephen Marshall of *Smectymnus* and the Geneva Bull of *The Rebel Scot* 121 exactly why Doxie I do not know Possibly prostitute from his eager Presbyterianism It is odd that Anne and Rebecca Marshall two famous actresses of the Restoration to whom the term might be applied with some direct justification used to be counted his daughters though this is now denied

69 Twisse] William (1578-1616) the 110 orator of the Assembly

71 Saye and Sele] William Fiennes first Viscount (1582-1662) Of very bad reputation as a slippery customer

72 rumbled] Mr Berdan rumbled on what authority and with what meaning I do not know 'Rumbled' which is in 1647 1651 1653 and 1677 no doubt refers to the untidy band &c of a slovenly priest. Herbert Palmer (1604-1647) was a man of good family but a bitter Puritan He was first Fellow and then President of Queens College Cambridge where Cleveland doubtless knew him The odd description reads like that of a sort of deformed dwarf

75 Kimbolton] Edward Lord (1602-1671) just about to become the well known Earl of Manchester of the Rebellion Like Northumberland and Denbigh he repented but only after he had been not too politely shelled for Fairfax and Cromwell

76 Cleveland would have been delighted had he known the fate of Cornelius Burges (1589-1665) of whom he evidently had a pretty bad idea. Burges a Wadham and Lincoln man was one of the leaders of the Puritans among the London clergy and a great favourite with the House of Commons in the Long Parliament. He wanted to suppress cathedrals and being a practical man and preacher at Wells during the Commonwealth did his best by buying the deanery and part of the estates. Where for he was promptly and properly ruined by the Restoration and died in well deserved poverty He was vice president of the Westminster Assembly

79 Oliver Bowles a Puritan divine 1653 omits the comma after 'sadness found in 1651'—a neat punctuation meaning 'in good sadness he cannot dance' Phrases like 'in good truth', 'in good sadness' were the utmost licence of speech which the Puritans permitted themselves

John Cleveland

Here Wharton wheels about till mumping Lidy,
Like the full moon, hath made his lordship giddy
Pym and the members must their giblets levy
T' encounter Madam Smec, that single bevy
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A child-birth, but a gaol-delivery
Thus every Ghibelline hath got his Guelph
But Selden, he's a galliard by himself,
And well may be, there's more divines in him
Than in all this, their Jewish Sanhedrim
Whose canons in the forge shall then bear date
When mules their cousin-germans generate
Thus Moses' law is violated now,
The ox and ass go yoked in the same plough
Resign thy coach-box, Twisse, Brooke's preacher he
Would sort the beasts with more conformity
Water and earth make but one globe, a Roundhead
Is clergy-lay, party-per-pale compounded

90

The King's Disguise

AND why a tenant to this vile disguise
Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with his eyes?
My twins of light within their penthouse shrink,
And hold it their allegiance now to wink
O, for a state-distinction to arraign
Charles of high treason 'gainst my Sovereign!

81 Philip, fourth Lord Wharton (1613-1696), took the anti-Royalist side very early, but cut a very poor figure at Edgehill and abandoned active service. He did not figure under the Commonwealth, but was a zealous Whig after the Restoration, and a prominent Williamite in the last years of his long life. Who 'Lidy' (1653) or 'Lidie' (1677) was seems unknown. Professor Firth suggests a misprint for 'Sidie,' i.e. Sidrach Simpson (1600?-1655), a busy London Puritan and member of the Assembly. Another ingenious suggestion made to me is that 'mumping Lid[d]y' may be one of the queer dance names of the period, or actually a woman, Wharton being no enemy to the sex. But I do not know that there was such a dance, and as all the other pairs are males, being members of the Assembly, it would be odd if there were an exception here. For 'Here' 1647, 1651 read 'Her'.

88 The exceptional position of Selden is well hit off here. His character and his earning were just able to neutralize, though not to overcome, the curse of Laodicea.

95 'Brooke' is Robert Brooke, second Lord Brooke, cousin and successor of Fulke Greville—the 'fanatic Brooke' who had his 'guerdon meet' by being shot in his attack on Lichfield Cathedral. *Mercurius Anti-Britannicus*, 1645, p. 23, has

Like my Lord Brooke's Coachman
Preaching out of a tub

(I owe this citation to Mr. Simpson.)

The King's Disguise } That assumed on the fatal journey from Oxford to the camp of the Scots. (First printed as a quarto pamphlet of four leaves, Thomason bought his copy on 21 January, 1647, reprinted in the 1647 *Poems*. Vaughan wrote a poem on the same subject about the same time.)

1 a tenant to] so coffin'd in 1677

2 Which] That 1677

4 1677 omits 'now', rather to one's surprise, as the value 'allegi-ance' is of the first rather than of the second half of the century. It is therefore probably right

The King's Disguise

What an usurper to his prince is wont,
 Cloister and shave him, he himself hath don' t.
 His muffled feature speaks him a recluse—
 His ruins prove him a religious house! 10
 The sun hath mewed his beams from off his lamp
 And majesty defaced the royal stamp
 Is 't not enough thy dignity s in thrall
 But thoult transmute it in thy shape and all,
 As if thy blacks were of too faint a dye
 Without the tincture of tautology?
 Flay an Egyptian for his cassock skin
 Spun of his countrys darkness, line t within
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowsy trance 20
 The Synod's sable, foggy Ignorance
 Nor bodily nor ghostly negro could
 Roughcast thy figure in a sadder mould
 This pny-chamber of thy shape would be
 But the close mourner of thy Royalty
 Then break the circle of thy tailor's spell,
 A pearl within a rugged oyster's shell
 Heaven, which the minster of thy person owns,
 Will fine thee for dilapidations
 Like to a martyred abbey's coarser doom 30
 Devoutly altered to a pigeon room,
 Or like a college by the changeling rabble
 Manchester's elves transformed into a stable,
 Or if there be a profanation higher,
 Such is the sacrilege of thine attire
 By which thou'rt half deposed—Thou look'st like one
 Whose looks are under sequestration,
 Whose renegado form at the first glance
 Shows like the Self denying Ordinance,

14 transmut] transcribe 1677 The two readings obviously pertain to two different senses of blacks — clothes and 'ink

17 for] from 1647 (pamphlet)

18 line t] l n de 1647 (pamphlet)

19 The 1677 Vindicators had forgotten budge in the sense of fur (perhaps they were too loyal to read Milton) and made it badge

20 1651 1653 Synod with no hyphen but perhaps meant for a compound The genitive is perhaps better The comma at 'sable', which Mr Berdan omits is important.

21-2 The error of those who say that such a rhyme points to the pronunciation of the l in words like could is sufficiently shown by the fact that could is frequent It is of course a mere eye rhyme like many of Spenser's earlier No bodily 1647 (pamphlet)

3 shape] garb 1677

24 of] to 1677

25 Twill break 1647 1653 tailor's] jailor's 1647, 1651 1653

29 1653 but obviously by a mere misprint coarser

31 1647, 1651 1653 the college It is said that the definite article usually at this time designates the College of Physicians But as Mr Berdan well observes the case was unfortunately too common to admit of identification Cleveland's restless wit was not idle in calling Manchester's elves—the Parliamentary troops—change lings The soldier ought to be a King's man and indeed pretended to be

32 1647 (pamphlet) reformed

John Cleveland

Angel of light, and darkness too, (I doubt)
 Inspired within and yet possessed without, 40
 Majestic twilight in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face
 Charles and his mask are of a different mint,
 A psalm of mercy in a miscreant print
 The sun wears midnight, day is beetle-browed,
 And lightning is in kelder of a cloud
 O the accursed stenography of fate!
 The princely eagle shrunk into a bat!
 What charm, what magic vapour can it be
 That checks his rays to this apostasy? 50
 It is no subtle film of tiffany air,
 No cobweb vizard such as ladies wear,
 When they are veiled on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquished screen
 No, the false scabbard of a prince is tough
 And three-piled darkness, like the smoky slough
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis Fauv in grain,
 Dark lantern to our bright meridian
 Hell belched the damp, the Warwick Castle vote
 Rang Britain's curfew, so our light went out 60
 [A black offender, should he wear his sin
 For penance, could not have a darker skin]
 His visage is not legible, the letters
 Like a lord's name writ in fantastic fetters,
 Clothes where a Switzer might be buried quick,
 Sure they would fit the body politic,

40 This and l 47 are examples of the Drydenian line before Dryden, so frequent in Cleveland

46 = 'The unborn child of a cloud'

47 Alliteration, and some plausibility of verse, seduced 1677 into 'of State', but I think 'fate' is better

50 checks] shrinks 1647, 1651, 1653

55-6 1647, 1651, 1653 read

Nor the false scabbard of a Prince's tough

Metal and three-piled darkness like the slough

Some fight might be made for 'Metal', but 'Nor' is indefensible. I am half inclined to transfer it above to l 52 and take 'No' thence. The text, which is 1677, is I suppose a correction. Both 1647 texts mark 'slough' with an asterisk, and have a marginal note 'A damp in coal-pits usual'

57 I cannot understand what Mr Berdan—who prints 'Fawkes'—means by saying it is not authorized by any edition, whereas his own apparatus gives 'Fauv' in every one. It is a mere question of spelling. 'Three-piled darkness' equally surrounds to me his further remark that he 'adopted it as the only reading approximating sense, *treason in grain*'. The metaphor of the dark lantern cloaked is surely clear enough, and this 'in grain' is one of the innumerable passages showing the rashness of invariably interpreting 'in grain' as = 'with the grain of the cochineal insect'. Beyond all doubt it has the simple sense of *pentus*, 'inward'.

58 bright] high 1647, 1653

59 the Warwick Castle vote] The Resolution of the Commons on May 6, 1646, that the King, after the Scots sold him, should be lodged in Warwick Castle

61-2 Not in 1647, 1651, 1653 and its group, but added in 1677

63 1647, 1651, 1653 'Thy visage'

The King's Disguise

False beard enough to fit a stings plot
 (For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot)
 Nay, all his properties so strange appear,
 Y are not i th presence though the King be there 0
 A libel is his dress a garb uncouth
 Such as the *Hue and Cry* once purged at mouth
 Scribbling assassinate! Thy lines attest
 An earmark due Cub of the Blatant Beast
 Whose breath, before tis syllabled for worse
 Is blasphemy unfledged a callow curse
 The Laplanders when they would sell a wind
 Wafting to hell bag up thy phrase and bind
 It to the bark, which at the voyage end
 Shifts poop and breeds the colic in the Fiend 80
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar
 Nor sink thy sculler with a man of war
 The black mouthed *Sisquiss* and this slandering suit
 Both do alike in picture execute
 But since we are all called Papists, why not date
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?
 As temples use to have their porches wrought
 With sphinxes creatures of an antic draught,
 And puzzling portraitures to show that there
 Riddles inhabited the like is here 90
 But pardon Sir since I presume to be
 Clerk of this closet to your Majesty
 Methinks in this your dark mysterious dress
 I see the Gospel couched in parables
 At my next view my purblind fancy ripes
 And shows Religion in its dusky types
 Such a text royal so obscure a shade
 Was Solomon in Proverbs all arrayed
 Come all the brats of this expounding age
 To whom the spirit is in pupillage 100
 You that damn more than ever Samson slew
 And with his engine the same jaw bone too!

67 1677 has the very considerable and not at once acceptable alteration of 'thatch a poet's plot' But it may have been Cleveland

7 1647 1651 again give an asterisked note Bitanicus showing the definite not general reference of *Hue and Cry* It seems that *Mercator Britannicus* did issue a *Hue and Cry* after the King for which the editor Captain Audley was put in the Gate house till he apologized

75 1651 wreath' corrupted into wrath in 1653

76 Blount stupidly thought callow to mean lewd or wicked as if unfledged did not satisfy the usual sense

80 breeds] brings 1647 1651

83 *Sisquiss*] The first words of a formal inquiry as to qualifications in a candidate for orders &c It would apply to the *Hue and Cry* itself

85 It being a favourite Puritan trick to identify Royalist with Papist Date apparently in the sense of begin which usually has only as neuter

89 puzzling] 1677 and its followers purling, with no sense

95 1677 The second view and wipes

John Cleveland

How is't he 'scapes your inquisition free
Since bound up in the Bible's livery?
Hence, Cabinet-intruders! Pick-locks, hence!
You, that dim jewels with your Bristol sense
And characters, like witches, so torment
Till they confess a guilt though innocent!
Keys for this coffer you can never get,
None but St Peter's opes this cabinet,
This cabinet, whose aspect would benight
Critic spectators with redundant light
A Prince most seen is least What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is most mystical

110

Mount then, thou Shadow Royal, and with haste
Advance thy morning-star, Charles, overcast
May thy strange journey contradictions twist
And force fair weather from a Scottish mist
Heaven's confessors are posed, those star-eyed sages,
T' interpret an eclipse thus riding stages
Thus Israel-like he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him and a shroud
But oh, he goes to Gibeon and renews
A league with mouldy bread and clouted shoes!

120

The Rebel Scot.

How, Providence? and yet a Scottish crew?
Then Madam Nature wears black patches too!
What? shall our nation be in bondage thus
Unto a land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward! I am all on fire
Not all the buckets in a country quire
Shall quench my rage A poet should be feared,
When angry, like a comet's flaming beard
And where's the stoic can his wrath appease,
To see his country sick of Pym's disease?

10

106 Bristol] as of diamonds

109 coffer] cipher 1677, &c

110 opes] ope 1677

116 'Charles' 1677 1647, 1651, 1653, by a clear error 'Charles's'

120 'T' interpret an' 1647 (pamphlet) 'To interpret an' 1647 (Poems), 1653, 1677
1651 omits 'To' and reads the 'an' which seems bad in metre and meaning like

The Rebel Scot] This famous piece is said to be the only one of Cleveland's poems which is in every edition In 1677 it is accompanied by a Latin version (of very little merit, and probably if not certainly by 'another hand') which I do not give A poor copy is in Tanner MS 465 of the Bodleian, at fol 92, with the title 'A curse on the Scots' The piece is hot enough, and no wonder, but it would no doubt have been hotter if it had been written later, when Cleveland was actually galled by Leven's dismissal of him It is not unnoteworthy that the library of the University of Edinburgh contains not a single one of the numerous seventeenth-century editions of Cleveland Years afterwards, when a Douglas had chequered the disgrace of 'the Dutch in the Medway' by a brave death, Marvell, who probably knew our poet, composed for 'Cleveland's Ghost' a half palinode, half continuation, entitled 'The *Loyal Scot*'

10 It would seem that Pym had not yet gone to his account, as he died on December

The Rebel Scot

By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
 To such pigwiddin myrmidons as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of Scot without an antidote,
 Unless my head were red that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poison too
 Were I a drowsy judge whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth halts as a juggler's throat
 Doth ribbons, could I in Sir Emp'ric's tone
 Speak pills in phrase and quack destruction,
 Or roar like Marshall that Geneva bull
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full,
 Yet to express a Scot to play that prize
 Not all those mouth grenadoes can suffice
 Before a Scot can properly be curst,
 I must like Hocus swallow daggers first

20

Come keen iambics with your badger's feet
 And badger-like bite till your teeth do meet.
 Help ye tart satirists to imp my rage
 With all the scorpions that should whip this age
 Scots are like witches do but whet your pen
 Scratch till the blood come they'll not hurt you then
 Now, as the martyrs were enforced to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake
 I'll bait my Scot so yet not cheat your eyes,
 A Scot within a beast is no disguise

30

No more let Ireland brag her harmless nation
 Fosters no venom since the Scots plantation
 Nor can ours feigned antiquity maintain
 Since they came in England hath wolves again
 The Scot that kept the Tower might have shown
 Within the grate of his own breast alone,

40

6 1643 after getting Parliament to accept the Covenant and the Scots to invade England

12 The early texts have Drayton's name correctly 1677 makes it 'Pigwiddin'

15 It seems hardly necessary to remind the reader of the well known habit of painting Judas's hair red

19 could tone] or in the Empire's misty tone MS

21 Stephen Marshall the Smec man and a mighty cushion thumper (who denounced the 'Curse of Meroz' on all who came not to destroy those in any degree opposed to the Parliament) actually preached Pym's funeral sermon

22 Damnation But MS reads a whole pulpit full

8 1653 has the obvious blunder of 'feet repeated for teeth' The first feet is itself less obvious but I suppose the strong claw and grip of the badger's are meant Some however refer it to the supposed lop-sidedness or inequality of badgers' feet answering to the *u*- of the iamb I never knew but one badger who lived in St. Clement's Oxford and belonged (surreptitiously) to Merton College I did not notice his feet

32 The more usual reproach was the other way—that the Scot would not fight till he saw his own blood

38 1677 less well 'that Scot'

39 ours maintain 1647 1651 1653 our obtain 1677

41 The Scot] Sir William Balfour a favoured servant of the King, who deserted to the other side

John Cleveland

The leopard and the panther, and engrossed
 What all those wild collegiates had cost
 The honest high-shoes in their termly fees,
 First to the salvage lawyer, next to these
 Nature herself doth Scotchmen beasts confess,
 Making their country such a wilderness
 A land that brings in question and suspense
 God's omnipresence, but that Charles came thence, 50
 But that Montrose and Crawford's loyal band
 Atoned their sins and christ'ned half the land
 Nor is it all the nation hath these spots,
 There is a Church as well as Kirk of Scots
 As in a picture where the squinting paint
 Shows fiend on this side, and on that side saint
 He, that saw Hell in's melancholy dream
 And in the twilight of his fancy's theme,
 Scared from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he viewed Scotland, had turned proselyte 60
 A land where one may pray with cursed intent,
 'Oh may they never suffer banishment!'
 Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
 Not forced him wander but confined him home!
 Like Jews they spread and as infection fly,
 As if the Devil had ubiquity
 Hence 'tis they live at rovers and defy
 This or that place, rags of geography
 They're citizens o' th' world, they're all in all,
 Scotland's a nation epidemical 70
 And yet they ramble not to learn the mode,
 How to be dressed, or how to lisp abroad,
 To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,
 Or which of the Dutch States a double jug
 Resembles most in belly or in beard,
 (The card by which the mariners are steered)
 No, the Scots-errant fight and fight to eat,
 Their Ostrich stomachs make their swords their meat

44 A difficulty has been made about 'collegiate', but there is surely none The word (or 'collegian') is old slang, and hardly slang for 'jail bird' The double use of the Tower as a prison and a menagerie should of course be remembered

45 high-shoes] Country folk in boots
termly] = 'when they came up to business'

51 Crawford] Ludovic, sixteenth Earl, who fought bravely all through the Rebellion, served after the downfall in France and Spain, and died, it is not accurately known when or where, but about 1652

52 A fine line 1677 does not improve it by reading 'their land'

63-4 The central and most often quoted couplet

65-6 follow 70 in the MS

67 at rovers] Common for shooting not at a definite mark, but at large

70 epidemical] In the proper sense of 'travelling from country to country', not doubtless without the transferred one of a 'travelling plague'

74 States] not the Provinces, but the representative Hogan Mogans themselves

78 'Ostrich' in 1677 1647, 1651, and 1653 the older 'estrich'.

The Rebel Scot

Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt 80
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choice
 The serpent s fatal still to Paradise
 Sure England hath the hemorrhoids, and these
 On the north postern of the patient seize
 Like leeches thus they physically thirst
 After our blood but in the cure shall burst!
 Let them not think to make us run o th score
 To purchase villenage, as once before
 When an act passed to stroke them on the head,
 Call them good subjects buy them gingerbread 90
 Not gold nor acts of grace 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn Scot a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yielding doth like him, or worse
 Who saddled his own back to shame his horse
 Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoil?
 They are the Gospels life-guard but for them
 The garrison of New Jerusalem,
 What would the brethren do? The Cause! The Cause!
 Sack possets and the fundamental laws! 100
 Lord! what a godly thing is want of shirts!
 How a Scotch stomach and no meat converts!
 They wanted food and raiment so they took
 Religion for their seamstress and their cook
 Unmask them! well their honours and estate
 As well as conscience are sophisticate
 Shrive but their titles and their money poise
 A laird and twenty pence pronounced with noise
 When construed but for a plain yeoman go,
 And a good sober two-pence and well so 110
 Hence then you proud impostors get you gone
 You Picts in gentry and devotion
 You scandal to the stock of verse, a race
 Able to bring the gibbet in disgrace
 Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The ostracism and shamed it out of use

80 hang] string 1677

81 But why should we be made your frantic choice? MS

82 England too hath emerods MS

83 1651 1653 have a middle form between 'emerod and 'hemorrhoid — 'Hemeroids

1647 Hemerods

84 1647 1651 1653 and its group oddly posture'

85 The Parliamentary bribe or Danegelt of 1641

95 left 1653, &c 1677 gave 1647, 1651 The MS reads But they may justly
 quit their leaner soil 'Tis to lard

101 1651 1653 goodly but here I think the old is not the better

107 money 1647 1651 1653 moneys' 1677

108 1647 1653 &c. pound wrongly Twenty Scots pence = not quite two pence
 English Therefore well so

John Cleveland

The Indian, that Heaven did forswear
 Because he heard some Spaniards were there,
 Had he but known what Scots in Hell had been,
 He would Erasmus-like have hung between.
 My Musc hath done A vorder for the nonce!
 I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones,
 That dish is his, for, when the Scots decease,
 Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles
 A Scot, when from the gallow-tree got loose,
 Drops into Styx and turns a Solan goose

120

The Scots' Apostasy.

Is 't come to this? What? shall the cheeks of Fame,
 Stretched with the breath of learned Loudoun's name,
 Be flagged again? And that great piece of sense,
 As rich in loyalty as eloquence,
 Brought to the test, be found a trick of state?
 Like chemists' tinctures, proved adulterate?
 The Devil sure such language did achieve
 To cheat our unforewarned Grandam Eve,
 As this impostor found out to besot
 Th' experienced English to believe a Scot!
 Who reconciled the Covenant's doubtful sense,
 The Commons' argument, or the City's pence?
 Or did you doubt persistence in one good
 Would spoil the fabric of your brotherhood,
 Projected first in such a forge of sin,
 Was fit for the grand Devil's hammering?
 Or was 't ambition that this damned fact
 Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
 The infamy this super-treason brings
 Blasts more than murders of your sixty kings,

10

20

118 1641, 1651, and 1653 'the Spaniards', but 'some' (1677) is more pointed

120 Erasmus] Regarded as neither Papist nor Protestant?

Cleveland never wrote anything else of this force and fire and it, or parts of it were constantly revived when the occasion presented itself

The Scots' Apostasy was first printed as a broadside in 1646, and assigned at the time to Cleveland by Thomas Old. It was included in 1651, but not admitted by the 'Vindicators' in 1677. But it is in all the central group of editions except *Cleveland Revived*, where absence is usually a strong proof of genuineness, and it is extremely like him. Mr Berdan has admitted it, and so do I. Professor Case has noted a catalogue entry of *The Scot's Constancy, an answer to J C's* [at Or an Answer to Cleveland's] *Scots' Apostasy* (G R Bastick) [at Robin Bostock], London April 1647. The 'J C's' is of course pertinent.

2 John Campbell (1598-1633), from 1620 Baron Loudoun in his wife's right, was after taking a violent part on the Covenant side in the earlier Scotch-English war, instrumental in concluding peace, and was made in 1641 Chancellor of Scotland and Earl of Loudoun.

4 as] 'and' 1653

9 'imposture' 1651, 1653

20 The celebrated and grisly collection of Scottish monarchs in Holyrood was not yet in existence, for its imaginative creator only painted it in 1684, and there are

The Scots' Apostasy

A crime so black, as being advisdly done
 Those hold with this no competition
 Kings only suffered then in this doth lie
 Th assassination of Monarchy
 Beyond this sin no one step can be trod
 If not t attempt deposing of your God
 Oh were you so engaged that we might see
 Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee
 Till you were shnvelled to dust and your cold Land
 Parehed to a drought beyond the Lybian sand! 30
 But tis reserved! Till Heaven plague you worse
 Be objects of an epidemic curse.
 First, may your brethren to whose viler ends
 Your power hath bawded cease to count you friends
 And prompted by the dietate of their reason
 Reproach the traitors though they hug the treason
 And may their jealousies increase and breed
 Till they confine your steps beyond the Tweed
 In foreign nations may your loathd name be
 A stigmatizing brand of infamy, 40
 Till forced by general hate you cease to roam
 The world and for a plague go live at home,
 Till you resume your poverty and be
 Reduced to beg where none can be so free
 To grant and may your scabby Land be all
 Translated to a general hospital
 Let not the sun afford one gentle ray
 To give you comfort of a summer's day
 But as a guerdon for your traitorous war
 Live cherished only by the Northern Star 50
 No stranger deign to visit your rude coast
 And be to all but banished men as lost
 And such in heightening of the infliction due
 Let provoked princes send them all to you
 Your State a chaos be where not the Law
 But power your lives and liberties may awe
 No subject mongst you keep a quiet breast
 But each man strive through blood to be the best
 Till, for those misenes on us you've brought
 By your own sword our just revenge be wrought 60
 To sum up all—let your religion be
 As your allegiance masked hypocrisy,
 Until when Charles shall be composed in dust
 Perfumed with epithets of good and just

106 not sixty But the remoteness of Scottish ped grees was popularly known and if
 t be not true that all Scottish kings were murdered not a few had been

24 Assassination' is v lued at six syllables.

28 to 1651, &c into 1646

31 Till] a d tell 1646 1651

4 count you 1646 1651 1653 &c be your' 1687 This prayer at any rate
 was heard pretty soon

38 'steps 1651 &c ships' 1646

42 'go' misprinted 'to' in 1651 &c

John Cleveland

HE saved, incenséd Heaven may have forgot
T' afford one act of mercy to a Scot,
Unless that Scot deny himself and do
(What's easier far) renounce his Nation too

Rupertismus.

O THAT I could but vote myself a poet,
Or had the legislative knack to do it!
Or, like the doctors militant, could get
Dubbed at adventure Verser Banneret!
Or had I Cacus' trick to make my rhymes
Their own antipodes, and track the times!
'Faces about,' says the remonstrant spirit,
'Allegiance is malignant, treason merit'
Huntingdon colt, that posed the sage recorder,
Might be a sturgeon now and pass by order
Had I but Elsing's gift (that splay-mouthed brother
That declares one way and yet means another),
Could I thus write askint, then, Sir, long since
You had been sung a great and glorious Prince!
I had observed the language of these days,
Blasphemed you, and then periwigged the phrase
With humble service and such other fustian,
Bells which ring backward in this great combustion
I had reviled you, and without offence,
The literal and equitable sense

10

20

67-8 Not in 1646

Rupertismus] 'To P Rupert' in the 1647 texts (Bodley and Case copies) The odd title *Rupertismus* was first given in 1651 This poem expresses the earlier and more sanguine Cavalier temper, when things on the whole went well Rupert's admirable quality as an officer naturally made him a sort of Cavalier cynosure and (with his being half a foreigner) a bugbear to the Roundheads, while neither party had yet found out his fatal defects as a general Hence 'Rupertismus' not ill described the humour of both sides The dog who figures so largely was a real dog (said of course to be a familiar spirit), and Professor Firth tells me that he has a pamphlet (1642) entitled *Observations upon P R's white dog called Boy, carefully taken by T B*, with a picture of the animal It was replied to by *The Parliament's Unspotted Bitch* next year

1, 2 The 'legislative knack' to vote oneself everything good and perfect has always been a gift of Houses of Commons It was rather shrewd of Cleveland to formulate it so early and so well

4 Bannerets being properly dubbed on the field of battle 'Adventure' 1677 'Adventures' 1647, 1651, 1687 'adventurers' 1653 and its group

5 Cacus trick] of dragging his cattle by the tails

7 spirit] A word their abuse of which was constantly thrown in the face of the Puritans till Swift's thrice rectified vitriol almost destroyed the abuse itself

8 malignant] in the technical Roundhead sense

9 The gibe at Huntingdon, clear enough from the passage, is one of many old local insults I can remember when it was a little unsafe, in one of the Channel islands, to speak of a donkey This particular jest recurs in Pepys (May 22, 1677), who was in a way a Huntingdon man 11 Elsing] Clerk to the House of Commons

13 'thus' 1677 'but' 1647 and the earlier texts write] 1653, 'right'—evidently one of the numerous mistakes due to dictating copy

14 'The Prince' was a title which Rupert monopolized early and kept till his death

15 'these' 1677 'the' 1647, 1651, 1653, 1687 20 1677 'th' equitable'

Rupertismus

Would make it good When all fails, that will do t
 Sure that distinction cleft the Devil's foot l
 This were my dialect, would your Highness please
 To read me but with Hebrew spectacles,
 Interpret counter what is cross rehearsed
 Libels are commendations when reversed
 Just as an optie glass contracts the sight
 At one end but when turned doth multiply t
 But you're enchanted Sir you're doubly free
 From the great guns and squibbing poetry
 Whom neither bilbo nor intention pierces
 Proof even gainst th artillery of verses
 Strange that the Muses cannot wound your mail l
 If not their art, yet let their sex prevail
 At that known leaguer where the bonny Besses
 Supplied the bow strings with their twisted trusses,
 Your spells could neer have fenced you every arrow
 Had lanced your noble breast and drunk the marrow
 For beauty like white powder, makes no noise
 And yet the silent hypocrite destroys
 Then use the Nuns of Helicon with pity
 Lest Wharton tell his gossips of the City
 That you kill women too my maids and such
 Their general wants militia to touch
 Impotent Essex! Is it not a shame
 Our Commonwealth like to a Turkish dame
 Should have an eunuch guardian? May she be
 Ravished by Charles rather than saved by thee l
 But why my Muse like a green sickness girl
 Feedst thou on coals and dirt? A gelding earl
 Gives no more relish to thy female palate
 Than to that ass did once the thistle sallet
 Then quit the barren theme and all at once
 Thou and thy sisters like bright Amazons
 Give Rupert an alitum Rupert! one
 Whose name is wit's superfetation
 Makes fancy like eternity's round womb
 Unite all valour present past, to come!
 He who the old philosophy controls
 That voted down plurality of souls!
 He breathes a Grand Committee all that were
 The wonders of their age constellate here
 And as the elder sisters Growth and Sense,
 Souls paramount themselves in man commence

30

40

50

60

24 The rhyme of cles to an *ee* syllable occurs in Dryden

31 Who 1653 and its group

35 Carthage Rupert's devotion to ladies was I felong

39 White or noiseless powder was a constant object of research

45 Essex was twice divorced on the ground mentioned and his efficiency in the field
 was not to be much greater than that in the chamber

53 1677 &c his barren theme

John Cleveland

But faculties of reasons queen; no more
 Are they to him (who was complete before),
 Ingredients of his virtue 'Thread the beads
 Of Caesar's acts, great Pompey's and the Swede's,
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for Rupert's hand,
 By which that vast triumvirate is spinned 70
 Here, here is pulmistry, here you may read
 How long the world shall live and when 't shall bleed
 What every man winds up, that Rupert bath,
 For Nature raised him of the Public Faith,
 Pandora's brother, to make up whose store
 The gods were fain to run upon the score
 Such was the painter's brief for Venus' face,
 Item, an eye from Jane, a lip from Grace
 Let Isaac and his cits flay off the plate
 That tips their antlers, for the calf of state, 80
 Let the zeal-twanging nose, that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge,
 Yes, and the gossip spoon augment the sum
 Although poor Caleb lose his christendom,
 Rupert outweighs that in his sterling self
 Which their self-want pays in commuting pelf
 Pardon, great Sir, for that ignoble crew
 Gains when made bankrupt in the scales with you
 As he, who in his character of Light
 Styled it God's shadow, made it far more bright 90
 By an eclipse so glorious (light is dim
 And a black nothing when compared to Him),
 So 'tis illustrious to be Rupert's foil
 And a just trophy to be made his spoil
 I'll pin my faith on the Diurnal's sleeve
 Hereafter, and the Guildhall creed believe,

65 1654 'faculty' 1677 'Reason Queen' I am not sure which is right
 66-7 So punctuated in 1677 Earlier texts and 1687 'who were to him complete
 before Ingredients of his virtue thread' 1677 reads 'virtues'
 68 'the Swede' of course Gustavus Adolphus
 73 1647, 1651, 1653 'Whatever'
 74 1677, apparently alone, 'on the'
 78 1653, evidently by slip, 'for Jane'
 79 1647, 1651, 1653 'Cit'z' (not quite bad for 'citizens') and 'fler of the place' 'Fler'
 for 'flay' is not uncommon the rest is absurd 'Isaac' was Isaac Pennington, father
 of that Judith whose obliging disposition Mr Pepys has commemorated
 80 'Antlers', which occurs in all, is not impossible for 'antlers' (the everlastingly
 ridiculed citizen 'horns') But 1647, 1651, 1653 forgot the Golden Calf altogether in
 their endeavour to provide a rhyme for their own misprint (l 79) by reading 'Stace'
 83 'Gossip's' (1651, 1677) is not wanted and hisses unnecessarily
 86 'self-wants' 1647, 1651, 1653, 1687 1677, most improbably, 'committee' The
 whole passage refers to the subscriptions of plate and money in lieu of personal service
 which Pennington, as Lord Mayor, promised 'on the Public Faith' Rupert's self out-
 weighs all this vicarious performance
 89 'whom' 1653, 1654
 92 to] with 1677
 95 Diurnal] Which Cleveland satirized in his first published (prose) work.

Rupertismus

The conquests which the Common Council hears
 With their wide listening mouth from the great Peers
 That ran away in triumph Such a foe
 Can make them victors in their overthrow , 100
 Where providence and valour meet in one
 Courage so poised with circumspection
 That he revives the quarrel once again
 Of the souls throne, whether in heart, or brain
 And leaves it a drawn match whose servour can
 Hatch him whom Nature poached but half a man
 His trumpet like the angels at the last
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast
 Was the Mount Athos carved in shape of man
 As twas designed by th Macedonian 110
 (Whose right hand should a populous land contain,
 The left should be a channel to the main)
 His spirit would inform th amphibious figure
 And strait laced sweat for a dominion bigger
 The terror of whose name can out of seven
 Like Falstaff's buckram men make fly eleven
 Thus some grow rich by breaking Vipers thus
 By being slain are made more numerous
 No wonder they'll confess no loss of men,
 For Rupert knocks em till they gig again 120
 They fear the giblets of his train they fear
 Even his dog that four legged cavalier,
 He that devours the scraps that Lunsford makes,
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in steaks,
 Who name but Charles he comes aloft for him
 But holds up his malignant leg at Pym
 Gainst whom they have these articles in souse
 First that he barks against the sense o th House

- 98 As Wharton at Edgehill 'Months 1647 1687
 100 them] men 1677
 109 Was the] 'Twas the 1647 1651 1653 Was that 1677 Was = 'if it were
 110 designed] 1647 1651 1653 defin'd with a clear f not long s
 113 would] 1647 1651 1653 might
 114 The text is 1677 which however reads (with the usual want of strait lacedness)
 straight 1651 1653 have Yet for And which is corrected in some of their own
 group and sweats
 117 some] Like Mr Badman a little later
 120 g g] = 'spin like a top Dryd n uses the word in the same sense and almost in
 the same phrase in the Prologue to *As plitryon* l 21 v s p, p 17
 121 giblets] Apparently in the sense of ossal, refuse
 1 3 Lunsford] Sir Thomas 1610? 1653 The absurd legends about this Cavalier s
 child eat g are referred to in originally *Hud bras* and in Lacy's *Old Troop* and at
 second hand (probably from the text also though it is not quoted) in the notes to
 Scott's *Wood lock* 1651 and 1653 have which for second that
 124 steaks] All old editions stak s — a very common spelling which Mr Berdan
 keeps As he modern zes the rest, h s readers may be under the impression that the
 ogre impaled the infants before devouring them which was not I think alleged by the
 most savou y professor on the Roundhead side
 127 sous] = pickle they have these 1677 they ve several 1647, 1651 they
 have several 1653

John Cleveland

Resolved delinquent, to the Tower straight,
 Either to th' Lions' or the Bishop's Grate 130
 Next, for his ceremonious wag o' th' tail
 (But there the sisterhood will be his bail,
 At least the Countess will, Lust's Amsterdam,
 That lets in all religions of the game)
 Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better
 And cheaper too than Pym's from his own letter,
 Who 's doubly paid (Fortune or we the blinder!)
 For making plots and then for fox the finder
 Lastly, he is a devil without doubt,
 For, when he would lie down, he wheels about, 140
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
 And therefore score up one for conjuring
 'What canst thou say, thou wretch!' 'O quarter, quarter!
 I'm but an instrument, a mere Sir Arthur
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary,
 Whose office 'tis alike to fetch and carry!'
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That strung the Jesuit will dispatch a cur
 'Were I a devil as the rabble fears,
 I see the House would try me by my peers!' 150
 There, Jowler, there! Ah, Jowler! 'st, 'tis nought!
 Whate'er the accusers cry, they're at a fault
 And Glyn and Maynard have no more to say
 Than when the glorious Strafford stood at bay
 Thus libels but annexed to him, we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
 Saint Peter's shadow healed, Rupert's is such
 'Twould find Saint Peter's work and wound as much
 He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
 The cannons do but lisp and compliment 160
 Sure, Jove descended in a leaden shower
 To get this Perseus, hence the fatal power

130 Bishop's] 1677, 1687 editions have the apostrophe Laud is probably referred to in 'Bishop's' The force of all this, and its application to other times, are admirable

133 The Countess—pretty clearly Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle (1599-1660)—beauty, wit, harlot, and traitress (though, too late, she repented) Amsterdam] The religious indifference of the Dutch being a common reproach 1677 and its followers read 'with' for 'will', which would alter the sense completely

134 1647, 1651, 1653 have 'religious' in the well-known noun sense, and it is possibly better

144 Sir Arthur Haselrig (died 1661)—a very busy person throughout the troubles, but not considered as exactly a prime mover 148 1677 'the cur'.

149 'rabble' is 1677 and seems good, though the earlier 'rebel' might do

152 a fault] 1677 default—not so technical

153 Serjeants John Glyn[ne] (1607-66) and John Maynard (1602-90) were well-known legal bandogs on the Roundhead side in the earlier stages, but both trimmed cleverly during the later, and sold themselves promptly to the Crown at the Restoration Glynne died soon Maynard lived to prosecute the victims of the Popish Plot, and to turn his coat once more, at nearly ninety, for William of Orange

155 1647, 1651, 1653 'labels' 1677 'Thus libels but amount to him we see T' enjoy'

158 1677 'St Peter', which looks plausible, though I am not sure that it is better than the genitive 1647, 1651, 1653 have 'yet' for 'and' as in other cases

Rupertismus

Of shot is strangled Bullets thus allied
 Fear to commit an act of parricide
 Go on brave Prince, and make the world confess
 Thou art the greater world and that the less
 Scatter th accumulative king untruss
 That five fold fiend the States Smectymnuus,
 Who place religion in their vellum ears
 As in their phylacters the Jews did theirs
 England's a paradise (and a modest word)
 Since guarded by a cherubs flaming sword
 Your name can scare an atheist to his prayers,
 And cure the chincough better than the bears.
 Old Sibyl charms the toothache with you Nurse
 Makes you still children, and the ponderous curse
 The clowns salute with is denved from you
 Now Rupert take thee, rogue, how dost thou do?'
 In fine the name of Rupert thunders so
 Kimbolton's but a rumbling wheelbarrow

10

180

Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford

HERE lies wise and valiant dust
 Huddled up twixt fit and just,
 Strafford who was hurried hence
 Twixt treason and convenience.
 He spent his time here in a mist,
 A Papist yet a Calvinist
 His Prince's nearest joy and grief
 He had yet wanted all relief

167 the accumulative king] Pym? who was nicknamed 'king Pym' and if not exactly accumulative (for his debts were paid by Parliament) must have been expensive and was probably rapacious. Others think it means 'the Committee accumulative' being = 'cumulative (or rather plural)'. They quote not without force our poet's prose *Character of a Country Committee man* a Committee man is a name of multitude the phrase accumulative treason occurring in the context 175 1677 transfers the to before 'Nurse — a great loss the unarticled and familiar Nurse being far better—and reads Sibyls charm 176 'and 1653 1677 'nay and 1647 1651 1687 177 1677 Clown salutes

Epitaph & In the Bodleian copy of 1647 and in Professor Case's (3rd issue) and in all others except *Cleveland Revised* (1659) and 1677 but in some of the earliest classed with the work of 'Uncertain Authors' Winstanley (no very strong authority it is true) calls it Cleveland's and excellent. It is perhaps too much to say with Mr Berdan that it is unlike his manner. There is certainly in it a manner which he does not often display but the pity and the terror of that great tragedy might account for part of this and the difficulty (for any Royalist) of speaking freely of it for more. It is rather fine. I think

4 The pitiful truth could hardly be better put.

6 Obscure but not un-Clevelandish

7 8 Punctuation altered to get what seems the necessary sense. A comma which 1653 has at grief (not to mention a full stop in the 1647 texts) obscures this and a comma at wanted which Mr Berdan puts does so even more. The phrase is once

John Cleveland

The prop and ruin of the State,
The People's violent love and hate,
One in extremes loved and abhorred
Riddles lie here, or in a word,
Here lies blood, and let it lie
Speechless still and never cry

10

An Elegy upon the Archbishop of Canterbury

I NEED no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament
Verse chemically weeps, that pious rain
Distilled with art is but the sweat o' th' brain
Whoever sobbed in numbers? Can a groan
Be quavered out by soft division?
'Tis true for common formal elegies
Not Bushel's Wells can match a poet's eyes
In wanton water-works, he'll tune his tears
From a Geneva jig up to the spheres
But then he mourns at distance, weeps aloof
Now that the conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is public, we may call
It Britain's vespers, England's funeral
Who hath a pencil to express the Saint
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?
There is no learning but what tears surround,
Like to Seth's pillars in the Deluge drowned

10

more fatally just and true He enjoyed all his master's affection and received all his grief, but 'wanted' his support and relief Professor Case, however, would cling to the stop, at least the comma, at 'grief'

12 or] Other editions 'and' For 'Riddles' cf *The King's Disguise*, ll 89-90

13-14 For the third time 'he says it', and there is no more to say —In 1653 there follows a Latin Epitaph on Strafford which has nothing to do with this It is in some phrases enigmatic enough to be Cleveland's, but it is not certainly his, and as it is neither English nor verse we need hardly give it

An Elegy, &c (1647) If the Strafford epitaph seemed too serious, as well as too concentrated and passionate, for Cleveland, this on Strafford's fellow worker and fellow victim may seem almost a caricature of our author's more wayward and more fantastic manner Yet there are fine lines in it, and perhaps nowhere else do we see the Dryden fashion of verse (though not of thought) more clearly foreshadowed It appears to come under 'Uncertain Authors' in some 1647 texts, but 1677 gives it Title in 1647, 1651, 1653 'On the Archbishop of Canterbury' only

4 1677 'by art'

6 1677 'in soft'

8 Thomas Bushel[1] or Bushnell (1594-1674) was a page of Bacon's and afterwards a great 'projector' in mining and mechanical matters generally He dabbled largely in fancy fountains and waterworks—a queer taste of the seventeenth century in which even the sober Evelyn records his own participation

9-10 Cf the opening of the elegy on King, 'I like not tears in tune'

11 1647, 1651, 1653, &c 'when he mourns', which is hardly so good

18 Seth's pillars] A tradition, preserved in Josephus, that the race of Seth engraved antediluvian wisdom on two pillars, one of brick, the other of stone, the latter of which outlasted the Deluge

An Elegy upon the Archbishop of Canterbury

There is no Church, Religion is grown
So much of late that she s increased to none, 20
Like an hydropic body full of rheums
First swells into a bubble, then consumes
The Law is dead or cast into a trance,—
And by a law dough baked, an Ordinance!
The Liturgy whose doom was voted next,
Died as a comment upon him the text
There s nothing lives life is since he is gone,
But a nocturnal lucubration
Thus you have seen deaths inventory read
In the sum total—Canterbury s dead 30
A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himself a convert in his bleeding eyes,
Would thaw the rabble that fierce beast of ours
(That which hyena like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow brackish from their souls within
Not to repent but pickle up their sin
Meantime no squalid grief his look defiles
He gilds his sadder fate with nobler smiles
Thus the world s eye, with reconciled streams,
Shines in his showers as if he wept his beams 40
How could success such villanies applaud?
The State in Strafford fell the Church in Laud ,
The twins of public rage, adjudged to die
For treasons they should act, by prophecy
The facts were done before the laws were made
The trump turned up after the game was played
Be dull, great spirits and forbear to climb
For worth is sin and eminence a crime
No churchman can be innocent and high
Tis height makes Grantham steeple stand awry 50

* On I W A B of York

SAY, my young sophister what thinkst of this?
Chimera s real *Ergo fallens*

20 1647 1651 1653 &c 'From much 34 1647 1651 misprint *Agona* like
35 1653 misprints blackish 38 1647 1651 1653 noble
44 1677 omitting the comma at act makes something like nonsense by prophecy
goes I think with adjudged to die
50 One would expect Chesterfield for Grantham nowadays does not look very
crooked—at least from the railway But Fuller in the *Worthies* quotes this as a
p overb Some take it as referring to the height and slenderness of the steeple and
an optical illusion They might quote The high masts *fl*ckered as they lay afloat
But few travellers had the excuse of Iphigenia.
On I W A B of Yo k (1647) This vigorous onslaught on the trimmer John Williams
Archb shop of York who began public life as a tool of Buckingham s and ended it as
a kind of tolerated half deserter to the Parl ament was turned out by the Vindicators
in 1677 There may however have been reasons for this other than certain spurious
ness Williams though driven to doubtful conduct by his enmity with Laud never

a fallens] In advancing the general observation that twy natured is no nature'
(69)

John Cleveland

The lamb and tiger, fox and goose agree
 And here concorp'rate in one prodigy
 Call an Haruspex quickly let him get
 Sulphur and torches, and a laurel wet,
 To purify the place for sure the harms
 This monster will produce transcend his charms
 'Tis Nature's masterpiece of Error, this,
 And redeems whatever she did amiss
 Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
 Legitimateth all her by-blows past.

10

Lo! here a general Metropolitan,
 And arch-prelatic Presbyterian!
 Behold his pious garbs, canonic face,
 A zealous *Episcopo-mastix* Grace
 A fair blue-apron'd priest, a Lawn-sleeved brother,
 One leg a pulpit holds, a tub the other
 Let's give him a fit name now if we can.
 And make th' Apostate once more, Christian.
 'Proteus' we cannot call him *he* put on
 His change of shapes by a succession,
 Nor 'the Welsh weather-cock', for that we find
 At once doth only wait upon the wind
 These speak him not but if you'll name him right,
 Call him Religion's Hermaphrodite
 His head i' the sanctified mould is cast,
 Yet sticks th' abominable mitre fast
 He still retains the 'Lordship' and the 'Grace',
 And yet hath got a reverend elder's place
 Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
 By crying altars down to sacrifice
 To private malice, where you might have seen
 His conscience holocausted to his spleen
 Unhappy Church! the viper that did share
 Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
 And void of all thy dignities and store
 Alas! thine own son proves the forest boar,
 And, like the dam-destroying cuckoo, he,
 When the thick shell of his Welsh pedigree

20

30

40

called himself anything but a Royalist, was imprisoned as such, and is said to have died of grief (perhaps of compunction) at the King's execution. Also both Lake and Drake were Yorkshire men. The piece is vigorous, if not quite Clevelandish in the presence of some enjambment, and the absence of extravagant conceit.

10 whatever] Perhaps we should read 'whatsoe'er'

15 'garb' 1653

16 A parody of course on Prynne's *Histro-mastix*

21 'he' = Proteus. Williams went right over

23 Williams was very popular with his fellow provincials. He took refuge in Wales when the war broke out, and was made a sort of mediator by the Welsh after Naseby.

26 'Religion's' 1647 'Religious' 1651, 1653

27 1651, 1653 'I' th' but here, as often, the apostrophation ruins the verse

30 'hath' 1653 'has' 1647, 1651

32 Williams had been chairman of the Committee 'to consider innovations' in 1641. His private malice was to Laud.

On I W A B of York

By thy warm fostering bounty did divide
 And open—straight thence sprung forth parricide
 As if twas just revenge should be dispatched
 In thee, by th' monster which thyself hadst hatched
 Despair not though in Wales there may be got,
 As well as Lincolnshire, an antidote
 Gainst the foulst venom he can spit, though s head
 Were changed from subtle grey to pois nous red
 Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
 Our party now the curséd thing is gone 50
 And chastise Rebels who nought else did miss
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his—
 Whose soul imparalleled apostasy
 Like to his sacred character shall be
 Indelible. When ages then of late
 More happy grown with most impartial fate
 A period to his days and time shall give
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live
Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid
Who God's Anointed and His Church betrayed 60

Mark Antony

WHEN as the nightingale chanted her vespers
 And the wild forester couched on the ground,
 Venus invited me in th evening whispers
 Unto a fragrant field with roses crowned,
 Where she before had sent
 My wishes compliment,
 Unto my heart's content
 Played with me on the green
 Never Mark Antony
 Dallied more wantonly 10
 With the fair Egyptian Queen
 First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted
 Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire
 Next on her warmer lips which when I tasted
 My duller spirits made active as fire
 Then we began to dart,
 Each at another's heart,
 Arrows that knew no smart,
 Sweet lips and smiles between
 Never Mark, &c 20

⁴⁶ I am not certain of the meaning. But Lincolnshire (at least Lindsey) was strongly Royalist early in the war till Cromwell's successes at Grantham Lea Moor and Winceby in 1643 ⁵³ 1647 1651 unparalleled

Mark Antony The unusual prosodic interest of this piece and its companion has been explained in the Introduction. The pair appeared first in 1647 (3rd) where they follow *The Character of a London Diurnal* and precede the *Poems*

¹⁴ warmer some copies of 1653 1647, 1651 warm Cf bluer in the 'Mock Song' 1 14 (below) ¹⁵ 1677 &c. made me active—a bad blunder

John Cleveland

Wanting a glass to plait her amber tresses
Which like a bracelet rich deck'd mine arm,
Gaudier than Juno wears when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm,
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes' humour crystalline,
I in her eyes was seen
As if we one had been
Never Mark, &c

Mystical grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses, the physis of love,
Rhetorical courtings and musical dances,
Numbering of kisses arithmetic prove,
Eyes like astronomy,
Straight-limbed geometry,
In her art's ingeny
Our wits were sharp and keen.
Never Mark Antony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen

30

The Author's Mock Song to Mark Antony.

WHEN as the night-raven sung Pluto's matins
And Cerberus cried three amens at a howl,
When night-wandering witches put on their pattens,
Midnight as dark as their faces are foul,
Then did the furies doom
That the nightmare was come
Such a misshapen groom
Puts down Su Pomfret clean
Never did incubus
Touch such a filthy sus
As this foul gypsy quean

10

First on her gooseberry cheeks I mine eyes blasted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her bluer lips, which when I tasted,
My spirits were duller than Dun in the mire

35 'Straight limb' 1647

36 'art's' is 1677 for 'heart's' in 1647, 1651, 1653 I rather prefer it, but with some doubts

37 1677, &c emends by substituting 'were' for 1647, 1651, 1653 'are'.

The Author's Mock Song In 1647 this runs on as a continuation of 'Mark Antony'

1 1677 *putidissime* 'nightingale', as in the preceding poem 'Night-raven' 1647, 1651, 1653 is certainly right Mr Berdan's copy seems to have 'But as', which I rather like, but mine has 'When'.

2 howl] hole 1647

The Author's Mock Song to Mark Antony

But then her breath took place
Which went an usber's pace
And made way for her face!
You may guess what I mean
Never did &c.

20

Like snakes engendering were platted her tresses,
Or like the slimy streaks of ropy ale
Uglier than Envy wears when she confesses
Her head is periwigged with adders tail
But as soon as she spake
I heard a harsh mandrake
Laugh not at my mistake
Her head is epicene
Never did &c

Mystical magic of conjuring wrinkles
Feeling of pulses the palmistry of hags,
Scolding out belches for rhetoric twinkles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags
Rainbows about her eyes
And her nose weather wise
From them the almanac lies
Frost Pond and Rivers clean
Never did incubus
Touch such a filthy sus
As this foul gypsy quean

30

40

How the Commencement grows new

It is no coranto-news I undertake,
New teacher of the town I mean not to make,

16 1677 when' not impossibly

21 platted] placed 1647

22 1647 1651 the omitted in 1653 to inserted in 1677

37 Cf *A Young Man* &c l 13

How the Commencement &c belongs to the same group as the *Mark Antony* poems and *Squire Cap* and there is the same ambiguity between four anapaests and five iambs. You would certainly take line 1 as it stands in 1677 with 'Tis for it is and probably as it stands here for a h r o e if line 2 did not come to undeceive you. And th s line 2 is bad as either

First printed in 1653 MS copies are found in Rawlinson MS Poet 147 pp 48-9 and Tanner MS 465 fol 83 of the Bodleian. Neither copy is good but each helps to restore the text (see ll 18 and 38). The Tanne MS also has on fol 44 an indignant poem Upon Mr Cl who made a Song against the DDⁿ beginning

Leave off vain Satir st and do not think

To stain our reverend purple w th thy ink

It adds the interesting evidence that the poem became a popular song at Cambridge

Must gutterns now and fiddles be made fit,

Be tuned and keyed to sweake [Psqueak] a John an wit?

Must now thy poems be made fidders notes

Puffed with Tobacco through their sooty throats?

John Cleveland

No New England voyage my Muse does intend ,
 No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send
 But, if you'll be pleased to hear out this ditty,
 I'll tell you some news as true and as witty,
And how the Commencement grows new

See how the simony doctors abound,
 All crowding to throw away forty pound
 They'll now in their wives' stammel petticoats vapour 10
 Without any need of an argument draper
 Beholding to none, he neither beseeches
 This friend for venison nor t'other for speeches,
And so the Commencement grows new

Every twice a day teaching gaffer
 Brings up his Easter-book to chaffer ,
 Nay, some take degrees who never had steeple,
 Whose means, like degrees, comes from placets of people
 They come to the fair and, at the first pluck,
 The toll-man Barnaby strikes 'um good luck, 20
And so the Commencement grows new.

The country parsons come not up
 On Tuesday night in their old College to sup ,
 Their bellies and table books equally full,
 The next lecture-dinner their notes forth to pull ,
 How bravely the Margaret Professor disputed,
 The homilies urged, and the school-men confuted ,
And so the Commencement grows new

Are thy strong lines and mighty cart-rope things
 Now spun so small, they'll twist on fiddle strings ?
 Canst thou prove Ballad-poet of the times ?
 Can thy proud fancy stoop to penny rimes ?

(This latter information, as to MSS, is Mr Simpson's)

5 out] but 1653

9 forty pound] Still the regular doctorate fee, though relatively three or four times heavier then than now

10 stammel] Properly a stuff, but, as generally or often red in colour, the colour itself

11 I am not certain of the meaning of this line though I could conjecture

13 nor t'other for speeches] MS 'that for his breeches'

15 1677 inserts 'the' before 'teaching', but the absence of the article is much more characteristic

18 The 'Vindicators', in the new bondage of grammar, 'come'

Placets] both MSS places 1653 placers 1677 'Placets', evidently right, would baffle a non-university printer, probably the editors of 1677 attempted to correct it, but were again baffled by the printer

22 1677 'they do not come up'—a natural but unnecessary patching of the line

23 old] 1677 own—less well, I think

Both MSS read in ll 22-3

The country parson cometh not up,
 Till Tuesday night in his old College to sup

26 'Margaret' 1653 'Marg'ret' 1677.

How the Commencement grows new

The inceptor brings not his father the clown
To look with his mouth at his grogoram gown 30
With like admiration to eat roasted beef
Which invention posed his beyond Trent belief
Who should he but hear our organs once sound
Could scarce keep his hoof from Sellenger's round
And so the Commencement grows new

The gentleman comes not to show us his satin
To look with some judgment at him that speaks Latin,
To be angry with him that marks not his clothes
To answer O Lord Sir and talk play book oaths
And at the next bear baiting (full of his sack) 40
To tell his comrades our discipline's slack
And so the Commencement grows new

We have no prevaricator's wit
Ay marry sir, when have you had any yet?
Besides no serious Oxford man comes
To cry down the use of jesting and hums
Our ballad (believe it) is no stranger than true
Mum Salter is sober and Jack Martin too,
And so the Commencement grows new

The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter

With hair in characters and lugs in text
With a splay mouth and a nose circumflexed
With a set ruff of musket bore that wears
Like cartridges or linen bandoleers

29 inceptor] = 'M A to be

30 o of grog[or]am usually omitted but both 1653 and 1677 have it here

32 The North usually salting and boiling its beef?

38 Tanner MS has the metrical punctuation To be angry found occasionally in texts of the time marks Tanner MS all the texts have makes

40 at the next bear baiting] in his next company MSS

44 1653 we for you' less pointedly, I think

45 Cleveland lived to think better of Oxford—at least to take refuge and be warmly welcomed there There has probably been no time at which either University was not convinced that the other whatever its merits could not see a joke

48 1665 (not a very good edition) and the MSS read Mum which was of course the usual short for Edmund But Mum in the context is appropriate enough and generally read

The intense Cambridge flavour of this seems to require special comment by a Cambridge man For the duties of the Prevaricator refer to Peacock's *Observatio* is on the *Statutes of the University of Cambridge* 1841 (information kindly furnished by Mr A J Bartholomew)

The Hu and Cry (1653) 1 'in characters = in shorthand 1677 has 'character wrongly 'lugs = ears in text = in capitals

Cf *Cleveland Vindiciae* 1677 p 122 (Cleveland's letter on a Puritan who had deserted to the Royalists His officer complained that he had absconded with official money)

I doubt not but you will pardon your Man He hath but transcribed Rebellion and copied out that Disloyalty in Shorthand which you have committed in Text

John Cleveland

Exhausted of their sulphurous contents
In pulpit fire-works, which that bomball vents ;
The Negative and Covenanting Oath,
Like two mustachoes issuing from his mouth ,
The bush upon his chin like a carved story,
In a box-knot cut by the Directory
Madam's confession hanging at his ear,
Wire-drawn through all the questions, how and where ,
Each circumstance so in the hearing felt
That when his ears are cropped he'll count them gelt ,
The weeping cassock scared into a jump,
A sign the presbyter's worn to the stump,
The presbyter, though charmed against mischance
With the divine right of an Ordinance!

10

If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,

Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram

20

What zealous frenzy did the Senate seize,
That tare the Rochet to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minced, reforming Tweed
Hath sent us runts even of her Church's breed,
Lay-interlining clergy, a device
That's nickname to the stuff called lops and lice
The beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devil's footsteps in his cloven face ,
A face of several parishes and sorts,
Like to a sergeant shaved at Inns of Courts
What mean the elders else, those Kirk dragoons,
Made up of ears and ruffs like ducatoons ,
That hierarchy of handicrafts begun ,
Those New Exchange men of religion?
Sure, they're the antick heads, which placed without
The church, do gape and disembugue a spout
Like them above the Commons' House, have been
So long without , now both are gotten in

30

Then what imperious in the bishop sounds,
The same the Scotch executor rebounds ,
This stating prelacy the classic rout
That spake it often, ere it spake it out

40

(So by an abbey's skeleton of late

I heard an echo supererogate

6 bomball] A compound of 'bomb' and 'ball'

20 Adoniram] Byfield, a clerk of the Westminster Assembly whose minutes have been published in modern times A great ejector of the clergy, who unfortunately did not live long enough to be ejected himself

26 This stuff does not by any means sound nice

32 ducatoons] One would take it that the ducatoon had a back view of some one's head , but a passage of *Hudibras*, and Grey's note on it, have complicated the matter with a story about the Archduke Albert of Austria, which seems to have little if any relevance *here*

41 classic] As in Milton Nor is this the only point in which the two old Christ's men, now on such opposite sides, agree in the 'New Forcers of Conscience' and this piece

35 antick heads] = 'gargoyles'

The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter

Through imperfection and the voice restore
As if she had the hiccough o'er and o'er)
Since they our mixed diocesans combine
Thus to ride double in their discipline
That Pauls shall to the Consistory call
A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers Hall, 50
Each at the ordinance for to assist
With the five thumbs of his groat changing fist
Down Dagon synod with thy motley ware
Whilst we do swagger for the Common Prayer
(That dove-like embassy that wings our sense
To Heavens gate in shape of innocence)
Pray for the mitred authors and defy
These demicasters of divinity!
For, when Sir John with Jack of all trades joins,
His finger s thicker than the prelates loins 60

The Antiplatonic

FOR shame thou everlasting wooer
Still saying grace and never falling to her!
Love that s in contemplation placed
Is Venus drawn but to the waist
Unless your flame confess its gender
And your parley cause surrender
Y are salamanders of a cold desire
That live untouched amidst the hottest fire
What though she be a dame of stone
The widow of Pygmalion 10
As hard and unrelenting she
As the new crusted Niobe
Or (what doth more of statue carry)
A nun of the Platonic quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred—
A flint will break upon a feather bed

52 1653 great changing—a mere misprint

54 do swagg r for] 1677 most suspiciously improves to *are than p ons for*
k om l 43 onwards 1653 has the whole in italics and it is pretty clear that after the
first four lines the Echo speaks to the end. The Vindicators do not seem to have
seen this though the absence of the quotes above would not prove it. Professor Case
however thinks that So refers to what precedes and that in l 47 and onwards the
author and Echo speaks. It is possible.

The Antiplatonic (1653) This is a sort of half way house between Cleveland's
burlesques and his serious or semi serious poems like *Fiscara*. It is also nearer to
Suckling and the graceful graceless school than most of his things. It is good.

2 The alteration of 1677 and never fall to her may be only an example of the
tendency to regularize (in this case by the omission of an extra foot). But I confess
it seems to me better for the slight irregularity of the construction replaces that of the
line to advantage.

10 I don't know whether the conceit of Pygmalion's *and so* returning to marble
(or ivory) when her husband lover's embraces ceased is original with Cleveland. If
it is I make him my compliment. There is at any rate no hint of it in Ovid.

John Cleveland

For shame, you pretty female elves,
Cease for to candy up your selves,
No more, you sectaries of the game,
No more of your calcining flame!
Women commence by Cupid's dart
As a king hunting dubs a hart.
Love's votaries enthrall each other's soul,
Till both of them live but upon parole

20

Virtue's no more in womankind
But the green-sickness of the mind,
Philosophy (their new delight)
A kind of charcoal appetite
There's no sophistry prevails
Where all-convincing love assails,
But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilful gamesters are to seek at sharp

30

The soldier, that man of iron,
Whom ribs of horror all environ,
That's strung with wire instead of veins,
In whose embraces you're in chains,
Let a magnetic girl appear,
Straight he turns Cupid's cuirassier.
Love storms his lips, and takes the fortress in,
For all the bristled turnpikes of his chin.

40

Since love's artillery then checks
The breastworks of the firmest sex,
Come, let us in affections riot,
Th' are sickly pleasures keep a diet.
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not eunuched with formality,
Like an ambassador that beds a queen
With the nice caution of a sword between.

18 1677 changed the good old 'for' to 'thus'

19 sectaries of] = 'heretics in'

20 This is good 'calcining flame' is good

22 'dubs' is said to mean 'stabs', as it certainly means 'strikes', but this seems to have little or no appropriateness here and to ignore the quaint conceit of 'commence' in its academic meaning 'Women take their degrees by Cupid's dart as the fact of being hunted by a king *ennobles* a hart' Cupid = the King of Love

24 'parole' too has a very delectable double meaning This poem is really full of most excellent differences

25-9 The lesson of the unregenerate Donne and the never-regenerate Carew

32 gamesters] = 'fencers' to seek at sharp] = 'not good at sword-play'.

33 'The sol-di-er' By the way, did Butler borrow this 'iron' and 'environ' rhyme from Cleveland?

43 The apostrophating mania made 1653 contract to 'let's' and spoil the verse

44 Th'] here of course = 'they'

Nature's Confectioner, the Bee

Fuscara, or the Bee Errant

NATURE'S confectioner, the bee
 (Whose suckets are moist alehem,
 The still of his refining mould
 Minting the garden into gold),
 Having rifled all the fields
 Of what dainties Flora yields,
 Ambitious now to take exerce
 Of a more fragrant paradise,
 At my Fuscara's sleeve arrived
 Where all delicious sweets are hived
 The airy freebooter distrains
 First on the violets of her veins
 Whose tincture, could it be more pure
 His ravenous kiss had made it bluer
 Here did he sit and essence quaff
 Till her coy pulse had beat him off,
 That pulse which he that feels may know
 Whether the world's long lived or no
 The next he preys on is her palm,
 That almer of transpiring balm,
 So soft, tis air but once removed,
 Tender as 'twere a jelly gloved
 Here while his canting drone-pipe scanned
 The mystic figures of her hand,
 He tipples palmistry and dines
 On all her fortune-telling lines
 He bathes in bliss and finds no odds
 Betwixt her nectar and the gods,

10

20

Fuscara (1651) Cleveland's most famous poem of the amatory as *The Rebel Scot* is of the political kind. In 1677 and since it has been set in the forefront of his *Poems* and Johnson draws specially on it for his famous diatribe against the metaphysicals in the *Life of Cowley*. It seems to me inferior both to *The Mists Festal* and to *The Antiplaton* and as was said in the Introduction it betrays to me something of an intention to fool the lovers of a fashionable style to the top of their bent. But it has extremely pretty things in it and Mr Addison who denounced and scorned false wit never fair sexed it in half so poetical a manner.

2 Suckets or 'sucrades' should need interpretation to no reader of *Robinson Crusoe* and no one who has not read *Robinson Crusoe* deserves to be taken into consideration.

13 tincture] Said to be used here in an alchemical sense for 'gold'. But the plain meaning is much better.

18 Although the sense is not quite the same as it is much akin to that of Browning's question—

Who knows but the world may end to night?

20 Cleveland of course uses the correct and not the modern and blundering sense of transpire.

22 This jelly gloved is not like mobled queen or calcining flame.
 25 6 1653 and its group have a queer misprint (carried out so as to rhyme but hardly possible as a true reading) of 'dives' and 'lives'. If they had had in instead of On it would have been on the (metaphysical) cards especially with bathes following.
 28 1653 less well the nectar

John Cleveland

He perches now upon her wrist,
A proper hawk for such a fist, 30
Making that flesh his bill of fare
Which hungry cannibals would spare;
Where lilies in a lovely brown
Inoculate carnation
He *argent* skin with *or* so streamed
As if the milky way were creamed
From hence he to the woodbine bends
That quivers at her fingers' ends,
That runs division on the tree
Like a thick-branching pedigree 40
So 'tis not her the bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the rose that bleeds, when he
Nibbles his nice phlebotomy
About her finger he doth cling
I' th' fashion of a wedding-ring,
And bids his comrades of the swarm
Crawl as a bracelet 'bout her arm
Thus when the hovering publican
Had sucked the toll of all her span, 50
Tuning his draughts with drowsy hums
As Danes carouse by kettle-drums,
It was decreed, that posie gleaned,
The small familiar should be weaned
At this the errant's courage quails;
Yet aided by his native sails
The bold Columbus still designs
To find her undiscovered mines
To th' Indies of her arm he flies,
Fraught both with east and western prize, 60
Which when he had in vain essayed,
Armed like a dapper lancepresade
With Spanish pike, he broached a pore
And so both made and healed the sore
For as in gummy trees there's found
A salve to issue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balsam, too
But oh, what wasp was 't that could prove
Ravallac to my Queen of Love! 70

30 Neat, i' faith!

33 'a lovely *brown*' as being *Fuscara*

35 Here Cleveland dares his 'ill armoury again', *v sup*, p 25 'He' 1651, 165,
Her' 1677

48 as] 1677, unnecessarily, 'like' Some (baddish) editions 'on a bracelet'

52 Hardly necessary to notice as another of Cleveland's Shakespearian touches

62 The correcter form is 'lancepresade'

70 'Ratillas' 1651 'Rathas' 1653 corrected in 1677

Fuscara, or the Bee Errant

The King of Bees now's jealous grown
Lest her beams should melt his throne,
And finding that his tribute slack
His burgesses and state of wax
Turned to a hospital the combs
Built rank and file like beadsmen's rooms
And what they bleed but tart and sour
Matched with my Danaë's golden shower
Live honey all—the envious elf
Stung her cause sweeter than himself
Sweetness and she are so allied
The bee committed parricide

80

*An Elegy upon Doctor Chad[d]erton the first Master
of Emanuel College in Cambridge being above
an hundred years old when he died
(*Occasioned by his long deferred funeral*)

PARDON dear Saint that we so late
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate
And with an after shower of verse
And tears we thus bedew thy hearse
Till now, alas! we did not weep
Because we thought thou didst but sleep
Thou liv'st so long we did not know
Whether thou couldst now die or no
We looked still when thou shouldst arise
And ope the casements of thine eyes
Thy feet which have been used so long
To walk we thought, must still go on
Thine ears after a hundred year
Might now plead custom for to hear
Upon thy head that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago
And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave
Wert thou e'er young? For truth I hold
And do believe thou wert born old
There's none alive I'm sure can say
They knew thee young but always grey

10

20

71 1677 dropping the verb from now's improves the sense very much

An Elegy &c This and the following piece are among the disputed poems but as they occur in 1653 I give them with warning and asterisked. The *DNB* allows (with a ?) 104 years (1536?–1640) to Chadderton. As the first Master of the House of pure Emmanuel he might be supposed unlikely to extract a letter from Cleveland. But he had resigned his Mastership nearly twenty years before his death and that death occurred before the troubles became insupportable. There is nothing to require special annotation in it or indeed in either though in *Doctor Chadderton* l. 23 one may safely guess that either 'thou or now is an intrusion in l. 25 of the same that son should be sure? saint &c and in l. 29 that the Epitaph is likelier

John Cleveland

And dost thou now, venerable oak,
Decline at Death's unhappy stroke?
Tell me, dear son, why didst thou die
And leave's to write an elegy?
We're young, alas ! and know thee not
Send up old Abram and grave Lot
Let them write thy Epitaph and tell
The world thy worth, they kenned thee well
When they were boys, they heard thee preach
And thought an angel did them teach
Awake them then and let them come
And score thy virtues on thy tomb,
That we at those may wonder more
Than at thy many years before

30

* Mary's Spikenard.

SHALL I presume,
Without perfume,
My Christ to meet
That is all sweet?
No ! I'll make most pleasant posies,
Catch the breath of new-blown roses,
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which laugh in the fairest bowers,
Whose sweetness Heaven likes so well,
It stoops each morn to take a smell
Then I'll fetch from the Phoenix' nest
The richest spices and the best,
Precious ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and aloes take,
Yea, costly Spikenard in whose smell
The sweetness of all odours dwell
I'll get a box to keep it in,
Pure as his alabaster skin
And then to him I'll nimbly fly
Before one sickly minute die
This box I'll break, and on his head
This precious ointment will I spread,
Till ev'ry lock and ev'ry hair
For sweetness with his breath compare
But sure the odour of his skin
Smells sweeter than the spice I bring

10

20

Mary's Spikenard (1652) of course suggests Crashaw, and yet when one reads it the thought must surely occur, 'How differently Crashaw would have done it!' I do not think either is Cleveland's, though the odd string of unrelated conceits in the Chadderton piece is not unlike him. In the other there is nothing like his usual style, but it is very pretty, and I will not say he could not have done it as an exception. But in that case it is a pity he did not make it a rule

Mary's Spikenard

Then with bended knee I'll greet
His holy and beloved feet,
I'll wash them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips shall kiss them dry,
Or for a towel he shall have
My hair—such flax as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold
And on Thy sacred feet take hold,
And curl themselves about as though
They were loath to let thee go,
O chide them not and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow grey

To Julia to expedite her Promise

SINCE tis my doom, Loves undershrieve,
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my she-advowson fly
Incumbency?
Panting expectance makes us prove
The antics of benighted love,
And withered mates when wedlock joins
They're Hymen's monkeys, which he ties by th' loins
To play, alas! but at rebated loins.

To sell thyself dost thou intend
By candle end
And hold the contract thus in doubt
Lifes taper out?
Think but how soon the market fails,
Your sex lives faster than the males,
As if to measure ages span,
The sober Julian were th' account of man
Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian

Now since you bear a date so short,
Live double for t
How can thy fortress ever stand
If t be not manned?

To Julia &c Johnson singled out the opening verse of this as a special example of bringing remote ideas together

1 Shrieve of course = Sheriff

3 4 advowson (again of course but these things get curiously mistaken nowadays)
= right of presenting to or enjoying a benefice Incumbency = the actual occupa-
tion or enjoyment' Cf *Squire Cap* II 37 8

9 rebated] The opposite of *unbated* in *Hamlet*—with the button on

21 Mr Pepys on November 6 1660 watched this process (which was specially
used in ship selling) for the first time and with interest candle 1653 candle s
1677

17 18 Not a very happy conceiving of the fact that in a millennium and a half the
Julian reckoning had got ten days behindhand

John Cleveland

The siege so gains upon the place
Thou'lt find the trenches in thy face
Pity thyself then if not me,
And hold not out, lest like Ostend thou be
Nothing but rubbish at delivery

The candidates of Peter's chair
Must plead grey hair,
And use the simony of a cough
To help them off.

30

But when I woo, thus old and spent,
I'll wed by will and testament
No, let us love while crisped and curled,
The greatest honours, on the agéd hurled,
Are but gay furloughs for another world

To-morrow what thou tenderest me
Is legacy
Not one of all those ravenous hours
But thee devours
And though thou still recruited be,
Like Pelops, with soft ivory,
Though thou consume but to renew,
Yet Love as lord doth claim a heriot due;
That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

40

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe,
And those regealing crystal spheres
I hold thy tears
Pledges of more distilling sweets,
The bath that ushers in the sheets
Else pious Julia, angel-wise,
Moves the Bethesda of her trickling eyes
To cure the spital world of maladies.

50

27 The siege of Ostend (1601-4) lasted three years and seventy-seven days

34 Did a far greater Cambridge poet think of this in writing

'When the locks are crisp and curl'd?'

(*The Vision of Sin*)

48 regealing] Cleveland seems to use this unusual word in the sense of 'un-freezing'

51 1677 spoils sense and verse alike by beginning the line with 'Than'. The 'tears' are the 'bath'

Upon Princess Elizabeth

Poems in 1677 but not in 1653

Upon Princess Elizabeth, born the night
before New Year's Day

ASTROLOGERS say Venus, the selfsame star
Is both our Hesperus and Lucifer,
The antitype this Venus, makes it true
She shuts the old year and begins the new
Her brother with a star at noon was born,
She, like a star both of the eve and morn
Count o'er the stars, fair Queen in babes, and vie
With every year a new Epiphany

The General Eclipse

LADIES that gild the glittering noon,
And by reflection mend his ray
Whose beauty makes the sprightly sun
To dance as upon Easter day
What are you now the Queen's away?

Courageous Eagles who have whet
Your eyes upon majestic light
And thence derived such martial heat
That still your looks maintain the fight
What are you since the King's good night?

10

Cavalier buds whom Nature teems
As a reserve for England's throne
Spirits whose double edge redeems
The last Age and adorns your own
What are you now the Prince is gone?

As an obstructed fountain's head
Cuts the entail off from the streams
And brooks are disinherited
Honour and Beauty are mere dreams
Since Charles and Mary lost their beams!

20

Upon Princess Elizabeth Not before 1677 This slight thing is inaccurately entitled for the Princess was born on December 26 1638

¹ The rhyme of star and 'Lucifer' which occurs (with traveller) in Dryden is—like all Cleveland's rhymes, I think without exception—perfectly sound on the general principle then observed and observed partly at all times that a vowel may for rhyme's

first position take the sound that it has in a similar connection but in another word

⁵ brother] Charles II

The General Eclipse The poem is of course a sort of variation or *scissors* on You meaner beauties of the night

²⁰ We are so accustomed to the double name Henrietta Maria that the simple Queen Mary may seem strange But it was the Cavalier word at Naseby

John Cleveland

Criminal Valours, who commit
Your gallantry, whose paeon brings
A psalm of mercy after it,
In this sad solstice of the King's,
Your victory hath mewed her wings!

See, how your soldier wears his cage
Of iron like the captive Turk,
And as the guerdon of his rage!
See, how your glimmering Peers do lurk,
Or at the best, work journey-work!

30

Thus 'tis a general eclipse,
And the whole world is al a-mort,
Only the House of Commons trips
The stage in a triumphant sort
Now e'en John Lilburn take 'em for't!

Upon the King's Return from Scotland

RETURNED, I'll ne'er believe 't, first prove him hence,
Kings travel by their beams and influence
Who says the soul gives out her gests, or goes
A fitting progress 'twixt the head and toes?
She rules by omnipresence, and shall we
Deny a prince the same ubiquity?
Or grant he went, and, 'cause the knot was slack,
Girt both the nations with his zodiac,
Yet as the tree at once both upward shoots,
And just as much grows downward to the roots,
So at the same time that he posted thither
By counter-stages he rebounded hither
Hither and hence at once, thus every sphere
Doth by a double motion interfere,
And when his native form inclines him east,
By the first mover he is ravished west
Have you not seen how the divided dam
Runs to the summons of her hungry lamb,
But when the twin cries halves, she quits the first?
Nature's commendam must be likewise nursed
So were his journeys like the spider spun
Out of his bowels of compassion

10

20

³² al-a mort] Formerly quite naturalized, especially in the form all-amort See *N E D*, s v 'Alamort'

Upon the King's Return, &c In 1641—an ill-omened and unsuccessful journey, which lasted from August to November The piece is one of the very few of those in *Cleveland Revived* acknowledged and admitted by *Chevelandi Vindiciae*

³ 1659 'ghosts', 1662, 1668 'guests', 1677 'gests' See *N E D*, s v 'gest' *sb*⁴ which defines it as 'the various stages of a journey, especially of a royal progress, the route followed or planned'

²⁰ commendam] (misprinted '-dum' from 1659 to 1677) A benefice held with another, something additional

²¹ 'spider' 1677, 'spider's' 1659, 1662, 1668

Upon the King's Return from Scotland

Two realms like Cacus so his steps transpose
 His feet still contradict him as he goes
 England's returned that was a banished soil
 The bullet flying makes the gun recoil
 Death's but a separation though endorsed
 With spade and javelin, we were thus divorced
 Our soul hath taken wing while we express
 The corpse returning to our principles 30
 But the Crab tropic must not now prevail
 Islands go back but when you're under sail
 So his retreat hath rectified that wrong
 Backward is forward in the Hebrew tongue.
 Now the Church Militant in plenty rests
 Nor fears like th' Amazon to lose her breasts
 Her means are safe not squeezed until the blood
 Mix with the milk and choke the tender brood
 She that hath been the floating ark is that
 She that's now seated on Mount Ararat 40
 Quits Charles our souls did guard him northward thus
 Now he the counterpart comes south to us

Poems certainly or almost certainly Cleveland's
 but not included in 1653 or 1677

An Elegy on Ben Jonson

Who first reformed our stage with justest laws
 And was the first best judge in his own cause
 Who when his actors trembled for applause

25 banished 1677 barren 1659 1662 1668

30 In this very obscure and ultra Clevelandian 1677 reads the r' I think our
 —the reading of *Cleaveland Reviv'd* followed by 1662 and 1668—is better. But the
 whole poem (one of Cleveland's earliest political attempts) is weak and pithless

33 that 1687 the 1659 1662 1668

42 'counterpart' 1677 counterpane 1659 1662 1668

Poems &c I have been exceedingly chary of admission under this head for there seems
 to me to be no reasonable *à méd* between such severity and the complete reprinting
 of 1687—with perhaps the known larcenies in that and its originals left out. Thus
 of eleven poems given—but as not in 1677—by Mr Berdan I have kept but three
 besides one or two which though not in 1677 are in 1653 and so appear above. Of
 these the Jonson Elegy from *Jonsonus Viribus* is signed and as well authenticated as
 anything can be. *News from Newcastle* is quoted by Johnson and therefore of importance
 to students of the *Lives*. The *Elegy upon Charles I* is in 1654 among the poems
 which that collection adds to 1653 is very like him and relieves Cleveland partly if not
 wholly from the charge of being wanting to the greatest occasion of his life and calling.

An Elegy &c Although this appears neither in 1653 nor in 1677 it is included
 with some corruptions not worth noting in some editions both before and after the

2 Orig. by a slip your own cause. Cleveland may have meant to address the
 poet throughout or till the last verse but if so he evidently changed his mind

John Cleveland

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
His own, by right, to a whole theatre,
From principles which he knew could not err
Who to his fable did his persons fit,
With all the properties of art and wit,
And above all that could be acted, writ
Who public follies did to covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrieve,
Leaving them no ground to rest on and thrive
Here JONSON lies, whom, had I named before,
In that one word alone I had paid more
Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor
J CL

10

News from Newcastle :

Upon the Coal-pits about Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

ENGLAND'S a perfect world, has Indies too,
Correct your maps, Newcastle is Peru !
Let th' haughty Spaniard triumph till 'tis told
Our sooty min'rals purify his gold
This will sublime and hatch the abortive ore,
When the sun tires and stars can do no more
No ! mines are current, unrefined, and gross,
Coals make the sterling, Nature but the dross
For metals, Bacchus-like, two births approve,
Heaven's heat's the Semele, and ours the Jove
Thus Art doth polish Nature, 'tis her trade
So every madam has her chambermaid
Who'd dote on gold? A thing so strange and odd,
'Tis most contemptible when made a god !

10

latter Gifford ascribed to Cleveland another unsigned Elegy in *Jonsonus Virbius* and one of the Odes to Ben Jonson on his own Ode to himself, 'Come, quit the loathed stage' There is no authority for the ascription in either case, and the styles of both pieces are as unlike as possible to Cleveland's

News from Newcastle, if not Cleveland's, is infinitely more of a Clevelandism than any other attributed piece, either in the untrustworthy (or rather upside-down-trustworthy) *Cleveland Revived* or elsewhere It first appeared as a quarto pamphlet, 'London Printed in the year 1651 By William Ellis', and with a headline to the poem 'Upon the Coalpits about Newcastle-upon-Tyne' This quarto furnishes the only sound text It was reprinted very corruptly in *Cleveland Revived*, 1660, and thence in the editions of 1662, 1668, 1687, and later A collation of 1660 is given Title in 1660 'News from Newcastle, Or, Newcastle Coal-pits' MS Rawlinson Poet 65 of the Bodleian has a version agreeing in the main with 1660

1 has] hath 1660, MS

5 'obortive' 1668

7 1651, later texts, and MS 'No mines', which has no meaning without a stop or interjection

8 'nature's' MS

10 'Heaven heats' 1660 The mine is the womb of Semele warmed by the sun the furnace the thigh of Jove heated by coal

11 her] the 1660 its MS.

12 has] hath 1660, MS.

News from Newcastle

All sins and mischiefs thence have rise and swell,
 One Indies more would make another Hell
 Our mines are innocent nor will the North
 Tempt poor mortality with too much worth
 Th are not so precious rich enough to fire
 A lover yet make none idolater 20
 The moderate value of our guiltless ore
 Makes no man atheist nor no woman whore
 Yet why should hallowed Vesta's glowing shrine
 Deserve more honour than a flaming mine?
 These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,
 Than a few embers for a deity
 Had he our pits the Persian would admire
 No sun but warm's devotion at our fire
 Hed leave the trotting Whipster and prefer
 This profound Vulcan bove that Wagoner 30
 For wants he heat or light? would he have store
 Of both? 'Tis here. And what can suns give more?
 Nay what's that sun but in a different name
 A coal-pit rampant or a mine on flame?
 Then let this truth reciprocally run
 The sun's Heavens coalery and coals our sun
 A sun that scorches not locked up i th deep
 The bandog's chained the lion is asleep
 That tyrant fire which uncontrolled doth rage
 Here's calm and hushed like Bajazet i th cage 40
 For in each coal-pit there doth couchant dwell
 A muzzled Etna or an innocent Hell
 Kindle the cloud you'll lightning then descry,
 Then will a day break from the gloomy sky
 Then you'll unbutton though December blow
 And sweat i th midst of icicles and snow
 The dog-days then at Christmas Thus is all
 The year made June and equinoctial
 If heat offend our pits afford us shade
 Thus summer's winter winter's summer made 50
 What need we baths what need we bower or grove?
 A coal-pit's both a ventiduct and stove

15 sin and mischief hence 1660 s n and mischief thence MS
 16 Indies] Ind a 1660 17 mines] times MS

19 1660 so 1651 too unconsciously repeating the 'too much' of l 18
 20 none] no MS

22 Simply an adaptation of the earlier conclusion—

Should make men atheists and not women whores

23 Vesta's glowi g] Vestals sacred 1660 shrine] shine MS

29 trotting Wh pster] Phoebus of course 30 This] Our 1660 MS

31 light? would he] lght o would 1660 store] Misprinted more in 1651

32 suns] Sun MS 33 that] the 1660 34 on flame] or flame 1660

36 coalery] Or ginal and pleas ng Collier is us d below

37 scorches] sco cheth 1660 MS 38 bandog's] lion's 1660 lion] bandog 1660

42 or] and MS 43 the] this MS 45 'Unbottom' by evident error n 1668

47 Thus] Then MS 49 offends 1660 affords 1660

John Cleveland

Such pits and caves were palaces of old,
 Poor inns, God wot, yet in an age of gold;
 And what would now be thought a strange design,
 To build a house was then to undermine
 People lived under ground, and happy dwellers
 Whose jovial habitations were all cellars!
 These primitive times were innocent, for then
 Man, who turned after fox, but made his den

60

But see a fleet of rivals trim and fine,
 To court the rich infant of our mine,
 Hundreds of grim Leanders dare confront,
 For this loved Hero, the loud Hellespont
 'Tis an armado royal doth engage

For some new Helen with this equipage,
 Prepared too, should we their addresses bar,
 To force their mistress with a ten years' war,
 But that our mine's a common good, a joy
 Made not to ruin but enrich our Troy

70

Thus went those gallant heroes of old Greece,
 The Argonauts, in quest o' th' Golden Fleece
 But oh! these bring it with 'em and conspire
 To pawn that idol for our smoke and fire
 Silver's but ballast, this they bring ashore
 That they may treasure up our better ore
 For this they venter rocks and storms, defy
 All the extremities of sea and sky
 For the glad purchase of this precious mould,
 Cowards dare pirates, misers part with gold
 Hence 'tis that when the doubtful ship sets forth
 The knowing needle still directs it north,
 And Nature's secret wonder, to attest
 Our Indies' worth, discards both east and west

80

For 'tis not only fire commends this spring,
 A coal-pit is a mine of everything
 We sink a jack-of-all-trades shop, and sound
 An inversed Burse, an Exchange under ground
 This Proteus earth converts to what you'd ha' 't,
 Now you may weave 't to silk, then coin 't to plate,

90

60 but made] made but 1660, MS

63 dare] do 1660

71-2 Omitted in 1660 and all later texts

73 'em] them 1660, MS

76 better] richer MS

81 'tis that] is it 1660, MS

83 wonder] wonders 1660

85 For 'tis not] For Tyne Not 1660 (without the period at l 84), MS

86 of] for 1660

87 1651 mispunctuates with a comma at 'sink', 1660 adds comma at 'jack-of all-trades' and 'sound' MS punctuates correctly

88 inversed] inverse 1660,

90 weave 't] wear 't 1660 then] now 1660 coin 't] com't 1660

61 rivals] vitals 1660

68 their] this 1660, MS

1651 misprints 'Argeuauts'

75 ashore] on shore 1660, MS.

78 extremitities] extremity 1660

82 knowing] naving 1660 knavish MS

84 both] with MS

89 you'd] you'l 1660

News from Newcastle

And what s a metamorphosis more dear
 Dissolve it and twill melt to London beer
 For whatsoever that gaudy city boasts
 Each month derives to these attractive coasts
 We shall exhaust their chamber and devour
 Their treasures of Guildhall the Mint the Tower
 Our staiths their mortgaged streets will soon divide
 Blathon owe Cornhill Stella share Cheapside
 Thus will our coal pits charity and pity
 At distance undermine and fire the City 100
 Should we exact they'd pawn their wives and treat
 To swap those coolers for our sovereign heat
 Bove kisses and embraces fire controls
 No Venus heightens like a peck of coals
 Medea was the drudge of some old sire
 And Aeson's bath & lusty sea coal fire
 Chumneys are old men's mistresses their inns
 A modern dalliance with their measles shins
 To all defects the coal heap brings a cure
 Gives life to age and raiment to the poor 110
 Pride first wore clothes, Nature disdains attire
 She made us naked cause she gave us fire
 Full wharfs are wardrobes and the tailor's charm
 Belongs to th' collier, he must keep us warm
 The quilted alderman with all's array
 Finds but cold comfort on a frosty day
 Girt wrapped and muffled yet with all that stir
 Scarce warm when smothered in his drowsy fur
 Not proof against keen Winters batteries
 Should he himself wear all's own liveries, 120
 But chilblains under silver spurs bewails
 And in embroidered buckskins blows his nails
 Rich meadows and full crops are elsewhere found
 We can reap harvest from our barren ground
 The bald parched hills that circumscribe our Tyne
 Are no less fruitful in their hungry mine

91 And] Or MS 92 melt] turn 1660 MS 93 boasts] boast 1660
 94 derives] doth drive 1660 MS these] our 1660 MS coasts] coast 1660
 95 treasures] treasure 1660 MS the Mint the] and mint o th 1660 MS
 97 sta ths] Wood n erections projecting into the river which were used to store
 the coal and fitted w th spouts for shooting it into the ships divide] deride 1660
 98 Blathon their Cornhill, Stella' MS Blazon their Cornhill stella 1660
 Blathon no v Blaydon the mining district owe = own Stella Hall near Blaydon
 was a nunnery before the Dissolution when it passed into the hands of the Tempests
 (Mr Nichol Smith kindly supplied this information)
 10 swap] swop 1660 105 drudge] drugge 1660 MS
 109 the] a 1659 brings] gives 1660 MS 110 life] youth 1660
 113 tailor s] sailor s MS 115 with] in 1660 116 on] in 1660 MS
 117 that] th s 1660
 119 Not] Nor st MS proof enough 1651 enough' is omitted in 1660 and
 deleted by a seventeenth century corrector in the Bodleian copy of 1651
 121 chilblains] chilblain 1660 126 fruitful] pregnant 1660

John Cleveland

Their unfledged tops so well content our palates,
 We envy none their nosegays and their sallets
 A gay rank soil like a young gallant grows
 And spends itself that it may wear fine clothes, 130
 Whilst all its worth is to its back confined
 Our wear's plain outside, but is richly lined,
 Winter's above, 'tis summer underneath,
 A trusty morglay in a rusty sheath
 As precious sables sometimes interlace
 A wretched serge or grogram cassock case
 Rocks own no spring, are pregnant with no showers,
 Crystals and gems grow there instead of flowers,
 Instead of roses, beds of rubies sweat
 And emeralds recompense the violet 140
 Dame Nature not, like other madams, wears,
 Where she is bare, pearls on her breasts or ears
 What though our fields present a naked sight?
 A paradise should be an adamite
 The northern lad his bonny lass throws down
 And gives her a black bag for a green gown.

An Elegy upon King Charles the First, murdered publicly by his Subjects.

WERE not my faith buoyed up by sacred blood,
 It might be drowned in this prodigious flood,
 Which reason's highest ground doth so exceed,
 It leaves my soul no anch'rage but my creed,
 Where my faith, resting on th' original,
 Supports itself in this, the copy's fall
 So while my faith floats on that bloody wood,
 My reason's cast away in this red flood
 Which near o'erflows us all Those showers past
 Made but land-floods, which did some valleys waste 10

128 and] or *MS*

134 Cleveland has used 'morglay', Bevis's sword, as a common noun elsewhere, but of course an imitator might seize on this

138 grow] are 1660

139 sweat] sweet 1668, 1687, *MS*

142 on] in 1660 or] and 1660 'breasts, not ears' *MS*

145-6 Or as a modern Newcastle song, more decently but less picturesquely, puts it in the lass's own mouth—

'He sits in his hole,

As black as a coal,

And brings the white money to me—O!'

An Elegy, &c See above First printed in *Monumentum Regale*, 1649, p 49, then in the 1654 edition of Cleveland

3 1654, 1657, 1669 'doth' Other (it is true inferior) texts, such as 1659, 1665, and the successors of 1677, 'do' which any one who has ever read his Pepys must know to be possible in the singular.

An Elegy upon King Charles the First

This stroke hath cut the only neck of land
Which between us and this red sea did stand,
That covers now our world which curséd lies
At once with two of Egypt's prodigies
(Oercast with darkness and with blood oerrun)
And justly since our hearts have theirs outdone
Th' enchanter led them to a less known ill
To act his sin, than twas their king to kill
Which crime hath widowed our whole nation
Voided all forms left but privation 20
In Church and State inverting every right
Brought in Hell's state of fire without light
No wonder then if all good eyes look red,
Washing their loyal hearts from blood so shed
The which deserves each pore should turn an eye
To weep out even a bloody agony
Let nought then pass for musie but sad eries
For beauty bloodless cheeks and blood shot eyes
All colours soil but black all odours have
Ill scent but myrrh incensd upon this grave. 30
It notes a Jew not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of this dead body whom to judge to die
Seems the Judaical impiety
To kill the King the Spirit Legion paints
His rage with law the Temple and the saints
But the truth is, he feared and did repine
To be cast out and back into the swine
And the case holds in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this act against his ends 40
For it is like the sooner hell be sent
Out of that body he would still torment
Let Christians then use otherwise this blood
Detest the act yet turn it to their good
Thinking how like a King of Death he dies
We easily may the world and death despise
Death had no sting for him and its sharp arm,
Only of all the troop meant him no harm
And so he looked upon the axe as one
Weapon yet left to guard him to his throne 50
In his great name then may his subjects cry,
Death thou art swallowed up in victory
If this our loss a comfort can admit
Tis that his narrowed crown is grown unfit
For his enlarged head, since his distress
Had greatened this as it made that the less
His crown was fallen unto too low a thing
For him who was become so great a king

33 th s 2649 'their' 2653 and later editions.
35 paints = lyes to disguise

John Cleveland

| | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| <p>So the same hands enthroned him in that crown They had exalted from him, not pulled down And thus God's truth by them hath rendered more Than e'er man's falsehood promised to restore, Which, since by death alone he could attain, Was yet exempt from weakness and from pain Death was enjoined by God to touch a part, Might make his passage quick, ne'er move his heart, Which even expiring was so far from death It seemed but to command away his breath And thus his soul, of this her triumph proud, Broke like a flash of lightning through the cloud Of flesh and blood, and from the highest line Of human virtue, passed to be divine Nor is 't much less his virtues to relate Than the high glories of his present state. Since both, then, pass all acts but of belief, Silence may praise the one, the other grief And since upon the diamond no less Than diamonds will serve us to impress, I'll only wish that for his elegy This our Josias had a Jeremy</p> | <p>60</p> <p>70</p> <p>80</p> |
|---|-------------------------------|

* * *

Since these sheets were last revised, and when they were ready for press, Mr Simpson discovered and communicated to me some variants (from Bodley MSS) of Cleveland's pieces on Chadderton (*v sup* p 81) and Williams (p 69) His note is as follows

"There is a version of the *Elegy upon Doctor Chadderton* (page 81) in Ashmole MS 36-7, fol 263 After l 14 four lines are inserted

We thought, for so we would it have,
 Thou hadst outlived death and the grave,
 Hadst been past dying, and by thine own
 Brave virtue been immortal grown

Not very brilliant, but no one would have any motive for interpolating such lines Further, ll 17-18 are omitted

25 'dear S^{nt}' i.e. as conjectured in the note, 'Sunt.'

30 'Kend' written in a larger hand, with a view to emphasis Query, a favourite word of Chadderton?

In the same MS is a version of the poem on Archbishop Williams (p 69) Most readings are bad, but the following are noteworthy

4 conconcorate one 11 And vindicate whate'er

55 when happier ages (which of late

The viper cherish'd) with impartial fate."

POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS
BY
THOMAS STANLEY
ESQUIRE

*Qua mea culpa tamen, nisi si luisse vocari
Culpa potest nisi culpa potest & amasse, vocari?*

Tout vient a point qui peut attendre



Printed for the Author,
and his Friends, 1647

POEMS,
BY
THOMAS STANLEY
ESQUIRE.

*Quæ mea culpa tamen, nisi si lusisse vocari
Culpa potest. nisi culpa potest & amasse, vocari?*



Printed in the Year,
1651.

INTRODUCTION TO THOMAS STANLEY

THOMAS STANLEY, poet scholar translator and historian of philosophy occupies a position in literary history and in the general knowledge of fairly instructed people which is less unenviable than that of Cleveland almost equally curious but more distinctly accidental. In a way—in more ways than one—he cannot be said to be exactly unknown. Everybody who has received the once usual ‘liberal education’ if not directly acquainted with his work on classical literature has seen his *History of Philosophy* referred to in later histories and his notes on Aeschylus quoted and sometimes fought over in later editions. His translations have attained a place in that private adventure Valhalla of English translations—Bohn’s Library. A few at least of his poems are in all or most of the anthologies. Not many writers have such an anchor with four flukes lodged in the general memory as this. And yet there are probably few people who have any very distinct knowledge or idea of his work as a whole, his *Poems* (until a time subsequent to the original promise of them in this Collection) had never been issued since his own day save in one of the few copied reprints of the indefatigable Sir Egerton Brydges and he makes small figure in most literary histories.

The reasons of this however, are not very far to seek. For a very considerable time during the later seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth century, if not later Stanley was a recognized authority on history and scholarship but during this time a philosopher and a scholar would have been usually thought to derogate strangely and not quite pardonably by writing and translating love poetry in a style of ‘false wit’ the most contrary to the precepts of Mr Addison. We cannot even be sure that Stanley himself would not have been short sighted enough to feel a certain shame at his harmless *fredaines* in verse for he certainly never published or fully collected them at all after he was six and twenty though he lived to double that age. He seems moreover though most forward to help other men of letters to have been in all other ways a decidedly retiring person—a man of books rather than of affairs. Though an unquestioned Royalist and not accused of any dishonourable compliance he seems to have been quite undisturbed during the Civil War no doubt because of his observation of the precept *λαθε βιωσας*. In short, he took no trouble to keep himself before any public except the public of letters and the public of letters chose to keep him only in his capacity as scholar.

If however he put himself not forward it was not for want of means and

Thomas Stanley

opportunity to do so After some mistakes about his genealogy, it has been made certain that he was descended, though with the bend sinister, from the great house that bears the same name, and through a branch which enriched itself by commerce and settled in Hertfordshire and Essex His mother was a Hammond of the family which has been referred to in dealing with his uncle the poet (vol II), and he was also connected with Sandys, Lovelace, and Sherburne, all of whom were his intimate friends, as were John Hall and Shirley the dramatist He seems always to have been a man of means and used them liberally, though less thoughtlessly than Benlowes, in assisting brother men of letters He is not said to have been at any of the great schools, but his private tutor William Fairfax (son of Edward of Tasso fame) appears to have grounded him thoroughly in scholarship At thirteen he went to Pembroke College (then Hall), Cambridge, entering in June 1639 and matriculating in December He is said to have entered at Oxford next year He was co-opted at Cambridge in 1642 as (apparently) a gentleman pensioner or commoner. He married early, his wife's name being Dorothy Enyon, and they had several children, of whom four survived him when he died, in 1678, at Suffolk Street, St Martin's-in-the-Fields

There is a tendency—which is perhaps rather slightly unfair than positively unjust—to suspect a poet who is specially given to translation and not exactly to discard the suspicion in the ratio of his excellence as a translator The reason behind this is sufficient, as has been said, to free it from the charge of positive injustice as a general rule, for it may be plausibly contended that a true poet, with nature and his own soul to draw upon, will not experience any great necessity to go to some one else for matter But these general rules are always dangerous in particular application, and therefore it has been said that the notion is not quite fair. In fact, if it is examined as it does apply to individuals, it becomes clear that it will not do as a general rule at all that like some other general rules it is practically useless That Chaucer was *grant translateur* may be said to be neither here nor there in the circumstances But Spenser did not disdain translation, Dryden evidently did it for love as well as for money, though the latter may have been its chief attraction for Pope, and a poet such as Shelley, who was very nearly *the* poet, by no means despised it

When, however, we come to examine Stanley's work we may perhaps discover something in the very excellence of his translations which connects itself usefully with his original poems These translations are excellent because he has almost unerringly selected writers who are suitable to the poetical style of his own day, and has transposed them into English verse of that style But in his original poems there is perhaps a little too much

Introduction

suggestion of something not wholly dissimilar. They are (pretty as they almost always are and beautiful as they sometimes are) a little devoid of the spontaneity and *elan* which distinguish the best things of the time from Carew and Crashaw down to Lynaston and John Hall. There is a very little of the *exerese* about them. Moreover not quite as a necessary consequence of this, there is a want of decided character. Stanley is much more a typical minor Caroline poet than he is Stanley and so much must needs be said critically in these volumes on the type that it seems unnecessary to repeat it on an individual who gives that type with little idiosyncrasy, even while giving it in some abundance and with real charm. Only let it be added that we could not have a better foil to Cleveland who though unpolished is always 'Manly Sir, manly! than this scholarly and graceful but somewhat epicene poet.

There are however some peculiarities about his work which made me slow to make up my mind about the fashion of presenting it. His translations are numerous but this collection was not originally intended to include translations unless they were inextricably connected with issues of original work, or where as in Godolphin's case there was a special reason. Further the translations which are from a large number of authors ancient and modern sometimes include prose as well as verse. Thirdly even the original poems were cross issued in widely different arrangements. In short, the thing was rather a muddle and though no one has occupied me in my various visits to the British Museum and the Bodleian during the past ten or twelve years oftener than Stanley I postponed him from volume to volume. At last and very recently a feasible plan suggested itself—to give the edition of 1651 as Brydges had done this being after all the only one which at once represents revision and definite literary purpose and to let the translations in this represent—as the poet seems himself to have selected them to do—his translating habits and studies. Before these I have printed the original poems of the first or 1647 edition and after them the few which he seems to have allowed to be added to the set versions in Gamble's *Airs and Dialogues* ten years later. I think this will put Stanley on a fair level with the rest of our flock. Those who want his classical translations from Anacreon, Ausonius the *Idylls* and the *Pervigilium* as well as from Johannes Secundus will not have much difficulty in finding them and I did not see my way to load this volume with Preti's *Oronta* Montalvan's *Aurora* &c. The bibliography of these things is rather complicated and I do not pretend to have followed it out exhaustively. In fact this is certainly the case as far as my own collations of 1647 made at the British Museum and those furnished me from the Bodleian copy are concerned¹. But the differences are rarely of importance.

¹ I am informed by three subsequent collators more experienced in such work than

Thomas Stanley

1647, a private issue, was reprinted in 1650 and 1651 while Gamble's *Ans and Dialogues* appeared in 1656 and was reissued with a fresh title-page in 1657. In the latter year Stanley furnished another composer John Wilson, Professor of Music at Oxford with the letterpress of *Psalterium Carolinum*, the King's devotions from the *Eikon* versified. His *History of Philosophy* appeared in 1655. his *Aeschylus* in 1663

Some years ago (London, 1893) a beautiful illustrated edition of his *Anacreon* appeared, and more recently—but, as I have noted, after the announcement of this collection—a carefully arranged and collated edition of the original *Lyrics* with a few selected translations (Tutin, Hull, 1907), edited by Miss L. Imogen Guiney. I have not found Miss Guiney's work useless, and if I have occasionally had to question her emendations that is only a matter of course

myself—Mr Percy Simpson, Mr Thorn-Drury, and a Clarendon Press reader—that they have not found some differences which my own comparison-notes of some years ago seemed to show between the British Museum and the Bodleian copies of 1647. No doubt they are right. Some of the dates given above have also been corrected by them

POEMS NOT PRINTED AFTER 1647

Despair

No, no poor blasted Hope!
 Since I (with thee) have lost the scope
 Of all my joys I will no more
 Vainly implore
 The unrelenting Destinies
 He that can equally sustain
 The strong assaults of joy or pain,
 May safely laugh at their decrees

 Despair to thee I bow,
 Whose constancy disdains to allow
 Those childish passions that destroy
 Our fickle joy
 How cruel Fates so e'er appear,
 Their harmless anger I despise,
 And fix'd can neither fall nor rise,
 Thrown below hope, but rais'd 'bove fear

10

The Picture

THOU that both feel'st and dost admire
 The flames shot from a painted fire,
 Know Celia's image thou dost see
 Not to herself more like is she.
 He that should both together view
 Would judge both pictures, or both true.
 But thus they differ the best part
 Of Nature this is that of Art

Opinion

WHENCE took the diamond worth? the borrow'd rays
 That crystal wears whence had they first their praise?
 Why should rude feet condemn the snows chaste white
 Which from the sun receives a sparkling light
 Brighter than diamonds far and by its birth
 Decks the green garment of the richer earth?
 Rivers than crystal clearer when to ice
 Congeal'd, why do weak judgements so despise?

Despair] Note here the skill and success of the use of the short—almost bob
 —In *us* and the *I Mesorian* arrangement of rhyme in the last half of each stanza
The Picture] The conceit wraps up the point of the epigram
Opinion] As in *The Dream* distinctly nervous stopped couplet
 (101)

Thomas Stanley

Which, melting, show that to impartial sight
Weeping than smiling crystal is more bright

10

But Fancy those first priz'd, and these did scorn,
Taking their praise the other to adorn
Thus blind is human sight opinion gave
To their esteem a birth, to theirs a grave,
Nor can our judgements with these clouds dispense,
Since reason sees but with the eyes of sense

POEMS PRINTED IN 1647 AND RE- PRINTED IN 1656 BU'T NO'T IN 1651

The Dream.

THAT I might ever dream thus! that some power
To my eternal sleep would join this hour!
So, willingly deceiv'd, I might possess
In seeming joys a real happiness
Haste not away oh do not dissipate
A pleasure thou so lately didst create!
Stay, welcome Sleep, be ever here confin'd;
Or if thou wilt away, leave her behind.

To Chariessa, beholding herself in a Glass.

CAST, Chariessa, cast that glass away,
Nor in its crystal face thine own survey
What can be free from Love's imperious laws
When painted shadows real flames can cause?
The fires may burn thee from this mirror rise
By the reflected beams of thine own eyes,

The Dream] Closed couplets, already of considerable accomplishment.
Reprinted in 1656 in an enlarged form, after ll 1-4 the poem continued —

Death, I would gladly bow beneath thy charms,
If thou couldst bring my Doris to my arms,
That thus at last made happy I might prove
In life the hell, in death the heaven of love
Haste not away so soon, mock not my joy,
With the delusive sight or empty noise
Of happiness, oh do not dissipate
A pleasure thou so lately didst create!
Shadows of life or death do such bliss give,
That 'tis an equal curse to wake or live
Stay then, kind Sleep, be ever here confin'd;
Or if thou wilt away, leave her behind

To Chariessa, beholding herself in a Glass

And thus at last, fallen with thyself in love
Thou wilt my rival thine own martyr prove
But if thou dost desire thy form to view
Look in my heart where Love thy picture drew
And then if pleased with thine own shape thou be,
Learn how to love thyself in loving me.

The Blush

So fair Aurora doth herself discover
(Asham'd o th' aged bed of her cold lover)
In modest blushes whilst the treacherous light
Betrays her early shame to the world's sight
Such a bright colour doth the morning rose
Diffuse when she her soft self doth disclose
Half drown'd in dew, whilst on each leaf a tear
Of night doth like a dissolv'd pearl appear,
Yet twere in vain a colour out to seek
To parallel my Chariessa's cheek
Less are conferr'd with greater and these seem
To blush like her not she to blush like them
But whence fair soul this passion? what pretence
Had guilt to stain thy spotless innocence?
Those only this feel who have guilty been
Not any blushes know but who know sin
Then blush no more but let thy chaster flame
That knows no cause know no effects of shame

The Cold Kiss

SUCH icy kisses anchorites that live
Secluded from the world to dead skulls give
And those cold maids on whom Love never spent
His flame nor know what by desire is meant
To their expiring fathers such bequeath
Snatching their fleeting spirits in thirt breath
The timorous priest doth with such fear and nice
Devotion touch the Holy Sacrifice
Tie Chariessa! whence so chang'd of late,
As to become in love a reprobate?
Quit, quit this dullness fairest and make known
A flame unto me equal with mine own

To Chariessa &c] 12 1656 by loving

The Blush] Interesting to compare prosodically with *The Dream* and *Opinion* A much older fashion of couplet here and there overlapped and breathless but pointing towards the newer In l 11 Miss Guiney has unfortunately altered 'conferr'd (confro = to set side by side) to compar'd In l 15 1647 has the common bin and l 16 knows for the second know

The Cold Kiss] There are some very trifling alterations all for the worse in 1656 (Gamble)

Thomas Stanley

Shake off this frost, for shame, that dwells upon
Thy lips, or if it will not so be gone,
Let's once more join our lips, and thou shalt see
That by the flame of mine 'twill melted be.

The Idolater.

THINK not, pale lover, he who dies,
Burnt in the flames of Celia's eyes,
Is unto Love a sacrifice,
Or, by the merit of this pain,
Thou shalt the crown of martyrs gain!
Those hopes are, as thy passion, vain
For when, by death, from these flames free,
To greater thou condemn'd shalt be,
And punish'd for idolatry,
Since thou (Love's votary before
Whilst He was kind) dost him no more,
But, in his shrine, Disdain adore.
Nor will this fire (the gods prepare
To punish scorn) that cruel Fair,
(Though now from flames exempted) spare,
But as together both shall die,
Both burnt alike in flames shall lie,
She in thy breast, thou in her eye

10

The Magnet.

Ask the empress of the night
How the Hand which guides her sphere,
Constant in unconstant light,
Taught the waves her yoke to bear,
And did thus by loving force
Curb or tame the rude sea's course
Ask the female palm how she
First did woo her husband's love,
And the magnet, ask how he
Doth th' obsequious iron move,
Waters, plants, and stones know this
That they love, not what Love is

10

The Idolater] 11 'He' altered in 1656 to 'she', which Miss Guiney adopts. But of course 'He' is Love

18 breast 1647 later, much worse, 'heart'

The Magnet] 9 'he' 1647, altered to 'she' in 1656 One would expect 'he' to avoid identical rhyme, but Stanley was a scholar and the Greek is ἡ Μαγνήτις λίθος, and the other things to be 'asked' are feminine In l 13 'then' became 'thou', neither for better nor for worse

The Magnet

Be not then less kind than these
Or from Love exempt alone!
Let us twine like amorous trees
And like rivers melt in one
Or if thou more cruel prove
Learn of steel and stones to love.

On a Violet in her Breast

SEE how this violet, which before
Hung sullenly her drooping head
As angry at the ground that bore
The purple treasure which she spread
Doth smilingly erected grow
Transplanted to those hills of snow
And whilst the pillows of thy breast
Do her reclining head sustain
She swells with pride to be so blest,
And doth all other flowers disdain
Yet weeps that dew which kissed her last
To see her odours so surpass'd
Poor flower! how far deceiv'd thou wert,
To think the riches of the morn
Or all the sweets she can impart
Could these or sweeten or adorn,
Since thou from them dost borrow scent,
And they to thee lend ornament!

10

Song

FOOLISH Lover go and seek
For the damask of the rose
And the lilies white dispose
To adorn thy mistress cheek,
Steal some star out of the sky
Rob the phoenix and the east
Of her wealthy sweets divest
To enrich her breath or eye!

On a Violet in her Breast] 6 hills of snow is probably as old as the Garden of Eden (if there was snow there). But Stanley must have known the exquisite second verse of "Take oh tak those lips away" in *The Bloody Brother*. I would ask any one who despises this as a mere commonplace love poem to note—if he can—the splendid swell of the verse to the fourth line and then the turn of the final couplet. With Stanley and his generation that swell and turn passed—never to reappear till William Blake revived it nearly a century and a half afterwards.

Song] A Donne inspired one doubtless but not ill justified. Distinguish in the last line is one of the numerous misprints of 1656.

Thomas Stanley

We thy borrow'd pride despise.
For this wine, to which we are
Votaries, is richer far
Than her cheek, or breath, or eyes
And should that coy fair one view
These diviner beauties, she
In this flame would rival thee,
And be taught to love thee too
Come, then, break thy wanton chain,
That when this brisk wine hath spread
On thy paler cheek a red,
Thou, like us, mayst Love disdain
Love, thy power must yield to wine!
And whilst thus ourselves we arm,
Boldly we defy thy charm
For these flames extinguish thine.

10

20

The Parting.

I go, dear Saint, away,
Snatch'd from thy arms
By far less pleasing charms,
Than those I did obey,
But when hereafter thou shalt know
That grief hath slain me, come,
And on my tomb
Drop, drop a tear or two,
Break with thy sighs the silence of my sleep,
And I shall smile in death to see thee weep
Thy tears may have the power
To reinspire
My ashes with new fire,
Or change me to some flower,
Which, planted 'twixt thy breasts, shall grow
Veil'd in this shape, I will
Dwell with thee still,
Court, kiss, enjoy thee too
Securely we'll contemn all envious force,
And thus united be by death's divorce

10

20

Counsel.

WHEN deceitful lovers lay
At thy feet their suppliant hearts,
And their snares spread to betray
Thy best treasure with their arts,
Credit not their flatt'ring vows.
Love such perjury allows

The Parting] 19 contemn 1647 contain 1656

Counsel

When they with the choicest wealth
 Nature boasts of have possess'd thee
 When with flowers (their verses stealth)
 Stars or jewels they invest thee 10
 Trust not to their borrow'd store
 'Tis but lent to make thee poor
 When with poems they invade thee
 Sing thy praises or disdain,
 When they weep and would persuade thee
 That their flames beget that rain
 Let thy breast no baits let in
 Mercy's only here a sin!
 Let no tears or offerings move thee
 All those cunning charms avoid 20
 For that wealth for which they love thee
 They would slight if once enjoy'd
 Who would keep another's heart
 With her own must never part

Expostulation with Love in Despair

LOVE with what strange tyrannic laws must they
 Comply which are subjected to thy sway!
 How far all justice thy commands decline,
 Which though they hope forbid yet love enjoin!
 Must all are to thy hell condemn'd sustain
 A double torture of despair and pain?
 Is't not enough vainly to hope and woo
 That thou shouldst thus deny that vain hope too?
 It were some joy Ixion like to fold 10
 The empty air or feed on hopes as cold
 But if thou to my passion this deny
 Thou mayst be starv'd to death as well as I
 For how can thy pale sickly flame burn clear
 When death and cold despair inhabit near?

Counsel] 7 the altered in 1656 to their', which is clearly wrong. But the untrustworthiness of Gamble's text is still better illustrated by l. 10 which he twists into—

Stars ~~to~~ jewels they ~~d~~ vest thee

The copy was probably dictated to a very careless ignorant or stupid workman

23 4 This pointed if cynical conclusion was changed in 1657 to the much feebler

Guard thy unrelenting mind

None are cruel but the kind

Expostulation &c] The texts of 1647 and 1656 differ considerably here and Miss Guiney has attempted a composite text—a thing for which I have small fancy. That given above is from 1647. 1656 runs as follows in the first quatrain

Love what tyrannic laws must they obey

Who bow beneath thy uncontrolled sway

Or how unjust will that has empire prove

Forbids to hope and yet commands to love

and reads n l 9 hope for joy l 10 thought that's cold l 14 old' and 'here
 fo cold and near l 15 (entirely different)

Then let thy dun heat warm, or else expire

Thomas Stanley

Rule in my breast alone, or thence retire,
Dissolve this frost, or let that quench thy fire
Or let me not desire, or else possess'
Neither, or both, are equal happiness

Song

FAITH, 'tis not worth thy pains and care
To seek t' ensnare
A heart so poor as mine
Some fools there be
Hate liberty,
Whom with more ease thou mayst confine
Alas! when with much charge thou hast
Brought it at last
Beneath thy power to bow,
It will adore
Some twenty more,
And that, perhaps, you'll not allow
No, Chloris, I no more will prove
The curse of love,
And now can boast a heart
Hath learn'd of thee
Inconstancy,
And cozen'd women of their art.

10

Expectation.

CHIDE, chide no more away
The fleeting daughters of the day,
Nor with impatient thoughts outrun
The lazy sun,
Or think the hours do move too slow,
Delay is kind,
And we too soon shall find
That which we seek, yet fear to know.

l 16 'the' for 'thy', and in the closing distich 'Thus let me not' and 'Either or both' The interest of this piece is almost wholly centred on the penultimate line, which, being an evident and intended contradiction to

Amare liceat si potiri non licet, gives us at once the connexion, in Stanley's mind, with that strange, Mrs Grundy-shocking, but 'insolent and passionate' piece which is attributed, credibly enough, to Apuleius, but rather less credibly as a latinizing of Menander's *Ἀνεχόμενος* The contrast of the sensuous fire of this with Stanley's rather vapid and languid metaphysicalities is a notable one

Song] 2, 3 The quality and value of 1656 are again well illustrated by its readings of 'inspire' for 'ensnare' and 'pure' for 'poor'

Expectation] There is a suggestion here of John Hall's beautiful *Call* ('Romira, stay'), and the two pieces appeared so close together that it is difficult to say which may have been the first Perhaps the resemblance was what made Stanley omit it in 1651 In l 5 1656 reads 'Nor'

Expectation

The mystic dark decrees
Unfold not of the Destinies,
Nor boldly seek to antedate
The laws of Fate,
Thy anxious search awhile forbear,
Suppress thy haste
And know that Time at last
Will crown thy hope or fix thy fear

10

1651 POEMS

THE DEDICATION

To Love

THOU whose sole name all passions doth comprise
Youngest and oldest of the Deities
Born without parents whose unbounded reign
Moves the firm earth fixeth the floating main
Inverts the course of heaven and from the deep
Awakes those souls that in dark Lethe sleep
By thy mysterious chains seeking to unite
Once more the long since torn Hermaphrodite
He who thy willing prisoner long was vow'd,
And uncompell'd beneath thy sceptre bow'd
Returns at last in thy soft fetters bound
With victory though not with freedom crown'd
And of his dangers pass'd a grateful sign,
Suspends this tablet at thy numerous shrine

10

The Dedication In 1647 printed at p. 49 with the title Conclusion to Love and obviously intended to end that collect on but a number of unpag'd leaves were subsequently added containing the complimentary verses addressed to Fletcher and others. The following variants occur: 11 by thy kind power unbound 12 At least with freedom though not conquest crown'd 14 Suspends these papers Stanley also appended a list of Greek quotations justifying the cento. There is an intrinsic interest attaching to them in that they may have suggested a similar process to Gray. A further comparison contrast may also interest some as to the lines themselves—that of the famous and magnificent opening of Mr Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse*.

The notes annotate the following phrases:—1 (a) all passions 2 (b) Youngest and (c) oldest 3 (d) Born 4 () Moves 7 (f) By thy mysterious The Greek has been slightly corrected in spelling and accents.

(a) Alexis apud Athenaeum

σ' ἐν ἐγμείσσι
Π ταχὺ θ' ὕψι ἐνὶ τόπῳ πολλὰ ἐξήφρον
Ἦ τόλμα μ' ἄρ' αὖ ἔρος ἢ δὲ δειλία
Γ αἰκνός &c.

Sophocles

Κυπρίσιν οὐ Κυπρίσιν μὲν
Ἀλλ' ὅστις πάντων ὁ μάλιστα πῶν μ' εἰ

Thomas Stanley

POEMS

The Glow-worm

STAY, fairest Chariessa, stay and mark
This animated gem, whose fainter spark
Of fading light its birth had from the dark

A Star thought by the erring passenger,
Which falling from its native orb dropt here,
And makes the earth (its centre) now its sphere

Should many of these sparks together be,
He that the unknown light far off should see,
Would think it a terrestrial Galaxy.

Take 't up, fair Saint, see how it mocks thy fright! 10
The paler flame doth not yield heat, though light,
Which thus deceives thy reason, through thy sight.

But see how quickly it (ta'en up) doth fade,
To shine in darkness only being made,
By th' brightness of thy light turn'd to a shade,

And burnt to ashes by thy flaming eyes,
On the chaste altar of thy hand it dies,
As to thy greater light a sacrifice

(b) Plato, *Sympos* Φημι νέωτατον αὐτὸν εἶναι θεῶν, ἰὰ αἰεὶ νέον

(c, d) Plato Τὸ γὰρ ἐν τοῖς πρεσβυτάτοις εἶναι τῶν θεῶν τρίμον Τεκμήριον δὲ τούτου
γοι εἰς γὰρ ἔρωτος οὐτ' εἶσιν, οὔτε λέγονται ὑπὸ οὔδειδς οὔτε ἰδιώτου οὔτε ποιητοῦ

(e) Oppian *Cyneg* 2

Γαῖα πέλει σταθερῇ, βελέεσσι δὲ σοῖσι δονεῖται
Ἄστατος ἔπλετο πόντος, ἀτὰρ σύ γε καὶ τὸν ἔπηξας
Ἥλυθες εἰς αἰθῆρ', οἶδεν δέ σε μακρὸς Ὀλυμπος
Δειμαίνει δέ σε πάντα, καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ὑπερθε
Γαίης ὅσσα τ' ἐνερθε καὶ ἔθνεα λυγρὰ καμύϊ ταν
Οἱ λήθης μὲν ἀφυσσαν ὑπὸ στόμα νηπαθὲς ὕδωρ

(f) Plato Πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ τρία ἦν τὰ γένη τὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων (sc ἄρρεν, θῆλυ, καὶ
ἀνδρόγυνον) Μοx addit, "Ἔστι δὴ οὖν ἐκ τόσου ὃ ἔρωτος ἔμφυτος ἀλλήλων τοῖς ἀνθρώποις καὶ
τῆς ἀρχαίας φύσεως συναγωγὴς καὶ ἐπιχειρῶν ποιῆσαι ἐν ἐκ δυοῖν, (καὶ) ἰάσασθαι τὴν φύσιν
τὴν ἀνθρωπίνην Phil Jud περὶ τῆς κοσμοποιίας Ἐτεῖ δὲ ἐπλάσθη ἡ γυνὴ θεασάμενος
ἀδελφὸν εἶδος καὶ συγγενὴ μορφήν ἡσμένισε τῇ θείᾳ ἔρωτος δὲ ἐπιγινόμενος καθάπερ ἐνδὸς ζώων
διττὰ τμήματα διεστηκότα συναγωγῶν εἰς ταῦτόν ἀρμόττεται

The Glow-worm] Sir Egerton Brydges thought that 'A stile of poetry so full of quaint
and far-fetched conceits cannot be commended as the most chaste and classical', but
that, 'among trifles of this kind, *The Glow-worm* is singularly elegant and happy'
Perhaps a later judgement, while waiving the indispensableness, or even pre-eminence,
of chastity and classicity in verse, may doubt whether *The Glow-worm* itself is not
rather too 'elegant' to be as 'happy' as some other things even of its author's The last
verse redeems it, though, to some extent

2 1647 'This living star of earth' I suppose Stanley did not like the recurrence of
'star', or he may have thought that the same sound (-ar) recurred still more excessively
in the rhymes In itself the earlier reading is certainly the better

4 erring] deceive'd 1647.

12 'Which doth deceive' 1647

15 thy] the 1647

Favonius the milder breath o' th' Spring

The Breath

Favonius the milder breath o' th' Spring,
When proudly bearing on his softer wing
Rich odours which from the Panchean groves
He steals as by the Phoenix' pyre he moves,
Profusely doth his sweeter theft dispense
To the next roses blushing innocence
But from the grateful flower, a richer scent
He back receives than he unto it lent.
Then laden with his odours richest store
He to thy breath hastes, to which these are poor! 10
Which whilst the amorous wind to steal essays
He like a wanton Lover bout thee plays,
And sometimes cooling thy soft cheek doth lie,
And sometimes burning at thy flaming eye
Drawn in at last by that breath we implore
He now returns far sweeter than before
And rich by being robb'd in thee he finds
The burning sweets of Pyres the cool of Winds

Desiring her to burn his Verses

THESE papers Chariessa let thy breath
Condemn thy hand unto the flames bequeath
'Tis fit, who gave them life should give them death

And whilst in curled flames to Heaven they rise
Each trembling sheet shall as it upwards flies,
Present itself to thee a sacrifice

Then when about its native orb it came
And reach'd the lesser lights o' th' sky, this flame
Contracted to a star should wear thy name.

Or falling down on earth from its bright sphere, 10
Shall in a diamond's shape its lustre bear
And trouble (as it did before) thine ear

But thou wilt cruel even in mercy be
Unequal in thy justice who dost free
Things without sense from flames and yet not Me

The Breath] This appears in all three editions 1656 following 1647 in the following
variants 18 He doth receive 11 while he sportively 16 back for 'now'
Desiring her to burn his Verses] Title 1647 To Chariessa desiring, &c
4 whilst] as 1647 7 about] above 1647 14 who] that 1641

Thomas Stanley

The Night.

A DIALOGUE.

Chariessa

WHAT if Night
Should betray us, and reveal
To the light
All the pleasures that we steal?

Philocharis

Fairest, we
Safely may this fear despise,
How can She
See our actions who wants eyes?

Chariessa

Each dim star
And the clearer lights, we know,
Night's eyes are,
They were blind that thought her so!

Philocharis.

Those pale fires
Only burn to yield a light
T' our desires,
And though blind, to give us sight

Chariessa

By this shade
That surrounds us might our flame
Be betray'd,
And the day disclose its name.

Philocharis

Dearest Fair,
These dark witnesses we find
Silent are,
Night is dumb as well as blind

Chorus

Then whilst these black shades conceal us,
We will scorn
Th' envious Morn,
And the Sun that would reveal us
Our flames shall thus their mutual light betray,
And night, with these joys crown'd, outshine the day

The Night] Entitled in 1647 'Amorì Notturni A Dialogue between Philocharis and Chariessa'

2 and] or 1647 8 who] that 1647 18 surrounds] conceals 1647
The metrical arrangement here is very delightful, and the Chorus-adjustment particularly happy

Why thy Passion should it move

Excuse for wishing her less Fair

Why thy passion should it move
That I wish'd thy beauty less?
Fools desire what is above
Power of nature to express,
And to wish it had been more,
Had been to outwish her store!

If the flames within thine eye
Did not too great heat inspire,
Men might languish yet not die,
At thy less ungentle fire
And might on thy weaker light
Gaze, and yet not lose their sight

10

Nor wouldst thou less fair appear,
For detraction adds to thee
If some parts less beauteous were
Others would much fairer be
Nor can any part we know
Best be styl'd when all are so

Thus this great excess of light,
Which now dazzles our weak eyes
Would eclips'd, appear more bright,
And the only way to rise,
Or to be more fair, for thee,
Celia, is less fair to be

20

Chang'd yet Constant

Wrong me no more
In thy complaint
Blam'd for inconstancy
I vow'd to adore
The fairest Saint,
Nor chang'd whilst thou wert she
But if another thee outshine
Th inconstancy is only thine.

Excuse for wishing her less Fair] 1647 prefixes 'To Celia'

7 the] thy 1647

9 yet] and 1647

10 less ungentle] then less scorching 1647

23 for] 1656 than which I like much else In this edition is pure nonsense.

Brydges thought that one cannot avoid admiring the ingenuity exercised in this continual play upon words But surely

In things like this the play of words became

A play of thought and therefore shames all shame

Chang'd yet Constant] Here perhaps for the first time we get the *fire* of the period communicating to the verse its own glow and flicker It is a pity he allowed himself double rhymes in stanza 3 which break the note (those at the end of st 4 do not) There are no variants the poem is not in 1647 But Miss Guiney has proposed to substitute hearts for they in the last line

Thomas Stanley

To be by such
Blind fools admir'd,
Gives thee but small esteem,
By whom as much
Thou'dst be desir'd,
Didst thou less beauteous seem
Sure why they love they know not well,
Who why they should not cannot tell

Women are by
Themselves betray'd,
And to their short joys cruel,
Who foolishly
Themselves persuade
Flames can outlast their fuel,
None (though Platonic their pretence)
With reason love unless by sense

And He, by whose
Command to thee
I did my heart resign,
Now bids me choose
A Deity
Diviner far than thine,
No power can Love from Beauty sever,
I'm still Love's subject, thine was never.

The fairest She
Whom none surpass
To love hath only right,
And such to me
Thy beauty was
Till one I found more bright,
But 'twere as impious to adore
Thee now, as not t'have done 't before.

Nor is it just
By rules of Love
Thou shouldst deny to quit
A heart that must
Another's prove,
Ev'n in thy right to it,
Must not thy subjects captives be
To her who triumphs over Thee?

Cease then in vain
To blot my name
With forg'd Apostasy,
Thine is that stain
Who dar'st to claim
What others ask of Thee
Of Lovers they are only true
Who pay their hearts where they are due

Deceiv'd and undeceiv'd to be

The Self-deceiver

MONTALVAN

DECEIV'D and undeceiv'd to be

At once I seek with equal care,
Wretched in the discovery,

Happy if cozen'd still I were
Yet certain ill of ill hath less
Than the mistrust of happiness

But if when I have reach'd my aim
(That which I seek less worthy prove)

Yet still my love remains the same,

The subject not deserving love,

I can no longer be excus'd,

Now more in fault as less abus'd

10

Then let me flatter my desires

And doubt what I might know too sure

He that to cheat himself conspires

From falsehood doth his faith secure,

In love uncertain to believe

I am deceiv'd doth undeceive.

For if my life on doubt depend

And in distrust inconstant steer

If I essay the strife to end

(When Ignorance were Wisdom here)

All thy attempts how can I blame

To work my death? I seek the same.

20

The Cure

Nymph

WHAT busy cares too timely born

(Young Swain!) disturb thy sleep?

Thy early sighs awake the Morn

Thy tears teach her to weep

Shepherd

Sorrows fair Nymph are full alone

Nor counsel can endure

The Self-deceiver] (On Stanley's translations see Introduction) Juan Perez de Montalvan (1602-1638) belonged to the best age of Spanish literature and was in proportion almost as prolific in plays and autos as his master Lope. He was accused of Gongorism, and this piece is one somewhat of conviction.

The Cure As this appears only in 1651 there are no variants. The common measure has little of the magic common at the time and is sometimes banal to eighteenth century level. But we rise in the next

Thomas Stanley

Nymph.

Yet thine disclose, for until known
Sickness admits no cure

Shepherd

My griefs are such as but to hear
Would poison all thy joys,
The pity which thou seem'st to bear
My health, thine own destroys

Nymph

How can diseas'd minds infect?
Say what thy grief doth move!

Shepherd

Call up thy virtue to protect
Thy heart, and know 'twas love

Nymph

Fond Swain!

Shepherd

By which I have been long
Destin'd to meet with hate

Nymph

Fy, Shepherd, fy thou dost love wrong,
To call thy crime thy fate

Shepherd

Alas what cunning could decline
What force can love repel?

Nymph

Yet, there's a way to unconfine
Thy heart

Shepherd

For pity tell

Nymph

Choose one whose love may be allur'd
By thine who ever knew
Inveterate diseases cur'd
But by receiving new?

Shepherd

All will like her my soul perplex

Nymph

Yet try

Shepherd

Oh could there be,
But any softness in that sex,
I'd wish it were in thee

The Cure

Nymph

Thy prayer is heard learn now to esteem
The kindness she hath shown
Who thy lost freedom to redeem
Hath forfeited her own

Celia Singing

ROSES in breathing forth their scent
Or stars their borrowed ornament,
Nymphs in the wat'ry sphere that move
Or Angels in their orbs above
The wingéd chariot of the light,
Or the slow silent wheels of night
The shade which from the swifter sun
Doth in a circular motion run
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep
Make far more noise than Celia's breath in sleep 10

But if the Angel, which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires
Should mould this breath to words and those
Into a harmony dispose
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul out at the ear
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that Cherubins would choose,
And with new powers invert the laws of Fate
Kill those that live, and dead things animate 20

A la Mesme

BELLE voix, dont les charmes desrobent mon âme,
Et au lieu d'un esprit maniment d'une flamme
Dont je sens la subtile et la douce chaleur
Entrer par mon oreille et glisser dans mon cœur
Me faisant esprouver par cette aimable vie
Nos âmes ne consistent que d'une harmonie
Que la vie m'est douce la mort m'est sans peine
Puisqu'on les trouve toutes deux dans ton haleine
Ne m'épargne donc pas, satisfais tes rigueurs,
Car si tu me souffres de vivre je me meurs 30

Celia Singing] 1647 Celia sleeping or singing and printed without stanza break
10 more] Some imp of the press altered more to less in the later edition
1647 has more which has been restored in text.

12 1647 frame —tempting but perhaps not certain

13 1647 his —again *nescei an recte*

19 1647 power

A la Mesme] 1647 A une Dame qui chantoit Stanley does not like some more
modern English writers of French verse neglect his final *s* but he takes remarkable
liberties with the caesura *Espruver* (15) is not wrong necessarily

Thomas Stanley

The Return

BEAUTY, whose soft magnetic chains
Beauty, thy harsh imperious chains
Nor time nor absence can untie,
As a scorned weight I here untie,
Thy power the narrow bounds disdains
Since thy proud empire those disdains
Of Nature or philosophy,
Of reason or philosophy,
That canst by unconfin'd laws
That wouldst within tyrannic laws
A motion, though at distance, cause
Confine the power of each free cause.

Drawn by the sacred influence
Forced by the potent influence
Of thy bright eyes, I back return,
Of thy disdain I back return,
And since I nowhere can dispense
Thus with those flames I do dispense,
With flames that do in absence burn,
Which, though they would not light, did burn,
I rather choose 'midst them t' expire
And rather will through cold expire
Than languish by a hidden fire
Than languish at a frozen fire

But if thou the insulting pride
But whilst I the insulting pride
Of vulgar Beauties dost despise,
Of thy vain beauty do despise,
Who by vain triumphs deified,
Who gladly wouldst be deified,
Their votaries do sacrifice,
By making me thy sacrifice,
Then let those flames, whose magic charm
May love thy heart, which to his charm
At distance scorch'd, approach'd but warm
Approached seemed cold, at distance warm

The Return—(*Palinode*)]. The 1647 edition contains two poems, *The Return* and *Palinode*, which stand to each other in a curious relation. In 1651 *Palinode* has disappeared. I have thought it best to print them together. The lines in roman type are those of *The Return*, those in italic belong to *Palinode*. The latter reappeared in 1657, with slight alterations as below. In *Pal* 5 Miss Guiney reads 'would' for 'wouldst', evidently not quite understanding the sense or the grammar of the time. The second person connects itself with the vocative in 'Beauty' and the 'thou' twice implied in 'thy'.

In *Palinode*, l 7, 1657 reads 'powerful' for 'potent', l 12 'in' for 'at'. In *The Return*, l 2, 1651 'unite'—an obvious misprint, l 3, 1647 'bound', l 5, 1647 'that', 1651 'Thou', l 10, 1657 'which' for 'that', l 11, 'twixt'—not so well, l 13, 'the' is dropped by mere accident in 1651—'the', not 'th', is required

When I lie burning in thine Eye

Song

WHEN I lie burning in thine eye
Or freezing in thy breast
What Martyrs, in wish'd flames that die
Are half so pleas'd or blest?

When thy soft accents through mine ear
Into my soul do fly
What Angel would not quit his sphere
To hear such harmony?

Or when the kiss thou gav'st me last
My soul stole in its breath
What life would sooner be embrac'd
Than so desir'd a death?

10

[When I commanded am by thee,
Or by thine eye or hand
What monarch would not prouder be
To serve than to command?]

Then think no freedom I desire,
Or would my fetters leave,
Since Phoenix like I from this fire
Both life and youth receive

15

The Sick Lover

GUARINI

My sickly breath
Wastes in a double flame,
Whilst Love and Death
To my poor life lay claim
The fever in whose heat I melt
By her that causeth it not felt

Thou who alone
Canst yet wilt grant no ease
Why slight'st thou one
To feed a new disease?

10

Unequal fair! the heart is thine
Ah why then should the pain be mine?

So g] Sir Egerton thought this (which by the way Lovelace may have seen or *vice versa*) a very elegant little song with all the harmony of *mod rn* rhythm. One might perhaps substitute with more of the harmony of *contemporary* rhythm than Stanley always attains. It is certainly much better than *The Cure*. The bracketed stanza was dropped in 1651 but it seemed better to restore it thus in text than to degrade it hither. One or two extremely unimportant misprints occur in one or other version but are not worth noting.

The Sick Lover] Not a great thing. In l. 6 Miss Guiney thinks 'it', which is in all texts should be *s*. But it is wanted and *is* is not. The fever not [*dein*] felt' is no excessively absolute construction.

Thomas Stanley

Song.

CELINDA, by what potent art
Or unresisted charm,
Dost thou thine ear and frozen heart
Against my passion arm?
Or by what hidden influence
Of powers in one combin'd,
Dost thou rob Love of either sense,
Made deaf as well as blind?
Sure thou, as friends, united hast
Two distant Deities;
And scorn within thy heart hast plac'd,
And love within thine eyes
Or those soft fetters of thy hair,
A bondage that disdains
All liberty, do guard thine ear
Free from all other chains
Then my complaint how canst thou hear,
Or I this passion fly,
Since thou imprison'd hast thine ear,
And not confin'd thine eye?

10

20

Song

FOOL, take up thy shaft again,
If thy store
Thou profusely spend in vain,
Who can furnish thee with more?
Throw not then away thy darts
On impenetrable hearts.
Think not thy pale flame can warm
Into tears,
Or dissolve the snowy charm
Which her frozen bosom wears,
That expos'd, unmelted lies
To the bright suns of her eyes.
But since thou thy power hast lost,
Nor canst fire
Kindle in that breast, whose frost
Doth these flames in mine inspire,
Not to thee but her I'll sue,
That disdains both me and you

10

Song—Celinda, &c] Again, mere commonplace common measure 'Those soft fetters of thy hair' (l 13) is at least as good as 'mobled queen', but otherwise the phrase rather sinks to the measure 'friends' (l 9) is misprinted 'friend' in 1647, and Sir Egerton has mispunctuated 'friends united'

Song—Fool, &c] An extremely pretty measure, not ill-parted with phrase and imagery The 'Take, oh! take' motive reappears

Delay! Alas, there cannot be

Delay

DELAY! Alas, there cannot be
To Love a greater tyranny,
Those cruel beauties that have slain
Their votaries by their disdain
Or studied torments sharp and witty,
Will be recorded for their pity,
And after ages be misled
To think them kind when this is spread

Of deaths the speediest is despair
Delays the slowest tortures are
Thy cruelty at once destroys
But Expectation starves my joys
Time and Delay may bring me past
The power of Love to cure at last
And shouldst thou wish to ease my pain,
Thy pity might be lent in vain
Or if thou hast decreed that I
Must fall beneath thy cruelty
O kill me soon! Thou wilt express
More mercy ev'n in showing less

10

20

Commanded by his Mistress to woo for her

MARINO

STRANGE kind of love! that knows no president,
A faith so firm as passeth Faiths extent
By a tyrannic beauty long subdued
I now must sue for her to whom I sud,
Unhappy Orator! who though I move
For pity pity cannot hope to prove
Employing thus against myself my breath
And in another's life begging my death

But if such moving powers my accents have
Why first my own redress do I not crave?
What hopes that I to pity should incline
Another's breast, who can move none in thine?
Or how can the griev'd patient look for ease,
When the physician suffers the disease?
If thy sharp wounds from me expect their cure,
Tis fit those first be heal'd that I endure

10

Commanded by his Mistress &c] Marino's name is so frequent in books on literature and his work so little known to the ordinary reader, that this example may be welcome. The rather snip-snap antithesis and the somewhat obvious conceit show the famous Italian really at his worst. 'President' (l. 1) though not impossible is probably for precedent. The whole piece has a special interest as showing how the conceit and false wit actually encouraged the growth of the stopped antithetic couplet which was to be turned against both

Thomas Stanley

Ungentle fair one! why dost thou dispense
Unequally thy sacred influence?
Why pining me, offer'st the precious food
To one by whom nor priz'd, nor understood, 20
So some clear brook to the full main, to pay
Her needless crystal tribute hastes away,
Profusely foolish, whilst her niggard tide
Starves the poor flowers that grow along her side
Thou who my glories art design'd to own,
Come then, and reap the joys that I have sown
Yet in thy pride acknowledge, though thou bear
The happy prize away, the palm I wear
Nor the obedience of my flame accuse,
That what I sought, myself conspir'd to lose 30
The hapless state where I am fix'd is such,
To love I seem not, 'cause I love too much.

The Repulse.

Not that by this disdain
I am releas'd,
And freed from thy tyrannic chain,
Do I myself think bless'd,
Nor that thy flame shall burn
No more, for know
That I shall into ashes turn,
Before this fire doth so
Nor yet that unconfin'd
I now may rove, 10
And with new beauties please my mind,
But that thou ne'er didst love.
For since thou hast no part
Felt of this flame,
I only from thy tyrant heart
Repuls'd, not banish'd am.
To lose what once was mine
Would grieve me more
Than those inconstant sweets of thine
Had pleas'd my soul before 20
Now I have not lost the bliss
I ne'er possess,
And spite of fate am blest in this,
That I was never blest.

The Repulse] In the third line of this rather fine poem 1656 reads 'romantic' for 'tyrannic', and Miss Guiney adopts it. To me it seems quite inappropriate, and one of the errors of dictation so common in that 'edition'
21 1647 reads 'that bliss'.

When, Cruel Fair One, I am slain

The Tomb

WHEN, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain
And as a trophy of thy scorn
To some old tomb am borne
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of Death
Nor can thy flame immortal burn
Like monumental fires within an urn
Thus freed from thy proud empire I shall prove
There is more liberty in Death than Love 10
And when forsaken Lovers come
To see my tomb
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd
And (as a Victor) proud
To view the spoils thy beauty made
Press near my shade
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame
And thou devour'd by this revengeful fire
His sacrifice, who died as thine expire 20
[Or should my dust thy pity move
That could not love
Thy sighs might wake me and thy tears
Renew my life and years
Or should thy proud insulting scorn
Laugh at my urn
Kindly deceived by thy disdain
I might be smild into new life again
Then come not near since both thy love and hate
Have equal power to love or animate] 30
But if cold earth or marble must
Conceal my dust
Whilst hid in some dark ruins I
Dumb and forgotten lie

The Tomb] Brydges though thinking the end of this poem a feeble conceit admits that there are passages in it that are more than pretty. It is certainly one of Stanley's best and he seems to have taken some trouble with it. In 1651 he dropped the bracketed stanza 3 and substituted the text for the last couplet of stanza 2 which reads in 1647

And (thou in this fire sacrificed to me)
We might each other's mutual martyr be

In the last line of the omitted stanza love is certainly wrong and Miss Guiney's suggestion of kill is almost *certissima*. But she seems to have had a different copy of 1647 before her from that which I collated for she does not notice a variant or set of variants in ll 37-9

And they that should this triumph know
Will or forget or not believe it so
Then to increase thy glories &c

In l 5 1647 reads thy power

Thomas Stanley

The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me,
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will, or forget, or not believe this story
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

40

The Enjoyment.

ST-AMANT

FAR from the court's ambitious noise
Retir'd, to those more harmless joys
Which the sweet country, pleasant fields,
And my own court, a cottage, yields,
I liv'd from all disturbance free,
Though prisoner (Sylvia) unto thee,
Secur'd from fears, which others prove,
Of the inconstancy of Love,
A life, in my esteem, more blest,
Than e'er yet stoop'd to Death's arrest

10

My senses and desires agreed,
With joint delight each other feed
A bliss, I reach'd, as far above
Words, as her beauty, or my love,
Such as compar'd with which, the joys
Of the most happy seem but toys
Affection I receive and pay,
My pleasures knew not Grief's allay
The more I tasted I desir'd,
The more I quench'd my thirst was fir'd

20

Now, in some place where Nature shows
Her naked beauty, we repose,
Where she allures the wand'ring eye
With colours, which faint art outvie,
Pearls scatter'd by the weeping morn,
Each where the glitt'ring flowers adorn,
The mistress of the youthful year
(To whom kind Zephyrus doth bear
His amorous vows and frequent prayer)
Decks with these gems her neck and hair.

30

Hither, to quicken Time with sport,
The little sprightly Loves resort,
And dancing o'er the enamel'd mead,
Their mistresses the Graces lead,

The Enjoyment] *La Jouissance*, one of Saint-Amant's early lyric pieces, which is here translated, was not so famous as his *Solitude*, which will be found (Englished by the matchless Orinda a little after Stanley's time) in vol 1, p 601, of this collection, but it was popular and much imitated Stanley has cut it down considerably, for the original has nineteen stanzas—some of them, I suppose, too 'warm' for the translator's modest muse

The Enjoyment

Then to refresh themselves, repair
To the soft bosom of my fair,
Where from the kisses they bestow
Upon each other, such sweets flow
As carry in their mixéd breath
A mutual power of life and death

40

Next in an elms dilated shade
We see a rugged Satyr laid
Teaching his reed in a soft strain
Of his sweet anguish to complain
Then to a lonely grove retreat
Where day can no admittance get,
To visit peaceful solitude
Whom seeing by repose pursu'd,
All busy cares for fear to spoil
Their calmer courtship we exile

50

There underneath a myrtle thought
By Faines sacred where was wrought
By Venus hand Love's mysteries
And all the trophies of her eyes,
Our solemn prayers to Heaven we send
That our firm love might know no end,
Nor time its vigour e'er impair
Then to the wingéd God we swear
And grav'd the oath in its smooth rind
Which in our hearts we deeper find

60

Then to my dear (as if afraid
To try her doubted faith) I said
'Would in thy soul my form as clear
As in thy eyes I see it, were
She kindly angry saith Thou art
Drawn more at large within my heart
These figures in my eye appear
But small because they are not near
Thou through these glasses seest thy face
As pictures through their crystal case'

70

Now with delight transported I
My wreathéd arms about her tie,
The flattering Ivy never holds
Her husband Elm in stricter folds
To cool my fervent thirst I sip
Delicious nectar from her lip
She pledges and so often past
This amorous health, till Love at last
Our souls did with these pleasures sate
And equally inebriate

80

Thomas Stanley

Awhile, our senses stol'n away,
Lost in this ecstasy we lay,
Till both together rais'd to life,
We re-engage in this kind strife.
Cythaera with her Syrian boy
Could never reach our meanest joy
The childish God of Love ne'er tried
So much of love with his cold bride,
As we in one embrace include,
Contesting each to be subdu'd

90

To Celia Pleading Want of Merit.

DEAR, urge no more that killing cause
Of our divorce,
Love is not fetter'd by such laws,
Nor bows to any force
Though thou deniest I should be thine,
Yet say not thou deserv'st not to be mine.
Oh rather frown away my breath
With thy disdain,
Or flatter me with smiles to death,
By joy or sorrow slain,
'Tis less crime to be kill'd by thee,
Than I thus cause of mine own death should be.
Thyself of beauty to divest,
And me of love,
Or from the worth of thine own breast
Thus to detract, would prove
In us a blindness, and in thee
At best a sacrilegious modesty
But, Celia, if thou wilt despise
What all admire,
Nor rate thyself at the just price
Of beauty or desire,
Yet meet my flames, and thou shalt see
That equal love knows no disparity

10

20

Love's Innocence

SEE how this Ivy strives to twine
Her wanton arms about the Vine,
And her coy lover thus restrains,
Entangled in her amorous chains,

To Celia Pleading, &c] 1647 has in title 'To One that Pleaded her own', and 'Dearest' for 'Celia' in l 19

Love's Innocence] In 1647 the following differences occur Title, 'The Innocence of Love', l 1, '(Dear) doth twine' for 'strives to twine', l 7, 'To one another whispering there', ll 9-10, 'Then blush not, Fair, that flame to show, Which like thyself no crime can know', ll 11-12, 'Thus led by those chaste guides, we may Embrace and kiss as free as they', l 20, 'As are our flames', l 21, 'Thus, Doris, we'

Love's Innocence

See how these neighboring Palms do bend
Their heads and mutual murmurs send
As whispering with a jealous fear
Their loves into each others ear
Then blush not such a flame to own
As like thyself no crime hath known 10
Led by these harmless guides we may
Embrace and kiss as well as they
And like those blessed souls above
Whose life is harmony and love
Let us our mutual thoughts betray
And in our wills our minds display
This silent speech is swifter far
Than the ears lazy species are
And the expression it affords,
As our desires bove reach of words 20
Thus we my dear of these may learn
A passion others not discern
Nor can it shame or blushes move
Like plants to live like Angels love
Since all excuse with equal innocence
What above reason is or beneath sense.

The Bracelet

TRISTAN

Now Love be prais'd ! that cruel fair,
Who my poor heart restrains
Under so many chains
Hath weav'd a new one for it of her hair

These threads of amber us'd to play
With every courtly wind
And never were confin'd
But in a thousand curls allow'd to stray

Cruel each part of her is grown
Nor less unkind than she 10
These fetters are to me
Which to restrain my freedom lose their own

The Bracelet] Little survives even in literary memories of François Tristan l'Hermite (1601-1655) except the success of his *Marianne* (Marianne) 1636 one of the most famous French tragedies of the period outside of *Corneille*. M. Ed. Fournier gave him a niche in Crépet's *Poètes Français* (Paris 1861) 1: 539-52 but did not include the original of this piece. The *l'Amour* rhyme order though the line lengths are different is interesting. Stanley had perhaps borrowed before translating it the soft fetters of her hair mentioned above though the fancy is of course primeval and perennial.

Thomas Stanley

The Kiss.

WHEN on thy lip my soul I breathe,
Which there meets thine,
Freed from their fetters by this death
Our subtle forms combine,
Thus without bonds of sense they move,
And like two Cherubins converse by love
Spirits, to chains of earth confin'd,
Discourse by sense,
But ours, that are by flames refin'd,
With those weak ties dispense
Let such in words their minds display;
We in a kiss our mutual thoughts convey
But since my soul from me doth fly,
To thee retir'd,
Thou canst not both retain for I
Must be with one inspir'd
Then, dearest, either justly mine
Restore, or in exchange let me have thine
Yet, if thou dost return mine own,
Oh tak't again!
For 'tis this pleasing death alone
Gives ease unto my pain
Kill me once more, or I shall find
Thy pity, than thy cruelty, less kind

10

20

Apollo and Daphne.

GARCILASSO MARINO

WHEN Phoebus saw a rugged bark beguile
His love, and his embraces intercept,
The leaves, instructed by his grief to smile,
Taking fresh growth and verdure as he wept
'How can', saith he, 'my woes expect release,
When tears the subject of my tears increase!'

The Kiss] Title in 1647 'The killing Kiss', and several other variants An answer to this poem appears in Jordan's *Claraphis and Clarinda*

4 1647 'They both unite and join'. But Miss Guiney's suspicion that 'forms' may be a misprint obviously shows forgetfulness of the philosophical sense of the word = 'ideas', 'immortal parts' Cf Spenser, 'For soul is *form*'

6 by] 1647 'and'—perhaps better

12 1647 'Our lips, not tongues, each other's thoughts betray' (Miss Guiney's copy seems to have 'our tongues', which cannot be right) 15 for I] and I 1647

17 dearest] 1647 'Doris'. This is the second time (*v sup*, p 126) that poor Doris has been disestablished

Apollo and Daphne] Why Garcilasso I do not know Marini's name was Giam-battista

6 The first 'tears' certainly looks odd, and Miss Guiney conjectures 'leaves' But the ways of Marinism are not thus Apollo's tears *watered* the laurel and so made it grow His tears increased their subject, the vapid vegetable substitute for Daphne's flesh and blood

Apollo and Daphne

His chang'd yet scorn retaining fair he kiss'd,
From the lov'd trunk plucking a little bough
And though the conquest which he sought he miss'd
With that triumphant spoil adorns his brow
Thus this disdainful maid his aim deceives
Where he expected fruit he gathers leaves

10

Speaking and Kissing

THE air which thy smooth voice doth break
Into my soul like lightning flies
My life retires whilst thou dost speak
And thy soft breath its room supplies
Lost in this pleasing ecstasy
I join my trembling lips to thine
And back receive that life from thee,
Which I so gladly did resign
Forbear Platonic fools to inquire
What numbers do the soul compose!
No harmony can life inspire
But that which from these accents flows

The Snow ball

DORIS I that could repel
All those darts about thee dwell,
And had wisely learn'd to fear
Cause I saw a foe so near
I that my deaf ear did arm
Gainst thy voices powerful charm
And the lightning of thine eye
Durst (by closing mine) defy
Cannot this cold snow withstand
From the whiter of thy hand
Thy deceit hath thus done more
Than thy open force before
For who could suspect or fear
Treason in a face so clear
Or the hidden fires descry
Wrapt in this cold outside he?
Flames might thus involv'd in ice
The deceiv'd world sacrifice,
Nature ignorant of this
Strange antiperistasis
Would her falling frame admire
That by snow were set on fire

10

20

Speaking and Kissing] This is *smarter* than Stanley's usual style
The Snow ball] Doris maintains here the place she lost above. The tripping seven
teenth century sevens are well spent on her. In 1810 Miss Guiney thinks that
whiter the sole reading must be winter. *Of course* that Stanley meant the whiter
snow is to me certain
20 Antiperistasis = reaction or topsyturvyfication' (Thackeray)

Thomas Stanley

The Deposition.

THOUGH when I lov'd thee thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so,
Those glories all the pride they wear
Unto opinion owe,
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine,
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine
The flames that dwelt within thine eye
Do now, with mine, expire,
Thy brightest graces fade and die
At once with my desire,
Love's fires thus mutual influence return,
Thine cease to shine, when mine to burn.

10

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implor'd or woo'd,
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd,
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind

To his Mistress in Absence

TASSO

FAR from thy dearest self, the scope
Of all my aims,
I waste in secret flames,
And only live because I hope
Oh, when will Fate restore
The joys, in whose bright fire
My expectation shall expire,
That I may live because I hope no more!

Love's Heretic.

HE whose active thoughts disdain
To be captive to one foe,
And would break his single chain,
Or else more would undergo,
Let him learn the art of me,
By new bondage to be free!

The Deposition] In 1647 '*A Deposition from Beauty*' Also l 3, 'do' for 'all', l 9
'glories' for 'graces', l 16, 'that' for 'The' and 'which' for 'my'

Love's Heretic] This, for Stanley, longish piece has few vv ll But 1647 reads in l 34
'that' instead of 'to', and the singular 'pleasure' in l 38 The piece is rather in the
Suckling vein, but Stanley did not play the light o'-love quite successfully,

Love's Heretic

What tyrannic mistress dare
 To one beauty love confine,
Who unbounded as the air,
 All may court but none decline? 10
Why should we the heart deny
As many objects as the eye?
Wheresoe'er I turn or move
 A new passion doth detain me
Those kind beauties that do love
 Or those proud ones that disdain me,
This frown melts and that smile burns me
This to tears that ashes turns me.
Soft fresh Virgins, not full blown,
 With their youthful sweetness take me, 20
Sober Matrons that have known
 Long since what these prove awake me,
Here staid coldness I admire,
There the lively active fire
She that doth by skill dispense
 Every favour she bestows,
Or the harmless innocence
 Which nor court nor city knows
Both alike my soul enflame
That wild Beauty, and this tame 30
She that wisely can adorn
 Nature with the wealth of Art,
Or whose rural sweets do scorn
 Borrow'd helps to take a heart,
The vain care of that's my pleasure
Poverty of this my treasure.
Both the wanton and the coy
 Me with equal pleasures move
She whom I by force enjoy
 Or who forceth me to love 40
This because she'll not confess
That not hide her happiness
She whose loosely flowing hair
 Scatter'd like the beams o' th' morn,
Playing with the sportive air
 Hides the sweets it doth adorn
Captive in that net restrains me,
In those golden fetters chains me
Nor doth she with power less bright
 My divided heart invade 50
Whose soft tresses spread like night
 O'er her shoulders a black shade
For the starlight of her eyes
Brighter shines through those dark skies
(131) K 2

Thomas Stanley

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
I alike with all can sport;
The bold sprightly Thais woo,
Or the frozen Vestal court;
Every Beauty takes my mind,
Tied to all, to none confin'd

60

La Belle Confidente.

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame,
Whose pale weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name,
And narrow laws of sense,
Learn by our friendship to create
An immaterial fire,
Whose brightness Angels may admire,
But cannot emulate

Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
Or make the lilies fade,
But all the subtle ways that Death doth seek,
Cannot my love invade
Flames that are kindled by the eye,
Through time and age expire,
But ours, that boast a reach far higher,
Can nor decay nor die

For when we must resign our vital breath,
Our loves by Fate benighted,
We by this friendship shall survive in death,
Even in divorce united.

Weak Love, through fortune or distrust,
In time forgets to burn,
But this pursues us to the urn,
And marries either's dust

10

2

La Belle Ennemie.

I YIELD, dear enemy, nor know
How to resist so fair a foe!
Who would not thy soft yoke sustain,
And bow beneath thy easy chain,
That with a bondage bless'd might be,
Which far transcends all liberty?

La Belle Confidente] On this Sir Egerton 'However far-fetched these ideas may be there is uncommon elegance and ingenuity in the expression, and polish in the versification' There is also something more than polish—a *concerted* effect which 'elegance and ingenuity' do not often reach In l 16, 'Cannot' appears in 1647 for 'Can nor' 'And' for 'For' in l 17, and ll 18, 20 are changed over and run

Even in divorce delighted,

Still in the grave united

La Belle Ennemie

~ But since I freely have resign'd
At first assault my willing mind
Insult not o'er my captiv'd heart
With too much tyranny and art
Lest by thy scorn thou lose the prize
Gain'd by the power of thy bright eyes,
And thou this conquest thus shalt prove,
Though got by Beauty kept by Love!

10

The Dream

LOPE DE VEGA

To set my jealous soul at strife,
All things maliciously agree
Though sleep of Death the image be
Dreams are the portraiture of life
I saw when last I clos'd my eyes
Celinda stoop to another's will,
If specious Apprehension kill
What would the truth without disguise?
The joys which I should call mine own,
Methought this rival did possess
Like dreams is all my happiness,
Yet dreams themselves allow me none

10

To the Lady D

MADAM,

The blushes I betray
When at your feet I humbly lay
These papers, beg you would excuse
Th obedience of a bashful Muse,
Who bowing to your strict command
Trusts her own errors to your hand,
Hasty abortives which laid by
She meant, ere they were born should die
But since the soft power of your breath
Hath call'd them back again from Death
To your sharp judgement now made known
She dares for hers no longer own
The worst she must not these resign'd
She hath to th fire and where you find
Those your kind Charity admur'd
She writ but what your eyes inspir'd

10

The Dream] The actual and full *In Memoriam* arrangement is the point of interest here Stanley how v r, is even less successful than the few other seventeenth century practitioners in getting the full rhythmical sweep of the form into operation He breaks the cle and so loses the charm

To the Lady D] This in 1647 is the Dedication To my most honour'd Aunt the Lady Dormer She was a daughter of Sir William Hammond and wife of Sir Robert Dormer Knight, of Chearsley Bucks. In 1647 Stanley added to the poem *Madam Your Ladyship's Greatest admirer and most humble Servant* THO STANLEY

Thomas Stanley

Love Deposed.

You that unto your mistress' eyes
Your hearts do sacrifice,
And offer sighs or tears at Love's rich shrine,
Renounce with me
Th' idolatry,
Nor this infernal Power esteem divine
The brand, the quiver, and the bow,
Which we did first bestow,
And he as tribute wears from every lover,
I back again
From him have ta'en,
And the impostor, now unveil'd, discover
I can the feeble child disarm,
Untie his mystic charm,
Divest him of his wings, and break his arrow,
We will obey
No more his sway,
Nor live confin'd to laws or bounds so narrow
And you, bright Beauties, that inspire
The Boy's pale torch with fire,
We safely now your subtle power despise,
And unscorch'd may
Like atoms play,
And wanton in the sunshine of your eyes
Nor think hereafter by new arts
You can bewitch our hearts,
Or raise this devil by your pleasing charm,
We will no more
His power implore,
Unless, like Indians, that he do no harm

10

20

30

The Divorce

DEAR, back my wounded heart restore,
And turn away thy powerful eyes,
Flatter my willing soul no more!
Love must not hope what Fate denies.
Take, take away thy smiles and kisses!
Thy love wounds deeper than disdain,
For he that sees the heaven he misses,
Sustains two hells, of loss and pain
Shouldst thou some other's suit prefer,
I might return thy scorn to thee,
And learn apostasy of her,
Who taught me first idolatry

10

The Divorce

Or in thy unrelenting breast
Should I disdain or coyness move
He by thy hate might be releas'd
Who now is prisoner to thy love

Since then unkind Fate will divorce
Those whom Affection long united
Be thou as cruel as this force
And I in death shall be delighted

10

Thus while so many suppliants woo
And beg they may thy pity prove,
I only for thy scorn do sue
Tis charity here not to love.

Time Recovered

CASONE

COME my dear whilst youth conspires
With the warmth of our desires
Envious Time about thee watches
And some grace each minute snatches
Now a spirit now a ray
From thy eye he steals away,
Now he blasts some blooming rose
Which upon thy fresh cheek grows
Gold now plunders in a hair
Now the rubies doth impair
Of thy lips, and with sure haste
All thy wealth will take at last
Only that of which thou mak'st
Use in time from time thou tak'st

10

The Bracelet

REBELLIOUS fools that scorn to bow
Beneath Love's easy sway
Whose stubborn wills no laws allow
Disdaining to obey
Mark but this wreath of hair and you shall see,
None that might wear such fetters would be free!

14 I] cold 1647

15 He] I 1647

16 is] am 1647

21 while] whilst 1647 woo] do 1647

22 Implore thy pity they may prove 1647

Time Recovered] This very light and good version is from Guido Casone (so more usually) a poet of the Trevisan March (187-1640) and founder of the Academy of the *I comiti* at Venice, to the Transactions of which he contributed most of his work

The Bracelet] Almost certainly suggested by Donne. If so the suggestion was very rashly taken but the result might have been worse

Thomas Stanley

I once could boast a soul like you,
As unconfin'd as air,
But mine, which force could not subdue,
Was caught within this snare, 10
And, by myself betray'd, I, for this gold,
A heart that many storms withstood, have sold

No longer now wise Art inquire,
With this vain search delighted,
How souls, that human breasts inspire,
Are to their frames united,
Material chains such spirits well may bind,
When this soft braid can tie both arm and mind

Now, Beauties, I defy your charm,
Rul'd by more powerful art 20
This mystic wreath which crowns my arm,
Defends my vanquish'd heart,
And I, subdu'd by one more fair, shall be
Secur'd from Conquest by Captivity

The Farewell.

SINCE Fate commands me hence, and I
Must leave my soul with thee, and die,
Dear, spare one sigh, or else let fall
A tear to crown my funeral,
That I may tell my griev'd heart,
Thou art unwilling we should part,
And Martyrs, that embrace the fire,
Shall with less joy than I expire

With this last kiss I will bequeath
My soul transfus'd into thy breath, 10
Whose active heat shall gently slide
Into thy breast, and there reside,
And be in spite of Fate, thus bless'd
By this sad death, of Heaven possess'd
Then prove but kind, and thou shalt see
Love hath more power than Destiny

7 soul] heart 1647

1 12 is an alteration—as Miss Guiney very rightly says to its detriment—of 1647, which reads—

Have to mine enemy my freedom sold

15 1647 'that do our life inspire'

22 1647 'Guards and defends my heart'

The Farewell] In lines 13 and 14 of this all editions vary slightly 1647 has 'may' for 'be', which latter word opens the next line, turning out 'sad' The text is 1651 1656, keeping 1 13 of 1647, has for 1 14 the text of 1651

Alas ! alas ! thou turn'st in vain

Claim to Love

GUARINI

ALAS ! alas ! thou turnst in vain
Thy beauteous face away
Which, like young sorcerers rais'd a pain
Above its power to lay
Love moves not as thou turnst thy look
But here doth firmly rest
He long ago thy eyes forsook,
To revel in my breast
Thy power on him why hopst thou more
Than his on me should be?
The claim thou layst to him is poor
To that he owns from me
His substance in my heart excels
His shadow in thy sight
Fire, where it burns more truly dwells
Than where it scatters light.

10

To his Mistress who dreamed he was wounded

GUARINI

THINE eyes bright Saint, disclose
And thou shalt find
Dreams have not with illusive shows
Deceiv'd thy mind
What sleep presented to thy view
Awake and thou shalt find is true
Those mortal wounds I bear
From thee begin
Which though they outward not appear
Yet bleed within
Love's flame like active lightning flies
Wounding the heart, but not the eyes
But now I yield to die
Thy sacrifice
Nor more in vain will hope to fly
From thy bright eyes
Their killing power cannot be shunn'd
Open or closed alike they wound

10

To his Mistress &c.] 1647 'To Doris dreaming he was wounded
there mentioned.

Guarini is not

Thomas Stanley

The Exchange.

DIALOGUE

Phil

THAT kiss, which last thou gav'st me, stole
My fainting life away,
Yet, though to thy breast fled, my soul
Still in mine own doth stay,

Char

And with the same warm breath did mine
Into thy bosom slide,
There dwell contracted unto thine,
Yet still with me reside

Chor.

Both souls thus in desire are one,
And each is two in skill,
Doubled in intellect alone,
United in the will.
Weak Nature no such power doth know
Love only can these wonders show.

10

Unaltered by Sickness.

SICKNESS, in vain thou dost invade
A Beauty that can never fade!
Could all thy malice but impair
One of the sweets which crown this fair,
Or steal the spirits from her eye,
Or kiss into a paler dye
The blushing roses of her cheek,
Our drooping hopes might justly seek
Redress from thee, and thou might'st save
Thousands of lovers from the grave.
But such assaults are vain, for she
Is too divine to stoop to thee,

10

The Exchange] 1647 'Exchange of Souls' In editions other than 1651 there is a refrain after each stanza-speech

Weak Nature no such power doth know,
Love only can these wonders show

Unaltered by Sickness] Lines 1 and 2 are expanded in 1656 to

Pale, envious Sickness, hence! no more
Possess our breast, too cold before
In vain, alas! thou dost invade
Those beauties which can never fade

4 'On those sweets which crown the fair' 1656

7 blushing] blooming 1657

8 drooping] dropping 1647 suffering 1656

Unaltered by Sickness

Blest with a form as much too high
For any change as Destiny,
Which no attempt can violate,
For what's her Beauty is our Fate

On his Mistress's Death

PETRARCH

LOVE the ripe harvest of my toils
Began to cherish with his smiles,
Preparing me to be indued
With all the joys I long pursued
When my fresh hopes fair and full blown,
Death blasts ere I could call my own
Malicious Death! why with rude force
Dost thou my Fair from me divorce?
False Life! why in this loathed chain
Me from my Fair dost thou detain?
In whom assistance shall I find?
Alike are Life and Death unkind
Pardon me Love, thy power outshines,
And laughs at their infirm designs
She is not wedded to a tomb,
Nor I to sorrow in her room
They what thou joinst, can neer divide
She lives in me, in her I died

10

The Exequies

DRAW near,
You Lovers that complain
Of Fortune or Disdain
And to my ashes lend a tear
Melt the hard marble with your groans,
And soften the relentless stones
Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide
Of all Loves cruelties and Beauty's pride!

No verse
No epicidium bring
Nor peaceful requiem sing
To charm the terrors of my hearse,
No profane numbers must flow near
The sacred silence that dwells here
Vast griefs are dumb, softly oh! softly mourn
I lest you disturb the peace attends my urn

10

¹⁴ For any] 16, 6 B i ny—nonsens cally
The Exequies] A very good stanza the rhythm r sing and swelling admirably
the f al couplet of the first, 16, 47 reads—

11

do a victim hide
That paid to Beauty on Love's altar died

Thomas Stanley

Yet strew
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have,
Forsaken cypress and sad yew,
For kinder flowers can take no birth,
Or growth, from such unhappy earth
Weep only o'er my dust, and say, Here lies
To Love and Fate an equal sacrifice.

20

The Silkworm.

THIS silkworm, to long sleep retir'd,
The early year hath re-inspir'd,
Who now to pay to thee prepares
The tribute of her pleasing cares,
And hastens with industrious toil
To make thy ornament, her spoil.
See with what pains she spins for thee
The thread of her own destiny,
Then growing proud in Death, to know
That all her curious labours thou
Wilt, as in triumph, deign to wear,
Retires to her soft sepulchre

10

Such, dearest, is that hapless state,
To which I am design'd by Fate,
Who by thee, willingly, o'ercome,
Work mine own fetters and my tomb

A Lady Weeping.

MONTALVAN

As when some brook flies from itself away,
The murmuring crystal loosely runs astray,
And as about the verdant plain it winds,
The meadows with a silver riband binds,
Printing a kiss on every flower she meets,
Losing herself to fill them with new sweets,
To scatter frost upon the lily's head,
And scarlet on the gilliflower to spread,

The Silkworm] 1 This] The 1647

6 Miss Guiney insists, in the teeth of all texts, upon changing over 'thy' and 'her', saying that 'facts and the context force' the reversal. I am afraid that the genius of seventeenth-century poetry did not care much for facts or context at any time. But here no violence is done to either. Nine men out of ten wishing to say 'to make out of the spoil of herself an ornament for thee' would have probably put it in the same way, especially if they wanted the rhyme 'spoil'.

10 'That *her rich work and labours*' 1647

14 'I destined am' 1647

A Lady Weeping] Few people, I think, will accept Miss Guiney's suggestion of 'tears' for 'stars' in l. 10, especially after 'humid'. The shooting star, which dissolved on reaching earth into dew or 'jelly', is very common with Carolines.

A Lady Weeping

So melting sorrow, in the fair disguise
Of humid stars flow'd from bright Clons eyes
Which watering every flower her cheek discloses
Melt into jasmynes here, there into roses

10

Ambition

I MUST no longer now admire
The coldness which possess'd
Thy snowy breast,
That can by other flames be set on fire
Poor Love to harsh Disdain betray'd
Is by Ambition thus out weigh'd

Hadst thou but known the vast extent
Of constant faith how far
Bove all that are
Born slaves to Wealth, or Honour's vain ascent
No richer treasure couldst thou find
Than hearts with mutual chains combin'd

But Love is too despis'd a name
And must not hope to rise
Above these ties,
Honour and Wealth outshine his paler flame,
These unite souls whilst true desire
Unpitied dies in its own fire.

Yet cruel fair one I did aim
With no less justice too
Than those that sue
For other hopes and thy proud fortunes claim
Wealth honours honours wealth approve,
But Beauty's only meant for Love

10

20

Song

WHEN dearest beauty thou shalt pay
Thy faith and my vain hope away
To some dull soul that cannot know
The worth of that thou dost bestow
Lest with my sighs and tears I might
Disturb thy unconfin'd delight,
To some dark shade I will retire
And there forgot by all expire.

Ambition] 16 Miss Guiney thinks that the singular Honour though in all texts
is obviously wrong I should say that the plural would be more obviously wronger
The mistake of course comes from importing a modern distinction

Song] Not one of Stanley's worst

Thomas Stanley

Thus, whilst the difference thou shalt prove
Betwixt a feign'd and real love,
Whilst he, more happy, but less true,
Shall reap those joys I did pursue,
And with those pleasures crown'd be
By Fate, which Love design'd for me,
Then thou, perhaps, thyself wilt find
Cruel too long, or too soon kind.

10

The Revenge.

RONSARD

FAIR Rebel to thyself and Time,
Who laugh'st at all my tears,
When thou hast lost thy youthful prime,
And Age his trophy rears,
Weighing thy inconsiderate pride
Thou shalt in vain accuse it,
Why beauty am I now denied,
Or knew not then to use it?
Then shall I wish, ungentle fair,
Thou in like flames mayst burn,
Venus, if just, will hear my prayer,
And I shall laugh my turn.

10

Song.

I WILL not trust thy tempting graces,
Or thy deceitful charms,
Nor pris'ner be to thy embraces,
Or fetter'd in thy arms,
No, Celia, no, not all thy art
Can wound or captivate my heart
I will not gaze upon thy eyes,
Or wanton with thy hair,
Lest those should burn me by surprise,
Or these my soul ensnare,
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away

10

The Revenge] Not one of his best, even as a translation. The suspicion of flatness which occurs too often in him could not be more fatal than in connexion with Ronsard's famous and beautiful sonnet. But Stanley has handicapped himself almost inconceivably. He has thrown away the half-sad, half-scornful burst of the opening 'Quand vous serez bien vieille'—the vivid picture of the crone half boasting, half regretting her love and her disdain, by the flicker of fire and candle, to the listening handmaiden, and the final touch as to the use of life. In fact I have sometimes wondered whether he really meant this masterpiece.

Song] Another capital stanza-mould, especially in 1. The next is even better. This Song is also in *Select Airs and Dialogues, set by Mr Jeremy Savil, 1659*

Song

Since then my wary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine
If thou wouldst mine should captiv'd be,
Thou must thine own resign
And gratitude may thus move more
Than Love or Beauty could before

Song

No I will sooner trust the wind,
When falsely kind
It courts the pregnant sails into a storm
And when the smiling waves persuade,
Be willingly betray'd
Than thy deceitful vows or form
Go and beguile some easy heart
With thy vain art
Thy smiles and kisses on those fools bestow,
Who only see the calms that sleep
On this smooth flattering deep
But not the hidden dangers know
They that like me thy falsehood prove,
Will scorn thy love
Some may deceiv'd at first adore thy shrine,
But he that, as thy sacrifice,
Doth willingly fall twice
Dies his own martyr and not thine

10

To a Blind Man in Love

MARINO

LOVER than Love more blind whose bold thoughts dare
Fix on a woman is both young and fair!
If Argus with a hundred eyes not one
Could guard hop'st thou to keep thine who hast none?

Answer

I M blind tis true but in Love's rules defect
Of sense is aided by the intellect,
And senses by each other are supplied
The touch enjoys what's to the sight denied

So g] 12 the] thy 1647
To a Blind Man in Love] 2 The ellipsis of 'who' before 'is' is one of the few grammatical licences which are really awkward in poetry. In *Oront* 1647 where this poem also appeared with two other translations from Marino the reading is 'woman that is young' and in 7 'Senses too'

Thomas Stanley

Song.

I PRITHEE let my heart alone,
Since now 'tis rais'd above thee,
Not all the beauty thou dost own,
Again can make me love thee
He that was shipwreck'd once before
By such a Syren's call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
Deserves his second fall
Each flatt'ring kiss, each tempting smile,
Thou dost in vain bestow,
Some other lovers might beguile,
Who not thy falsehood know
But I am proof against all art,
No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
To her that hath betray'd me
Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move,
As now thou sufferest mine

The Loss.

YET ere I go,
Disdainful Beauty, thou shalt be
So wretched, as to know
What joys thou fling'st away with me
A faith so bright,
As Time or Fortune could not rust,
So firm, that lovers might
Have read thy story in my dust,
And crown'd thy name
With laurel verdant as thy youth,
Whilst the shrill voice of Fame
Spread wide thy beauty and my truth.

Song] Pretty, and the double rhymes in stanzas 1 and 4 well brought off
7 1656 'the shore'

The Loss] Still good. But I have once more to demur to Miss Guiney's opinion that 'Thy' in l 20, though found in all texts, should 'almost certainly' be 'Their' In the first place, conjectural emendations in the teeth of text-agreement are never to be made without absolute necessity In the second, the hackneyed observation about the less obvious reading is never so true as of the Caroline poets In the third, this particular correction, if obvious in one sense, is but specious in another, and 'Their faith' will be found on examination to make less, not more, sense than 'Thy' The meaning is, 'Such faith as thou mightest repose in them after being false to me', i e 'They would leave thee for other light-o'-loves'.

The Loss

This thou hast lost
For all true lovers when they find
That my just aims were crost
Will speak thee lighter than the wind

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrine
But such as would betray
Thy faith to faiths as false as thine

20

Yet, if thou choose
On such thy freedom to bestow,
Affection may excuse
For love from sympathy doth flow

The Self-Cruel

CAST off for shame ungentle Maid
That misbecoming joy thou wear'st
For in my death, though long delay'd
Unwisely cruel thou appear'st
Insult o'er captives with disdain
Thou canst not triumph o'er the slain.

No I am now no longer thine,
Nor canst thou take delight to see
Him whom thy love did once confine,
Set though by Death at liberty,
For if my fall a smile beget,
Thou gloriest in thy own defeat

10

Behold how thy unthrift's pride
Hath murder'd him that did maintain it!
And wary souls, who never tried
Thy tyrant beauty will disdain it
But I am softer and that me
Thou wouldst not pity pity thee

Song

BY M W M

WERT thou yet fairer than thou art
Which lies not in the power of Art
Or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts
Than ever Cupid shot at hearts
Yet if they were not thrown at me
I would not cast a thought on thee

The Self-Cruel] Merely Song in 1647

The observations in the preceding note apply to Miss Guiney's supposition that that
in the penultimate line is a misprint for 'though' I pity thee in [or for] that thou
wouldst not pity me

Song] In 1647 the song itself is not given and the title of Stanley's piece is I:

Thomas Stanley

I'd rather marry a disease,
Than court the thing I cannot please
She that will cherish my desires,
Must meet my flames with equal fires
What pleasure is there in a kiss
To him that doubts the heart's not his?

10

I love thee not because th' art fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air,
Nor for the Cupids that do lie
In either corner of thine eye
Wouldst thou then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me

Answer.

WERT thou by all affections sought,
And fairer than thou wouldst be thought,
Or had thine eyes as many darts
As thou believ'st they shoot at hearts,
Yet if thy love were paid to me,
I would not offer mine to thee

I'd sooner court a fever's heat,
Than her that owns a flame as great,
She that my love will entertain,
Must meet it with no less disdain,
For mutual fires themselves destroy,
And willing kisses yield no joy

10

I love thee not because alone
Thou canst all beauty call thine own
Nor doth my passion fuel seek
In thy bright eye or softer cheek
Then, fairest, if thou wouldst know why
I love thee, 'cause thou canst deny

The Relapse.

OH, turn away those cruel eyes,
The stars of my undoing!
Or Death, in such a bright disguise,
May tempt a second wooing

Answer to a Song, Wert thou much fairer than thou art, &c' I do not know who Master W M was—possibly Walter Montagu, Abbe de Saint-Martin, whom we have met once or twice in commendatory poems, and who was of the Cavalier literary set

The Relapse] One of the author's best Double rhymes often brought him luck It was reprinted in Lawes's *Airs and Dialogues, the Second Book*, 1655, p 7, with the heading 'He would not be tempted' In 1647 called 'Song' only This edition also reads in l 5 'blind and impious', and in l 7 'thy name' for 'my fall' This last, which doubtless is a slip, seems to occur in some copies of 1651, but Brydges prints it correctly

The Relapse

Punish their blindly impious pride
Who dare condemn thy glory,
It was my fall that deified
Thy name and seal'd thy story
Yet no new sufferings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee,
Though my first Death proclaim thee fair,
My second will unthrone thee
Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel
And if thou burn one victim twice
Both think thee poor and cruel

10

To the Countess of S with the Holy Court

MADAM,
Since every place you bless, the name
This book assumes may justlier claim,
(What more a court than where you shine?
And where your soul what more divine?)
You may perhaps doubt at first sight
That it usurps upon your right,
And praising virtues that belong
To you in others doth yours wrong,
No tis yourself you read in all
Perfections earlier ages call
Their own, all glories they e'er knew
Were but faint prophecies of you
You then have here sole interest whom tis meant
As well to entertain as represent

10

Song

DE VOITURE

I LANGUISH in a silent flame
For she to whom my vows incline,
Doth own perfections so divine
That but to speak were to disclose her name
If I should say that she the store
Of Nature's graces doth comprise
The love and wonder of all eyes
Who will not guess the beauty I adore?

To the Countess of S] This lady has been supposed probably enough to be Dorothy Sidney or Spencer Countess of Sunderland and Waller's Sacharissa. *The Holy Court* was a manual of devotion by the Jesuit Causson, translated into English as early as 1626.

Song] Stanley was less *impar congruus* with Voiture than with Ronsard and this is well done. The stanza is well framed and is different from the French (*Je me tais et me sens brûler* Chanson LIV, *Œuvres de Voiture* ed. Ubicini Paris 1855 ii 336).

Thomas Stanley

Or though I warily conceal
The charms her looks and soul possess ,
Should I her cruelty express,
And say she smiles at all the pains we feel ,

10

Among such suppliants as implore
Pity, distributing her hate,
Inexorable as their fate,
Who will not guess the beauty I adore?

Drawn for Valentine by the L. D. S

THOUGH 'gainst me Love and Destiny conspire,
Though I must waste in an unpitied fire,
By the same Deity, severe as fair,
Commanded adoration and despair ,
Though I am mark'd for sacrifice, to tell
The growing age what dangerous glories dwell
In this bright dawn, who, when she spreads her rays,
Will challenge every heart, and every praise ,
Yet she who to all hope forbids my claim,
By Fortune's taught indulgence to my flame

10

Great Queen of Chance ! unjustly we exclude
Thy power an interest in beatitude,
Who, with mysterious judgement, dost dispense
The bounties of unerring Providence,
Whilst we, to whom the causes are unknown,
Would style that blindness thine, which is our own ,
As kind in justice to thyself as me,
Thou hast redeem'd thy name and votary ,
Nor will I prize this less for being thine,
Nor longer at my destiny repine
Counsel and choice are things below thy state ,
Fortune relieves the cruelties of Fate

20

The Modest Wish.

BARCLAY

REACH incense, boy ! thou pious Flamen, pray !
To genial Deities these rites we pay
Fly far from hence, such as are only taught
To fear the Gods by guilt of crime or thought !
This is my suit , grant it, Celestial Powers,
If what my will affects, oppose not yours
First, pure before your altars may I stand,
And practise studiously what you command ,
My parents' faith devoutly let me prize,
Nor what my ancestors esteem'd, despise ,
(148)

10

The Modest Wish

Let me not vex'd inquire (when thriving ill
Depresseth good) why thunder is so still?
No such ambitious knowledge trouble me
Those curious thoughts advance not Piety
Peaceful my house, in wife and children bless'd,
Nor these beyond my fortunes be increas'd
None cozen me with Friendships specious gloss,
None dearly buy my friendship with their loss
To suits nor wars my quiet be betray'd
My quiet to the Muses justly paid 20
Want never force me court the rich with lies
And intermix my suit with flatteries
Let my sure friends deceive the tedious light
And my sound sleeps, with debts not broke the night
Cheerful my board, my smiles shar'd by my wife,
O Gods! yet mindful still of human life,
To die nor let me wish nor fear, among
My joys mix griefs, griefs that not last too long
My age be happy, and when Fate shall claim
My thread of life, let me survive in fame, 30
Enough the gods are pleas'd the flames aspire
And crackling laurel triumphs in the fire

E Catalectis Velerum] Poetarum]

A SMALL well gotten stock and country seat
I have, yet my content makes both seem great
My quiet soul to fears is not mur'd
And from the sins of Idleness secur'd
Others may seek the camp others the town
And fool themselves with pleasure or renown
Let me, unminded in the common crowd
Live master of the time that I'm allow'd

On the Edition of Mr Fletcher's Works

FLETCHER (whose fame no age can ever waste,
Envy of ours and glory of the last)
Is now alive again and with his name
His sacred ashes wak'd into a flame,
Such as before did by a secret charm
The wildest heart subdue the coldest warm
And lend the ladies eyes a power more bright
Dispensing thus to either heat and light

O: [the Edition of Mr] Fletcher's Works] The bracketed words omitted in 1647 when as the book itself (the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher) had just appeared, they were unnecessary. The variants are slight could and 'did in lines 5 and 11 are changed over in l 19 'doth (again reflecting the immediate presentation) In l 29 'rise the form ris is recognized by Ben Jonson In l 30 Miss Guiney thinks 'not 'clearly a misprint for with But this is clearly a misunderstanding of expir'd which is used with its proper transitive force as in Latin Had not the dying stage

Thomas Stanley

He to a sympathy those souls betray'd,
Whom Love or Beauty never could persuade,
And in each mov'd spectator could beget
A real passion by a counterfeit
When first Bellario bled, what lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when Aspasia wept, not any eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad livery
By him inspir'd, the feign'd Lucina drew
More streams of melting sorrow than the true,
But then the Scornful Lady did beguile
Their easy griefs, and teach them all to smile

10

20

Thus he affections could or raise or lay,
Love, Grief, and Mirth thus did his charms obey
He Nature taught her passions to outdo,
How to refine the old, and create new,
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were

Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
In the same urn wherein his dust hath slept,
Nor had he ris' the Delphic wreath to claim,
Had not the dying scene expir'd his name
Oh the indulgent justice of this age,
To grant the Press, what it denies the Stage!
Despair our joy hath doubled, he is come
Twice welcome by this *post-luminum*.
His loss preserv'd him, they that silenc'd wit
Are now the authors to eternize it

30

Thus poets are in spite of Fate reviv'd,
And plays, by intermission, longer liv'd

To Mr. W Hammond

THOU best of friendship, knowledge, and of art!
The charm of whose lov'd name preserves my heart
From female vanities (thy name, which there,
Till Time dissolves the fabric, I must wear),
Forgive a crime which long my soul oppress,
And crept by chance in my unwary breast,
So great, as for thy pardon were unfit,
And to forgive were worse than to commit,

[the suppressed and decadent theatre of 1647] expired [uttered with its passing breath] his name, the book would not have been published [and so made him rise and claim the crown]' ll 31, 32 were omitted in the Beaumont and Fletcher Folio, 1647

It can hardly be necessary to annotate the well-known characters of 'the twins' that Stanley introduces Brydges, by printing 'Scornful Lady' without capitals, unnecessarily obscured one of them

To Mr W Hammond] In 1647, as usually, initials only His relation (see Introduction) and the author of the poems in vol II As in some other cases, this poem shows the *modus* of the more or less stopped couplet—the way in which it was communicating energy to writers of the time even when they mainly belong to the older division

To Mr W Hammond

But that the fault and pain were so much one
 The very act did expiate what was done 10
 I, who so often sported with the flame
 Playd with the Boy and laugh'd at both as time
 Betray'd by Idleness and Beauty fell
 At last in love love both the sin and hell
 No punishment great as my fault esteem'd
 But to be that which I so long had seem'd
 Behold me such a face, a voice a lute
 The sentence in a minute execute!
 I yield recant, the faith which I before
 Denied profess, the power I scorn'd implore 20
 Alas in vain! no prayers no vows can bow
 Her stubborn heart who neither will allow
 But see how strangely what was meant no less
 Than torment prov'd my greatest happiness
 Delay, that should have sharpen'd, starv'd Desire
 And Cruelty not fann'd but quench'd my fire,
 Love bound me now by kind Disdain set free
 I can despise that Love as well as she
 That sin to friendship I away have thrown
 My heart thou mayst without a rival own 30
 While such as willingly themselves beguile
 And sell away their freedoms for a smile
 Blush to confess our joys as far above
 Their hopes as Friendship's longer liv'd than Love

On Mr Shirley's Poems

WHEN dearest friend thy verse doth re inspire
 Love's pale decaying torch with brighter fire
 Whilst everywhere thou dost dilate thy flame,
 And to the world spread thy Odelias name
 The justice of all ages must remit
 To her the prize of Beauty, thee of Wit

30 1647 Nor any flame but what is thine will own

On Mr Shirley's Poems] 1647 initials (I S) as usual The same remark applies here as to the last piece Shirley's *Poems* (which include a reciprocal compliment to our author's) appear at the end of the sixth volume of Dyce's standard edition of his plays and therefore are not included in this collection They are however interesting though there is nothing in them so good as the famous Glories of our blood and state Odelia (a curious and rather suspicious name) appears pretty frequently in them Shirley was a friend not merely of Stanley but of Hammond and Prestwich (*v inf*) and others of the set. Some of the poems usually attributed to Carew appear to be really his His *Poems* were published in 1646 a year before Stanley's — There are some quite unimportant variants between 1647 and 1651 that' and who in l 7 a and some in l 8 words and speech in l 19 and l 30 has the absurd reading A patron yet a friend to poesy 1647 omits lines 31 and 32 and reads

Thou hast so far all future times surpassed

in l 33 Miss Guiney suggests voice for veil in l 21 But 'veil is far more poetical as = The body of her disguise and humiliation after her aerial enfranchisement.

Thomas Stanley

Then, like some skilful artist, that to wonder
Framing a piece, displeas'd, takes it asunder,
Thou Beauty dost depose, her charms deny,
And all the mystic chains of Love untie 10
Thus thy diviner Muse a power 'bove Fate
May boast, that can both make and uncreate

Next thou call'st back to life that love-sick boy,
To the kind-hearted nymphs less fair than coy,
Who, by reflex beams burnt with vain desire,
Did, Phoenix-like, in his own flames expire
But should he view his shadow drawn by thee,
He with himself once more in love would be

Echo (who though she words pursue, her haste
Can only overtake and stop the last) 20

Shall her first speech and human veil obtain
To sing thy softer numbers o'er again

Thus, into dying poetry, thy Muse
Doth full perfection and new life infuse,
Each line deserves a laurel, and thy praise
Asks not a garland, but a grove of bays,
Nor can ours raise thy lasting trophies higher,
Who only reach at merit to admire

But I must chide thee, friend how canst thou be
A patron, yet a foe to poetry? 30

For while thou dost this age to verse restore,
Thou dost deprive the next of owning more,
And hast so far e'en future aims surpast,
That none dare write thus being first and last,
All, their abortive Muses will suppress,
And poetry by this increase grow less

On Mr Sherburn's Translation of Seneca's Medea, and Vindication of the Author.

THAT wise philosopher, who had design'd
To life the various passions of the mind,
Did wrong'd Medea's jealousy prefer
To entertain the Roman theatre,
Both to instruct the soul, and please the sight,
At once begetting horror and delight

This cruelty thou dost once more express,
Though in a strange, no less becoming dress,
And her revenge hast robb'd of half its pride,
To see itself thus by itself outvied, 10

On Mr Sherburn's Translation, &c] Title in 1647 rather longer, but with initials,
'To Mr E S on his Translation of Medea, with the other Tragedies of Seneca the
Philosopher and vindicating of their Author' Sherburn (afterwards Sir Edward) had
the rather capriciously adjudged honour of appearing in Chalmers's *Poets*, which
accounts for his absence here

On Mr Sherburn's Translation, &c

That boldest ages past may say, our times
Can speak as well as act their highest crimes
Nor was t enough to do his scene this right,
But what thou gavst to us with equal light
Thou wouldst bestow on him, nor wert more just
Unto the author's work than to his dust
Thou dost make good his title aid his claim,
Both vindicate his poem and his name
So shar'st a double wreath, for all that we
Unto the poet owe he owes to thee
Though change of tongues stoln praise to some afford
Thy version hath not borrow d hut restor d

20

On Mr Hall's Essays

Wits that matur d by time have courted praise
Shall see their works outdone in these Essays
And blush to know thy earlier years display
A dawning clearer than their brightest day
Yet I'll not praise thee for thou hast outgrown
The reach of all men's praises but thine own
Encomiums to their objects are exact,
To praise and not at full is to detract
And with most justice are the best forgot
For praise is bounded when the theme is not
Since mine is thus confin'd and far below
Thy merit I forbear it nor will show
How poor the autumnal pride of some appears
To the ripe fruit thy vernal season bears
Yet though I mean no praise I come t invite
Thy forward aims still to advance their flight
Rise higher yet, what though thy spreading wreath
Lessen to their dull sight who stay beneath?
To thy full learning how can all allow
Just praise unless that all were learn'd as thou?
Go on in spite of such low souls and may
Thy growing worth know age, though not decay
Till thou pay back thy theft, and live to climb
As many years as thou hast snatch'd from Time

10

20

20 1647 reads author for poet an obvious overlooking of the occurrence of the word just before

On Mr Hall's Essays] 1647 To Mr I H on his Essays These were the much praised *Horae Vacuae* (see Introduction to Hall vol II) Bes des the slight difference in general title the 1647 version divides itself The first divis on consists of the first four lines only A second to Mr I H, appears elsewhere beginning

I'll not commend thee for thou hast outgrown—

and going on as above except that full is foisted up from l 8 to l 7 ('full objects'), to the destruction of sense and metre

3 earl er] early 1647

13 The pride of others autumns poor appears 1647

Thomas Stanley

On S[ir] J[ohn] S[uckling], his Picture and Poems.

SUCKLING, whose numbers could invite
Alike to wonder and delight,
And with new spirit did inspire
The Thespian scene and Delphic lyre,
Is thus express'd in either part,
Above the humble reach of Art
Drawn by the pencil, here you find
His form, by his own pen, his mind

The Union.

Μία ψυχὴ δύο σώματα

BY MR WILLIAM FAIRFAX

As in the crystal centre of the sight,
Two subtle beams make but one cone of light,
Or when one flame twin'd with another is,
They both ascend in one bright pyramis,
Our spirits thus into each other flow,
One in our being, one in what we know,
In what we will, desire, dislike, approve,
In what we love, and one is that pure love,
As in a burning glass th' aerial flame,
With the producing ray, is still the same
We to Love's purest quintessence refin'd,
Do both become one undefil'd mind
This sacred fire into itself converts
Our yielding spirits, and our melting hearts,
Till both our souls into one spirit run,
So several lines are in their centre one
And when thy fair idea is imprest
In the soft tablet of my easier breast,
The sweet reflection brings such sympathy,
That I my better self behold in thee,
And all perfections that in thee combine,
By this resultance are entirely mine,
Thy rays disperse my shades, who only live
Bright in the lustre thou art pleas'd to give

10

20

Answer

If we are one, dear friend ! why shouldst thou be
At once unequal to thyself and me ?

On Sir John Suckling, his Picture and Poems] Initials only in original titles These
poems were the *Fragmenta Aurea* of 1646

The Union] 12 undefiled] undivided 1647

18 tablet] table 1647

Answer

By thy release thou swellst my debt the more,
 And dost but rob thyself to make me poor
 What part can I have in thy luminous cone?
 What flame, since my love's thine, can call my own?
 The palest star is less the son of night
 Who, but thy borrow'd, know no native light
 Was't not enough thou freely didst bestow
 The Muse but thou wouldst give the laurel too? 10
 And twice my aims by thy assistance raise
 Conferring first the merit, then the praise?
 But I should do thee greater injury,
 Did I believe this praise were meant to me,
 Or thought, though thou hast worth enough to spare
 To enrich another soul that mine should share
 Thy Muse, seeming to lend, calls home her fame,
 And her due wreath doth in renouncing claim

Pythagoras, his Moral Rules

FIRST to immortal God thy duty pay,
 Observe thy vow, honour the saints, obey
 Thy prince and rulers, nor their laws despise
 Thy parents reverence and near allies
 Him that is first in virtue make thy friend
 And with observance his kind speech attend
 Nor to thy power for light faults cast him by
 Thy power is neighbour to necessity
 These know, and with intentive care pursue 10
 But Anger, Sloth and Luxury subdue
 In sight of others or thyself forbear
 What's ill, but of thyself stand most in fear
 Let Justice all thy words and actions sway
 Nor from the even course of reason stray
 For know that all men are to die ordain'd
 And riches are as quickly lost as gain'd
 Crosses that happen by divine decree
 If such thy lot, bear not impatiently
 Yet seek to remedy with all thy care
 And think the just have not the greatest share 20
 Amongst men discourses good and bad are spread
 Despise not those nor be by these misled
 If any some notorious falsehood say
 Thou the report with equal judgement weigh

Answer } In l. 10 of the *Answer* 1647 has 'must' At the end of the poem in 1647 is the couplet

Δυσμάρει θηλυμασών γλυκύν μὴ λέγε κ' ἔντρον ἐρώτων
 Μοῦνοι ΤΑΣ ΜΟΥΣΑΣ δ' αὖ βέβησσι ΘΕΑΝΝ

Pythagoras his Moral Rules } Stanley's three vocations of poet, translator, and philosopher come well together in this closing piece and the prose commentary completes the exposition in little

Thomas Stanley

Let not men's smother promises invite,
Nor rougher threats from just resolves thee fright.
If ought thou wouldst attempt, first ponder it,
Fools only inconsiderate acts commit
Nor do what afterward thou mayst repent,
First learn to know the thing on which th'art bent. 30
Thus thou a life shalt lead with joy replete

Nor must thou care of outward health forget.
Such temperance use in exercise and diet,
As may preserve thee in a settled quiet
Meats unprohibited, not curious, choose,
Decline what any other may accuse
The rash expense of vanity detest,
And sordidness, a mean in all is best
Hurt not thyself, act nought thou dost not weigh, 40
And every business of the following day
As soon as by the morn awak'd, dispose,
Nor suffer sleep at night thy eyes to close,
Till thrice that diary thou hast o'errun,
How slept? what deeds, what duty left undone?
Thus thy account summ'd up from first to last,
Grieve for the ill, joy for what good hath past

These, if thou study, practise, and affect,
To sacred Virtue will thy steps direct
Nature's eternal fountain I attest, 50
Who did the soul with fourfold power invest
Ere thou begin, pray well thy work may end,
Then shall thy knowledge to all things extend,
Divine and human, where enlarg'd, restrain'd,
How Nature is by general likeness chain'd
Vain Hope nor Ignorance shall dim thy sight
Then shalt thou see that hapless men invite
Their ills, to good, though present, deaf and blind,
And few the cure of their misfortunes find
This only is the fate that harms, and rolls, 60
Through miseries successive, human souls
Within is a continual hidden fight,
Which we to shun must study, not excite
Good God! how little trouble should we know,
If thou to all men wouldst their genius show!

But fear not thou, men come of heav'nly race,
Taught by diviner Nature what t' embrace,
Which, if pursued, thou all I nam'd shalt gain,
And keep thy soul clear from thy body's stain
In time of prayer and cleansing meats denied
Abstain from, thy mind's reins let reason guide. 70

Then rais'd to Heaven, thou from thy body free,
A deathless saint, no more shalt mortal be

Pythagoras, his Moral Rules

verses, seems to be defended by *Chrysippus* in *Agellius Plutarch Laertius*, and *Iamblichus*, who affirm that the rules and sense only were his, digested into verse by some of his scholars. But it is not improbable that they did no more than collect the verses and so gave occasion to the mistake, for *Laertius* confesseth that *Pythagoras* used to deliver his precepts to his disciples in verse one of which was

Πη ἀρεβην τι δ' ερεξα τι μοι διον οικ ετελεισθη

How slept? what deeds, what duty left undone?

Of this opinion I believe *Clemens Alexandrinus* who cites one of his lines under his name, and *Proclus*, when he calls him τῶν χρυσοῦν πατέρα, the father of the golden verses

[thy duty pay]

Νομῶς διακεῖται though *Hieroctes* in another sense read διακεῖται

[thy vow]

Ορκος *Hieroctes* τηρησις τῶν θείων νόμων observance of laws

[honour the saints]

Ἡρώας *Laertius* on these words explains souls τῶν ἁγίων
Hieroctes angels the sons of God &c

[Thy prince and rulers]

καταχθονίους δαίμονας *Hieroctes*, τοὺς ἐν γῆς πάλαι
capable of government

[nor their laws deserts]

Ἐννομα ρεῖν *Hieroctes* Πειθεσθαι οἷς ἀπολελεῖται
to obey their commands

[with observance]

Ἔργα ἐπωφελεῖα that is εὐεργεσία, θεραπεία

[Thy power is neighbourly]

Whatsoever necessity can force thee to do voluntarily. If thy friend have need, be not able to endure his company, to it? See *Hieroctes*

[Amongst men discourse]

Despise not these¹ nor

So *Hieroctes*, *Marcellus* reads in this sense

[And every man]

φθονον *Hieroctes* into
Marcell

[And every man]

As soon as

These two lines
μὲν οὖν τοῦ ἑτοῦ

¹ These
()

Thomas Stanley

Πρὸ δὲ τῆς ἐξαναστάσεως ἐκεῖνα·

Πρῶτα μὲν ἐξ ὕπνοιο μελίφρονος ἐξυτανιστὰς
Εὖ μάλα ποιπνεύειν ὅσ' ἐν ἡματι ἔργα τελέσσει.

*He advised every one before he slept to repeat these verses to himself,
Nor suffer sleep at night, &c.*

And before he rose these,

And every business, &c.

How much this confirms *Pythagoras* the author, and his scholars but disposers of the verses (who, as it appears, forgot these two), is evident enough. The main argument they insist upon, who labour to prove the contrary, is derived from these words,

[*Nature's eternal fountain I attest,
Who did the soul with fourfold power invest*]

Where *Marcius* expounds παραδόντα τετρακὴν¹ *illum a quo scientiam τετρακτύος acceperant, is autem doctor eorum Pythagoras*, as if it were

*Him who the Tetrad to our souls exprest,
(Nature's eternal fountain) I attest,*

And then takes pains to show that his scholars used to swear by him. But παραδιδόναι ψυχῇ μαθητῶν for διδάσκειν is not without a little violence to ἀμετέρα ψυχᾶ (which makes *Iamblichus* read ἀμετέρας σοφίας) *Marcius* in this being the less excusable for confessing immediately, *Animae vero nostrae dixerunt Pythagorei quoniam quaternarius animae numerus est*, an explanation inconsistent with the other, but (as I conceive) truer, *Macrobius* expressly agreeth with it, *Iuro tibi per eum qui dat animae nostrae quaternarium numerum*, or, as others,

Per qui nostrae animae numerum dedit ipse quaternum

By him who gave us life God In which sense, παγὰν ἀενάου φύσεως, much more easily will follow παραδόντα than τετρακὴν. The four powers of the soul are, *mens, scientia, opinio, sensus*, which *Aristotle* calls the four instruments of judgement, *Hierocles*, κριτικὰς δυνάμεις. The mind is compared to a unit, in that of many singulars it makes one. Science to the number two (which amongst the Pythagoreans is *numerus infinitatis*), because it proceeds from things certain and granted to uncertain and infinite. Opinion to three, a number of indefinite variety. Sense to four, as furnishing the other three. In this exposition I am the more easily persuaded to dissent from *Plutarch*, *Hierocles*, *Iamblichus*, and other interpreters, since they differ no less amongst themselves

[*Within is a continual hidden fight*]

Betwixt Reason and Appetite

[*how little trouble*]

As *Marcius* reads, Ὁ πολλῶν, &c

[*their genus*]

Οἷο δαίμονι, *Hierocles* expounds οἷα ψυχῇ. *Genus* includes both

¹ τετρακὴν should, as indeed the context proclaims, be τετρακτύον
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Pythagoras, his Moral Rules

[what I embrace]

Hierocles πάντα τα δεοντα, all that they ought to do

[from the¹ body's stain]

Hierocles from the infection of the body

[In times¹ of prayer]

Εν τε λυσει ψυχης *Meditation* See *Plato* in *Phaedone*

[and cleansing]

Which extended (saith *Hierocles*) εως σιτιων και ποτων και της ολης διαιτης του θνητου ημων σωματος to meat and drink, &c

[meats denied]

What they were is expressed by *Laertius Suidas Hierocles Agellius* &c *Hierocles* affirms that in these words ων ειπομεν he cites his sacred *Apothegms* τα δε επι μερους εν τοις ιεροις αποφθεγμασιν εν απορρητω παρεδιδωτο Concerning meat is particularly delivered in his holy *Apothegms* that which was not lawful to make known to every one Which is a great testimony that *Pythagoras* and not any of his disciples writ these verses, for if the author had cited him before in the third person (as they argue from παραδοντα τετρακην²) he would have cited him now in the first

FINIS

POEMS APPEARING ONLY IN THE EDITION OF 1656

ON this swelling bank once proud
Of its burden Doris lay
Here she smild, and did uncloud
Those bright suns eclipse the day,
Here we sat and with kind art
She about me twin'd her arms,
Clasp'd in hers my hand and heart
Fetter'd in those pleasing charms
Here my love and joys she crown'd
Whilst the hours stood still before me
With a killing glance did wound
And a melting kiss restore me
On the down of either breast,
Whilst with joy my soul retir'd
My reclining head did rest,
Till her lips new life inspir'd

10

¹ Slight alteration of text in notes again original

² See above The mistake is an odd one because the original oath is in hexameters and τε παρτων is absolutely necessary as the last word

Thomas Stanley

Thus, renewing of these sights
Doth with grief and pleasure fill me,
And the thought of these delights
Both at once revive and kill me!

20

DEAR, fold me once more in thine arms!
And let me know
Before I go
There is no bliss but in those charms.
By thy fair self I swear
That here, and only here,
I would for ever, ever stay
But cruel Fate calls me away
How swiftly the light minutes slide!
The hours that haste
Away thus fast
By envious flight my stay do chide.
Yet, Dear, since I must go,
By this last kiss I vow,
By all that sweetness which dwells with thee,
Time shall move slow, till next I see thee

10

THE lazy hours move slow,
The minutes stay,
Old Time with leaden feet doth go,
And his light wings hath cast away
The slow-pac'd spheres above
Have sure releas'd
Their guardians, and without help move,
Whilst that the very angels rest
The number'd sands that slide
Through this small glass,
And into minutes Time divide,
Too slow each other do displace,
The tedious wheels of light
No faster chime,
Than that dull shade which waits on night
For Expectation outruns Time
How long, Lord, must I stay?
How long dwell here?
O free me from this loathèd clay!
Let me no more these fetters wear!
With far more joy
Shall I resign my breath,
For, to my griev'd soul, not to die
Is every minute a new death

10

20

The three pieces which appear in 1656 only have no great character, and were very likely written for Gamble to tunes—seldom a very satisfactory process

(165)

P O E M S,
E L E G I E S,
PARADOXES,
and
SONNETS

L O N D O N,
Printed by *J G* for *Rich Marriot*
and *Hen Herringman*, and sold in
St Dunstons Churchyard Fleet
street, and at the *New Exchange*
1657

INTRODUCTION TO HENRY KING

AMONG the numerous possible extensions of that practice of writing *Dialogues of the Dead* which has been at various times rather unusually justified of its practitioners, not the least tempting would be one which should embody the expectations and the disappointment of the pious Bishop who held the see of Chichester in Fuller's Bad and Better Times—long afterwards, between 1843 and 1888. In the former year, as most students of English poetry know the late Archdeacon Hannah then a young Fellow of Lincoln College published a most admirable edition of part of King's *Poems*, and announced that the rest must be left for a separate volume which will be published without delay. He lived forty five years longer and the rest was by no means an extensive one but whatever may have been the reason¹ the second volume never appeared, while, to complete the misfortune, King's one famous thing the beautiful

Tell me no more how fair she is—

is not in the first. Nor has any one since attempted to supply the deficiency,² though that benefactor of the lovers of Caroline poetry Mr J R Tutin included a fifteen page selection of King's poems, with Donne and Walton in one of his *Orinda Booklets* (Hull 1904) some little time after the plan of this collection was announced and when its first volume was passing through the press.

There must have been many readers who like the present writer long enough ago have felt a sensation of mingled amazement and chagrin on buying Dr Hannah's book and *not* finding 'Tell me no more' in it. For that poem though in certain 'strange and high' qualities it is the inferior of the best jets of the Caroline genius is one of the most faultless and perfect things in this or indeed in any period of English poetry and may be said to impart the Caroline essence in a form that can be (in the medical sense) borne by all who have any feeling for poetry at all, as hardly anything else does. It enlists, with unerring art the peculiar virtue of the metre—that of expressing settled but not violent hopelessness—which Cowper afterwards utilized more terribly but hardly more skilfully in 'The Castaway'. It has the 'metaphysical' fancifulness of thought and diction tempered to a reasonable but not an excessive degree below proof and so

¹ I have suggested below that some slight scruples of pudibundity may have had their influence but if they had been serious the Archdeacon would hardly have promised this rest.

² Until quite recently and after this present edition had been long printed one appeared in America (Yale University Press 1914) by Lawrence Mason Ph.D.

Henry King

fit for general consumption No one who possesses literary 'curiosity'—in the good old sense, not the degenerate modern one can be indifferent to seeing what else the author of this could do

It may be frankly and at once admitted that he has nothing exactly to match it The once even more famous—and still perhaps not much less famous *Sic Vita*, is not certainly his, and, though a fine thing, is very distinctly open to the metaphysical reproach of *playing with* its subject too much of that almost wilfully mechanical and factory-like conceit-mongering which reaches its extreme in Cleveland If it is King's, 'The Dirge' is a sort of extended handling of it—less epigrammatic but more poetical, and brought down again to that *via media* of metaphysicality which is King's special path He is, in fact, a sort of Longfellow of this particular style and school of poetry—from the other side, a sort of Donne *in usum vulgi* 'The Eueque' and 'The Elegy', 'Silence' and 'Brave Flowers', are all in this middle way, and perhaps his treading of it may be a reason why he has been comparatively neglected the great vulgar not being grateful for poetry which never can fully please it, and the small wanting something more concentrated and 'above proof' But even if he had not lacked complete presentment so long, such a collection as this would be manifestly incomplete without him It has not, however, been thought necessary to include his verse translations of the Psalms, which form a separate volume, not much more successful than most of the attempts at that impossible task With the admirable English of the Authorized or the Prayer-Book Versions at choice, and the admirable Latin of the Vulgate to fall back upon, nobody can want stuff like

Earth is the Lord's with her increase,
And all that there have place
He founded it upon the Seas,
And made the floods her base¹

Henry King's private and public history (for he had more to do with public affairs than can have been at all comfortable to himself) had no very obvious connexion with poetry, except in so far as circumstances fed what was clearly a special taste of his for elegiac writing He was born in 1592 at Worminghall in Bucks, for some time the abode of a family which, whether its tracing to 'the ancient Kings [by function, not name merely] of Devonshire' was fiction or fact, was, and had been for generations, highly respectable The Kings had recently addicted themselves very specially to education at Westminster and Christ Church (there are said to have been five of the same family on the books of the House at one time) and

¹ I think this will justify the critic (whoever he was) whose sentence—' quaint mediocrity and inappropriate metre'—offended Hannah's editorial chivalry as 'very unjust' Indeed, I should make it stronger and say 'irritating inadequacy alike in metre and phrase'.

Introduction

to the clerical profession. The poet bishop was the eldest son of John King, Prebendary of St Paul's and Chaplain to the Queen, himself a verse writer and after having been Dean of Christ Church, Bishop of London from 1611 to 1617. The son—if not without some nepotism yet with results which fully justified it—became himself Prebendary of St Paul's (as did a brother who was still younger in the same year) when he was only four-and twenty and successively received the archdeaconry of Colchester (1617), a canonry at Christ Church (1624) and the deanery of Rochester (1639). He had then the good and evil luck to be one of the large batch of Bishops made or translated by Charles on the very eve of the Rebellion. He never sat in the House of Lords before its suppression and he had taken possession of his see but a short time when he was rabbled out of his palace at Chichester and plundered of his property contrary to the terms of surrender of the City by Waller's soldiers. He was also ousted from the rich living of Petworth usually held *in commendam* with the (poor) bishopric of Chichester by that particularly pestilent Puritan Francis Cheynell. He seems to have passed great part of the Interregnum with the Salters of Richkings near Langley in Bucks (a house well famed for hospitality at different times and under different owners and names¹) and at the Restoration he recovered his preferments. Edmund Calamy *tertius* having the extraordinary impudence to state that Cheynell was put out to make room for King. And he held them for nearly a decade longer dying in 1669. He left children and also grandchildren, one of whom Elizabeth seems to have married Isaac Houlbon, Pepys's handsome man.

Despite King's persecutions by the Puritans he was accused of a leaning to Puritanism as his father had been before him² but seemingly without much foundation. He appears to have been a sound Churchman and a very good man in every way though with a slight tendency (not to be too harshly judged by those who have lived in quieter times) to 'grizzle' as it is familiarly called over his tribulations. He was also what was termed at the time a painful preacher and a popular one. Pepys, it is true, did not like him when he first heard him and afterwards thought a sermon of his mean. But between these two he describes a third as 'good and eloquent' and Samuel's judgements on such matters always unitary were also much conditioned by circumstances and by the curious remnant of Puritan leaven which always remained in that very far from pure lump.

King's poems must, from various signs have been much handed about in manuscript but how they came to be collected and published in 1657

Especially that of Percy Lodge in the eighteenth century when it was the Dowager Duchess of Somerset's see Shenstone's, Lady Luxborough and Southey's *Doctor* chaps. 107 and 108. Between the times it had belonged to Bathurst and was then also a home of men of letters.

² With the complementary and not unusual label that he died a Romanist.

Henry King

is quite unknown. They were at first attributed by some to his brother Philip, and a reprint, or perhaps merely the remainder with a fresh title-page, in 1700 actually attributed them to Ben Jonson, which was going far even in a period which had seen Kirkman and was to see Curll.¹ One or two pieces besides *Sic Vita* are doubtful, and one or two more certainly not his, but on the whole the collection seems to be fairly trustworthy, from Dr Hannah's comparison of it with MS copies. And it rarely offers cruxes of interpretation.

As to the origin and general character of the pieces there is nothing surprising about it either. King belonged to a time when, fortunately, churchmanship, scholarship, and literature were almost inseparably connected, and by accident or preference he seems, all his life, to have been thrown or drawn into the society of men of letters. He was a friend if not a 'son' of Ben Jonson, he was an intimate of Donne's, and one of the recipients of the famous blood-stone seals, he was for more than forty years (as he has himself recorded in a letter to Walton) a friend of 'honest Isaac' [sic]. And if his middle days were politically unhappy, they, and still more his earlier, were poetically fortunate. How, and in what degree, he caught the wind as it blew has been partly indicated above. The text should show the rest.²

¹ Between the two dates there had been a fresh issue in 1664, with four new elegies. But it has been doubted whether even this was a new edition.

² The text of the following poems will be found, as far as Hannah's edition goes, to differ not greatly from his, but it has been collated with the originals in print and MS by myself and, more carefully still, by Mr Percy Simpson. The remaining poems (including the fourth or 'King Charles' Elegy added in 1664, which Hannah did not give) are adapted in the same way from direct photographic copies of the originals—collated where necessary. The variants of *Sic Vita* which the Archdeacon collected are of such interest and so characteristic of seventeenth-century poetry that it seemed desirable to reproduce them.

It may perhaps be added that the 1657 text is very carefully and well printed requiring so little modernization as practically to justify the standard adopted in this collection. To modernize Chaucer or Chatterton has always seemed to me, though from slightly different points of view, a grievous error or worse. But to show how close, when scholarly writing met careful printing, the result even before the Restoration was to what it would have been to-day, I have printed the opening poem exactly as it originally stood, and have drawn attention in a note to the fewness of the differences. Because other typographers, not deacons in their craft, and confronted perhaps with copy as bad as, say, mine, plus the eccentric *ethelorthography* of the period, lavished italics and capitals and superfluous *e*s, and strappadoed the spelling, I cannot see why the eyes of a present-day reader should be unnecessarily vexed.—Hannah's edition, as far as it goes, can hardly be too well spoken of by any one who does not think that, in order to magnify himself, it is necessary to belittle his predecessors. One cannot but regret that he did not (as he might most easily have done, even in the single volume) complete his work. As it is, I am deeply indebted to him. I have, however, restored the order of the original, which he altered partly to get chronological sequence in the Elegies, &c, and partly to make subject-heads for his groups—a proceeding which to me is rarely satisfactory. But I have borrowed his useful datings of the individual pieces under their titles.

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The Publishers to the Author.

SIR,

IT is the common fashion to make some address to the Readers, but we are bold to direct ours to you, who will look on this publication with anger, which others must welcome into the world with joy

The Lord Verulam comparing ingenious authors to those who had orchards ill neighboured, advised them to publish their own labours, lest others might steal the fruit Had you followed his example, or liked the advice, we had not thus trespassed against your consent, or been forced to an apology, which cannot but imply a fault committed The best we can say for ourselves is, that if we have injured you, it is merely in your own defence, preventing the present attempts of others, who to their theft would (by their false copies of these Poems) have added violence, and some way have wounded your reputation

Having been long engaged on better contemplations, you may, perhaps, look down on these *Juvenilia* (most of them the issues of your youthful Muse) with some disdain, and yet

the courteous reader may tell you with thanks, that they are not to be despised, being far from abortive, nor to be disowned, because they are both modest and legitimate And thus if we have offered you a view of your younger face, our hope is you will behold it with an unwrinkled brow, though we have presented the mirror against your will

We confess our design hath been set forward by friends that honour you, who, lest the ill publishing might disfigure these things from whence you never expected addition to your credit (sundry times endeavoured and by them defeated) furnished us with some papers which they thought authentic, we may not turn their favour into an accusation, and therefore give no intimation of their names, but wholly take the blame of this hasty and immethodical impression upon ourselves, being persons at a distance, who are fitter to bear it than those who are nearer related In hope of your pardon we remain,

Your most devoted servants,

RICH MARRIOT

HEN HERRINGMAN

POEMS

Printed in 1657

Sonnet *The Double Rock*

SINCE thou hast view'd some Gorgon and art grown
 A solid stone
 To bring again to softness thy hard heart
 Is past my art.
 Ice may relent to water in a thaw
 But stone made flesh Loves Chymistry ne're saw
 Therefore by thinking on thy hardness, I
 Will petrify
 And so within our double Quarries Wombe
 Dig our Loves Tombe
 Thus strangely will our difference agree,
 And, with our selves amaze the world to see
 How both Revenge and Sympathy consent
 To make two Rocks each others Monument

10

The Vow-Breaker

WHEN first the magic of thine eye,
 Usurpd upon my liberty
 Triumphant in my heart's spoil thou
 Didst lock up thine in such a vow
When I prove false may the bright day
Be govern'd by the Moons pale ray!
 (As I too well remember) This
 Thou saidst and sealdest it with a kiss
 O Heavens! and could so soon that tie
 Relent in slack apostacy?
 Could all thy oaths and mortgag'd trust
 Vanish? like letters form'd in dust
 Which the next wind scatters Take heed
 Take heed Revolter know this deed
 Hath wrong'd the world, which will fare worse
 By thy example than thy curse.

10

The Double Rock] In this very typical metaphysicality of a good second water (see note on Introduction) it will be observed that there is nothing archaic or irregular in the spelling except the usual *ne're* for *never*. The insertion of the three *s* *p* *ri* *li* *ous* *s* in lines 9, 10, and at most two or three gratuitous capitals with if any body pleases the omission of the apostrophe for the possessive in ll 6, 9, 10, and 14. Chymistry I should have kept of course even if I had altered these others. *The Vow-Breaker*] 9 Orig. Ty. no doubt on the Spenserian principle of eye rhyme. The *s* and some others of the shorter poems which follow have been found by Mr. Thomas Drury in manuscript of the period not merely well known ones like *Hits R rations* (1641) but more obscure collusions such as *Parnassus Baps* 1651 and *Wit Int'rpreter* 1655. The usual variants occur but they are seldom if ever the *id* of interest. One or two I have borrowed with acknowledgement.

Henry King

Hide that false brow in mists Thy shame
Ne'er see light more, but the dim flame
Of funeral lamps Thus sit and moan,
And learn to keep thy guilt at home
Give it no vent, for if again
Thy Love or Vows betray more men,
At length (I fear) thy perjur'd breath
Will blow out day, and waken Death

20

Upon a Table-Book presented to a Lady.

WHEN your fair hand receives this little book
You must not there for prose or verses look
Those empty regions which within you see,
May by yourself planted and peopled be
And though we scarce allow your sex to prove
Writers (unless the argument be Love),
Yet without crime or envy you have room
Here, both the scribe and author to become

To the same Lady upon Mr Burton's Melancholy

IF in this Glass of Humours you do find
The passions or diseases of your mind,
Here without pain, you safely may endure,
Though not to suffer, yet to read your cure
But if you nothing meet you can apply,
Then, ere you need, you have a remedy

And I do wish you never may have cause
To be adjudg'd by these fantastic laws,
But that this book's example may be known,
By others' Melancholy, not your own

10

The Farewell.

Splendidis longum valedico nugas

FAREWELL, fond Love, under whose childish whip,
I have serv'd out a weary prenti'ship,
Thou that hast made me thy scorn'd property,
To doat on rocks, but yielding loves to fly
Go, bane of my dear quiet and content,
Now practise on some other patient

Upon a Table-Book, &c] The title in one of Hannah's MS copies has 'Noble Lady'
The person addressed does not seem to have been identified

To the Same Lady] 6 MS 'before you need'—perhaps better. The lady to whom
the *Anatomy* was likely to be congenial must have been worth knowing

The Farewell] The following are the variants of Malone MS 22

4-6

To doat on those that lov'd not and to fly

Love that wco'd me Go, bane of my content,

And practise ..

The Farewell

Farewell, false Hope that fan'd my warm desire
Till it had rais'd a wild unruly fire
Which nor sighs cool, nor tears extinguish can
Although my eyes outflow'd the Ocean 10
Forth of my thoughts for ever 'Thing of Air
Begun in error, finish'd in despair

Farewell vain World upon whose restless stage
Twixt Love and Hope I have foold out my age,
Henceforth ere sue to thee for my redress
I'll woo the wind or court the wilderness,
And buried from the day's discovery
Study a slow yet certain way to die

My woful monument shall be a cell
The murmur of the purling brook my knell 20
My lasting epitaph the rock shall groan
Thus when sad lovers ask the weeping stone
What wretched thing does in that centre lie?
The hollow Echo will reply 'twas I

1 Blackmoor Maid wooing a fair Boy sent to the Author by Mr Hen Rainolds

STAY lovely boy why fly'st thou me
That languish in these flames for thee?
I'm black, 'tis true why so is Night
And Love doth in dark shades delight
The whole world do but close thine eye
Will seem to thee as black as I
Or open and see what a black shade
Is by thine own fair body made
That follows thee where'er thou go
(O who allow'd would not do so?) 10
Let me for ever dwell so nigh
And thou shalt need no other shade than I

Mr Hen Rainolds

The Boys Answer to the Blackmoor

BLACK maid complain not that I fly
When Fate commands antipathy
Prodigious might that union prove
Where Night and Day together move
And the conjunction of our lips
Not kisses make but an eclipse,

And for an epitaph the rock shall groan
Eternally if any ask the stone

[centre] compass
Blackmoor Maid and Answer] I do not know whether the exact connexion
between these two poems and Cleveland's *Fair Nymph scorning a Black Boy* (*v sup*
a) has ever been discussed But if Mr Hen Rainolds is Drayton's friend the
(171)

Henry King

In which the mixed black and white
Portends more terror than delight
Yet if my shadow thou wilt be,
Enjoy thy dearest wish but see
Thou take my shadow's property,
That hastes away when I come nigh
Else stay till death hath blinded me,
And then I will bequeath myself to thee

10

To a Friend upon Overbury's Wife given to her.

I KNOW no fitter subject for your view
Than this, a meditation ripe for you,
As you for it Which, when you read, you'll see
What kind of wife yourself will one day be
Which happy day be near you, and may this
Remain with you as earnest of my wish,
When you so far love any, that you dare
Venture your whole affection on his care,
May he for whom you change your virgin-life
Prove good to you, and perfect as this Wife

10

Upon the same

MADAM, who understands you well would swear,
That you the Life, and this your Copy were

To A. R upon the same

NOR that I would instruct or tutor you
What is a wife's behest, or husband's due,
Give I this Widow-Wife Your early date
Of knowledge makes such precepts slow and late
This book is but your glass, where you shall see
What yourself are, what other wives should be

An Epitaph on Nrobe turned to Stone

THIS pile thou seest built out of flesh, not stone, -
Contains no shroud within, nor mould'ring bone

verses printed above must have the priority, for nothing seems to be known of him after 1632

In Rawlinson MS 1092, fol 271, there are curious versions of these poems (the first is ascribed to William Strode), inverting the parts 'A black boy in love with a fair maid', and 'The fair maid's answer'.

To a Friend upon Overbury's Wife, &c] King seems to have been fond of giving this popular production as a present, for the first of the three poems is certainly not addressed to the recipient of the others, and it seems probable that 2 and 3 are also independent. Hannah, without giving any reason, save the initials, suggests that 'A R' was Lady Anne Rich (*v mf*)

To A R] 3 Widow-] Overbury himself being dead

(172)

An Epitaph on Niobe turned to Stone

THIS bloodless trunk is destitute of tomb
Which may the soul fled mansion enwomb

THIS seeming sepulchre (to tell the troth)
Is neither tomb nor body and yet both

Upon a Braid of Hair in a Heart sent by Mrs E H

IN this small character is sent
My Loves eternal monument
Whilst we shall live know this chain'd heart
Is our affection's counterpart
And if we never meet think I
Bequeath'd it as my legacy

Sonnet

TELL me no more how fair she is
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound
And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt a daring Fate
From whence no triumph ever came
But to repent too late
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away
I ask no pity Love from thee
Nor will thy justice blame
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame
Which crowns my heart whenever it dies
In that it falls her sacrifice

10

Upon a Braid of Hair &c] There is something rather out of the common way about this little piece King married early and his wife died after a few years How he loved her *The Exe*gy and *The Ann*verse will tell in a few pages But her initials were A. B (Anne Berkeley) not E. H. On the other hand his sister Elizabeth married Edward Holt groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. who died in attendance on his master (see *Elegy* on him, *inf*) The verses might be fraternal and are certainly sincere

Tell me no more &c] The heading of this famous thing as 'Sonnet' has, of course, nothing surprising in it in fact the successive attachment of the title to five poems in a batch here and to four more a little lower down—no one of which is a quatorzain and hardly two of which agree in form—is a capital example of the looseness with which that title was used MS copies appear to have Sonnet with no particular addition in some cases.

On Tell me no more itself see Introduction The last two lines are as they should be the finest part—with the fullness of contrasted vowel sound in crowns heart eer, and dies and the emphasis of her

Henry King

Sonnet.

WERE thy heart soft as thou art fair,
Thou wer't a wonder past compare
But frozen Love and fierce disdain
By their extremes thy graces stain
Cold coyness quenches the still fires
Which glow in lovers' warm desires,
And scorn, like the quick lightning's blaze,
Darts death against affections gaze
O Heavens, what prodigy is this
When Love in Beauty buried is!
Or that dead pity thus should be
Tomb'd in a living cruelty

10

Sonnet

Go, thou that vainly dost mine eyes invite
To taste the softer comforts of the night,
And bid'st me cool the fever of my brain
In those sweet balmy dews which slumber pain,
Enjoy thine own peace in untroubled sleep,
Whilst my sad thoughts eternal vigils keep
O couldst thou for a time change breasts with me,
Thou in that broken glass shouldst plainly see
A heart which wastes in the slow smoth'ring fire
Blown by Despair, and fed by false Desire,
Can only reap such sleeps as sea-men have,
When fierce winds rock them on the foaming wave

10

Sonnet. To Patience

DOWN, stormy passions, down, no more
Let your rude waves invade the shore
Where blushing reason sits, and hides
Her from the fury of your tides
Fit only 'tis, where you bear sway,
That fools or frantics do obey,
Since judgement, if it not resists,
Will lose itself in your blind mists

Were thy heart, &c] This is not much inferior except as concerns the metre
Go, thou that, &c] What made the excellent Archdeacon-to-be select this in preference to 'Tell me no more' as a specimen of King's presumed 'juvenile productions' it is difficult to discover But

Blown by Despair, and fed by false Desire

is certainly a fine line

To Patience] So also he gave this very commonplace 'production' and the next, which is a little better

Sonnet To Patience

Fall easy, Patience, fall like rest
Whose soft spells charm a troubled breast
And where those rebels you espy
O in your silken cordage tie
Their malice up! so shall I raise
Altars to thank your power and praise
The sovereign vertue of your balm
Which cures a tempest by a calm

10

Silence A Sonnet

PEACE, my heart's blab be ever dumb
Sorrows speak loud without a tongue
And my perplexed thoughts forbear
To breathe yourselves in any ear
Tis scarce a true or manly grief
Which gads abroad to find relief

Was ever stomach that lack'd meat
Nourish'd by what another eat?
Can I bestow it or will woe
Forsake me, when I bid it go?
Then I'll believe a wounded breast
May heal by shrift and purchase rest

10

But if imparting it, I do
Not ease myself but trouble two
Tis better I alone possess
My treasure of unhappiness
Engrossing that which is my own
No longer than it is unknown

If silence be a kind of death
He kindles grief who gives it breath
But let it rak'd in embers lie
On thine own hearth twill quickly die
And spite of fate that very womb
Which carries it, shall prove its tomb

20

Love's Harvest

FOND Lunatic forbear, why dost thou sue
For thy affections pay ere it is due?
Love's fruits are legal use and therefore may
Be only taken on the marriage day
Who for this interest too early call,
By that exaction lose the principal

Henry King

Then gather not those immature delights,
Until their riper autumn thee invites
He that abortive corn cuts off his ground,
No husband but a ravisher is found.
So those that reap their love before they wed,
Do in effect but cuckold their own bed

10

The Forlorn Hope.

How long, vain Hope, dost thou my joys suspend?
Say! must my expectation know no end?
Thou wast more kind unto the wand'ring Greek
Who did ten years his wife and country seek
Ten lazy winters in my glass are run,
Yet my thought's travail seems but new begun
Smooth quicksand which the easy world beguiles,
Thou shalt not bury me in thy false smiles
They that in hunting shadows pleasure take,
May benefit of thy illusion make
Since thou hast banish'd me from my content
I here pronounce thy final banishment
Farewell, thou dream of nothing! thou mere voice!
Get thee to fools that can feed fat with noise
Bid wretches mark'd for death look for reprieve,
Or men broke on the wheel persuade to live.
Henceforth my comfort and best hope shall be,
By scorning Hope, ne'er to rely on thee

10

The Retreat.

PURSUE no more (my thoughts!) that false unkind,
You may as soon imprison the North-wind,
Or catch the lightning as it leaps, or reach
The leading billow first ran down the breach,
Or undertake the flying clouds to track
In the same path they yesterday did rack.
Then, like a torch turn'd downward, let the same
Desire which nourish'd it, put out your flame
Lo! thus I do divorce thee from my breast,
False to thy vow, and traitor to my rest!
Henceforth thy tears shall be (though thou repent)
Like pardons after execution sent
Nor shalt thou ever my love's story read,
But as some epitaph of what is dead
So may my hope on future blessings dwell,
As 'tis my firm resolve and last farewell

10

The Forlorn Hope] 10 MS 'illusions'—perhaps better 14 can] MS 'will'
The Retreat] 4 'first' of course='that first' One naturally asks 'beach'? but
perhaps unreasonably
6 'rack' as a verb in this sense is interesting, and certainly not common
(176)

Tell me, you stars that our affections move

Sonnet

TELL me you stars that our affections move
Why made ye me that cruel one to love?
Why burns my heart her scorned sacrifice
Whose breast is hard as crystal cold as ice?

God of Desire! if all thy votaries
Thou thus repay succession will grow wise,
No sighs for incense at thy shrine shall smoke,
Thy rites will be despised, thy altars broke

O! or give her my flame to melt that snow
Which yet unthaw'd does on her bosom grow
Or make me ice and with her crystal chains
Bind up all love within my frozen veins

10

Sonnet

I PRITHEE turn that face away
Whose splendour but benights my day
Sad eyes like mine and wounded hearts
Shun the bright rays which beauty darts
Unwelcome is the Sun that pries
Into those shades where sorrow lies

Go shine on happy things To me
That blessing is a misery
Whom thy fierce Sun not warms but burns,
Like that the sooty Indian turns

Ill serve the night and there confind
Wish thee less fair or else more kind

10

Sonnet

DRY those fair those crystal eyes
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks Grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent

Then clear those wat'rish stars again
Which else portend a lasting rain
Iest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year
And the example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake

10

Tell me &c] 6 succession] = those who come after us

I prithee, &c] Part of this is very neat and good but it tails off

Dry those fair &c] This piece is also claimed for Lord Pembroke (see *Preface* to this volume) It might be his, King's or the work of almost any lyrical poet in this collection and of many outside of it

Henry King

Sonnet.

WHEN I entreat, either thou wilt not hear,
Or else my suit arriving at thy ear
Cools and dies there A strange extremity¹
To freeze i' th' Sun, and in the shade to fry.
Whilst all my blasted hopes decline so soon,
'Tis evening with me, though at high noon

For pity to thyself, if not to me,
Think time will ravish, what I lose, from thee
If my scorch'd heart wither through thy delay,
Thy beauty withers too And swift decay 10
Arrests thy youth. So thou whilst I am slighted
Wilt be too soon with age or sorrow nighted

*To a Lady who sent me a copy of verses at my
going to bed.*

LADY, your art or wit could ne'er devise
To shame me more than in this night's surprise
Why, I am quite unready, and my eye
Now winking like my candle, doth deny
To guide my hand, if it had aught to write,
Nor can I make my drowsy sense indite
Which by your verses' music (as a spell
Sent from the Sybellean Oracle)
Is charm'd and bound in wonder and delight,
Faster than all the leaden chains of night 10

What pity is it then you should so ill
Employ the bounty of your flowing quill,
As to expend on him your bedward thought,
Who can acknowledge that large love in nought
But this lean wish, that fate soon send you those
Who may requite your rhymes with midnight prose?

When I entreat &c] 6 'E-ven-ing'

To a Lady] Malone MS 22, at fol 34, has a first draft of this poem, in which
ll 1-10 appear thus

Doubtless the Thespian Spring doth overflow
His learned bank else how should ladies grow
Such poets as to court th' unknowing time
In verse, and entertain their friends in rhyme?
Or you some Sybil are, sent to untie
The knotty riddles of all poetry,
Whilst your smooth numbers such perfections tell
As prove yourself a modern oracle

ll 11-20 follow as in the text

8 'Sybellean', though an incorrect, is a rather pretty form and good to keep. It will
be remembered that as a girl's name 'Sybella' or 'Sibella' is not unknown, beside
'Sybilla' and 'Sybil'

To a Lady who sent me a copy of verses

Meantime, may all delights and pleasing themes
Like masquers revel in your madden dreams
Whilst dull to write and to do more unmeet
I as the night invites me fall asleep

20

To his Friends of Christ Church upon the mistake of the Marriage of the Arts acted at Woodstock

But is it true the Court mislkd the play
That Christ Church and the Arts have lost the day,
That *Ignoramus* should so far excel
Their hobby horse from ours hath born the bell?

Troth! you are justly servd that would present
Ought unto them but shallow merriment
Or to your marriage table did admit
Guests that are stronger far in smell than wit

Had some quaint bawdry larded ev'ry scene
Some fawning sycophant or courted quean
Had there appear'd some sharp cross garter'd man
Whom their loud laugh might nickname Puritan
Cas'd up in factious breeches and small ruff
That hates the surplice, and defies the cuff
Then sure they would have given applause to crown
That which their ignorance did now cry down

10

Let me advise when next you do bestow
Your pains on men that do but little know
You do no Chorus nor a comment lack,
Which may expound and construe ev'ry Act
That it be short and slight for if t be good
Tis long and neither lik'd nor understood.

20

Know tis Court fashion still to discommend
All that which they want brain to comprehend

-20 This outrageous assonance may have been meant in character—the poet being too much in the arms of Pope to notice it.

The following is the original a piece called *The Pink* but in the Errata acknowledgment is made that King did not write it. It is therefore omitted here.

To his Friend of Christ Church] The occasion of this piece was one of those sorrowful chances which befall those who endeavour to please kings whatever their name. The play was Barton Holyday *Technogamia* and the misliking (James actually offered to go away twice though being a good natured person he was persuaded to stay it out) is chronicled by Antony Wood under the author's name. It had been acted with great applause in the House its self and two of King's younger brothers were among the performers. Also the frost was made more unkind by the success at Cambridge of Ruggles's *Ignoramus*. So King's spleen if unwise was not quite unmotivated. The date was August 1621.

14 There is no probable reference to Malvolio despite the association of cross garter'd and Puritan but the tone of the passage enables one to some extent to understand why the Puritan party conceived themselves to be deserted by King.

Henry King

The Surrender.

My once dear Love¹ hapless that I no more
Must call thee so, the rich affection's store
That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and spent,
Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent.

We, that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us, and with them, set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget

We, that did nothing wish that Heav'n could give,
Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must,
As if not writ in faith, but words and dust

10

Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make,
Witness the chaste desires that never brake
Into unruly heats, witness that breast
Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest,
'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white,
As thy pure self Cross planets did envy
Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
Faster than vows could bind O that the stars,
When lovers meet, should stand oppos'd in wars¹

20

Since then some higher Destinies command,
Let us not strive nor labour to withstand
What is past help The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief,
And though we waste ourselves in moist laments,
Tears may drown us, but not our discontents

Fold back our arms, take home our fruitless loves,
That must new fortunes try, like turtle-doves
Dislodged from their haunts We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself, so thou again art free
'Thou in another, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that lover ere did lend.

30

Now turn from each So fare our sever'd hearts,
As the divorc'd soul from her body parts

The Surrender] Title 'An Elegy' in Malone MS 22

13 Yet] MS 'But'.

17 'acquite' may be for rhyme only, but if 'requite', why not?

34 so] MS 'lo'

This piece and the next must be interpreted as each reader chooses They are not without touches of sincerity, but might as well be exercises in the school of King's great friend and master, Donne

My dearest Love! when thou and I must part

The Legacy

My dearest Love! when thou and I must part
And th' icy hand of death shall seize that heart
Which is all thine within some spacious will
I'll leave no blanks for legacies to fill

'Tis my ambition to die one of those
Who but himself, hath nothing to dispose

And since that is already thine what need
I to receive it by some newer deed?

Yet take it once again Free circumstance
Does oft the value of mean things advance

Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before
Proclaims his bounty richer than his store

But let me not upon my love bestow
What is not worth the giving I do owe
Somewhat to dust my body's pamper'd care
Hungry corruption and the worm will share.

That mould'ring relic which in earth must lie
Would prove a gift of horror to thine eye

With this cast rag of my mortality
Let all my faults and errors buried be.
And as my cere cloth rots so may kind fate
Those worst acts of my life incinerate

He shall in story fill a glorious room
Whose ashes and whose sins sleep in one tomb

If now to my cold hearse thou deign to bring
Some melting sighs as thy last offering
My peaceful exequies are crown'd Nor shall
I ask more honour at my funeral

Thou wilt more richly balm me with thy tears
Than all the nard fragrant Arabia bears

And as the Paphian Queen by her grief's shower
Brought up her dead Love's spirit in a flower
So by those precious drops rain'd from thine eyes,
Out of my dust O may some virtue rise!

And like thy better Genius thee attend
Till thou in my dark period shalt end

Lastly my constant truth let me commend
To him thou choosest next to be thy friend
For (witness all things good) I would not have
Thy youth and beauty married to my grave,

'Twould show thou didst repent the style of wife
Shouldst thou relapse into a single life

The Legacy] The remark made above applies especially to *The Legacy* for there are no known or likely circumstances in King's life corresponding to it while at the same time it might be the fancy of a young lover husband. The first six stanzas have something of the yew and roses charm of their great originals the last four justify the ancients in holding that extravagance too often comports frigidity

Henry King

They with preposterous grief the world delude,
Who mourn for their lost mates in solitude,
Since widowhood more strongly doth enforce
The much lamented lot of their divorce
Themselves then of their losses guilty are,
Who may, yet will not, suffer a repair

Those were barbarian wives, that did invent
Weeping to death at th' husband's monument, 50
But in more civil rites she doth approve
Her first, who ventures on a second love;
For else it may be thought, if she refrain,
She sped so ill, she durst not try again

Up then, my Love, and choose some worthier one,
Who may supply my room when I am gone,
So will the stock of our affection thrive
No less in death, than were I still alive
And in my urn I shall rejoice, that I
Am both testator thus and legacy. 60

The Short Wooing.

LIKE an oblation set before a shrine,
Fair one! I offer up this heart of mine
Whether the Saint accept my gift or no,
I'll neither fear nor doubt before I know
For he whose faint distrust prevents reply,
Doth his own suit's denial prophesy

Your will the sentence is, who free as Fate
Can bid my love proceed, or else retreat
And from short views that verdict is decreed
Which seldom doth one audience exceed 10
Love asks no dull probation, but like light
Conveys his nimble influence at first sight

I need not therefore importune or press,
This were t' extort unwilling happiness
And much against affection might I sin
To tire and weary what I seek to win
Tow'ns which by ling'ring siege enforced be
Oft make both sides repent the victory

Be Mistress of yourself and let me thrive
Or suffer by your own prerogative 20
Yet stay, since you are Judge, who in one breath
Bear uncontrolled power of Life and Death,
Remember (Sweet) pity doth best become
Those lips which must pronounce a suitor's doom.

The Short Wooing] A fair average metaphysicality.

The Short Wooing

If I find that my spark of chaste desire
Shall kindle into Hymen's holy fire
Else like sad flowers will these verses prove
To stick the coffin of rejected Love

St Valentines Day

Now that each feather'd chorister doth sing
The glad approaches of the welcome Spring
Now Phœbus darts forth his more early beam
And dips it later in the curled stream
I should to custom prove a retrograde
Did I still dote upon my sullen shade.

Oft have the seasons finish'd and begun
Days into months, those into years have run
Since my cross stars and inauspicious fate
Doom'd me to linger here without my mate
Whose loss ere since befrosted my desire,
Left me an Altar without gift or fire.

10

I therefore could have wish'd for your own sake
That Fortune had design'd a nobler stake
For you to draw than one whose fading day
Like to a dedicated taper lay
Within a tomb and long burnt out in vain,
Since nothing there saw better by the flame.

Yet since you like your chance I must not try
To mar it through my incapacity
I here make title to it and proclaim
How much you honour me to wear my name,
Who can no form of gratitude devise
But offer up myself your sacrifice

20

Hail then my worthy lot! and may each morn
Successive springs of joy to you be born
May your content neer wane until my heart
Grown bankrupt, wants good wishes to impart
Henceforth I need not make the dust my shrine
Nor search the grave for my lost Valentine.

30

St Valentine's Day] I suppose though I do not remember an instance that in the good days before the prettiest of English customs succumbed—partly to the growth of Vulgarity and partly to the competition of the much less interesting Christmas Card—some one or more than one, must have made a collection of *itty Valentines*. In that case this should have figured. It has a good deal of Henry King's mark—good taste freedom from mawkishness melody and enough poetical essence to save it from the merely mediocre. The coincidence of l. 24 with the more passionate close of 'Tell me no more' should not escape notice—I have not altered *ere* since to *e'er* since in text because the emendation though almost is not quite certain

Henry King

To his unconstant Friend.

BUT say, thou very woman, why to me
This fit of weakness and inconstancy?
What forfeit have I made of word or vow,
That I am rack'd on thy displeasure now?
If I have done a fault, I do not shame
To cite it from thy lips, give it a name
I ask the banes, stand forth, and tell me why
We should not in our wonted loves comply?
Did thy cloy'd appetite urge thee to try
If any other man could love as I?
I see friends are like clothes, laid up whilst new,
But after wearing cast, though ne'er so true
Or did thy fierce ambition long to make
Some lover turn a martyr for thy sake?
Thinking thy beauty had deserv'd no name
Unless someone do perish in that flame
Upon whose loving dust this sentence lies,
Here's one was murther'd by his mistress' eyes.

10

Or was't because my love to thee was such,
I could not choose but blab it? swear how much
I was thy slave, and doting let thee know,
I better could myself than thee forgo

20

Hearken! ye men that e'er shall love like me,
I'll give you counsel gratis if you be
Possess'd of what you like, let your fair friend
Lodge in your bosom, but no secrets send
To seek their lodging in a female breast,
For so much is abated of your rest
The steed that comes to understand his strength
Grows wild, and casts his manager at length
And that tame lover who unlocks his heart
Unto his mistress, teaches her an art
To plague himself, shows her the secret way
How she may tyrannize another day

30

And now, my fair Unkindness, thus to thee,
Mark how wise Passion and I agree
Hear and be sorry for't I will not die
To expiate thy crime of levity
I walk (not cross-arm'd neither), eat, and live,
Yea live to pity thy neglect, not grieve
That thou art from thy faith and promise gone,
Nor envy him who by my loss hath won

40

To his unconstant Friend] 7 I have thought it better to keep the form 'bane', which was not uncommon (and, if I am not mistaken, was sometimes made to carry a pun with it), instead of the now usual, and even then authoritative, 'bann'

11 laid] Orig 'lad'—an evident misprint

16 had perisht *Malone MS* 22

To his unconstant Friend

Thou shalt perceive thy changing Moon like fits
Have not infected me, or turn'd my wits
To lunacy I do not mean to weep
When I should eat, or sigh when I should sleep,
I will not fall upon my pointed quill
Bleed ink and poems, or invention spill
To contrive ballads, or weave elegies
For nurses wearing when the infant cries 50
Nor like th enamour'd Tristrams of the time
Despair in prose and hang myself in rhyme
Nor thither run upon my verses feet
Where I shall none but fools or madmen meet,
Who midst the silent shades, and myrtle walks,
Pule and do penance for their mistress faults
I'm none of those poetic malcontents
Born to make paper dear with my lament
Or wild Orlando that will rail and vex
And for thy sake fall out with all the sex 60
No I will love again and seek a prize
That shall redeem me from thy poor despise
I'll court my fortune now in such a shape
That will no faint dye, nor starv'd colour take

Thus launch I off with triumph from thy shore
To which my last farewell for never more
Will I touch there I put to sea again
Blown with the churlish wind of thy disdain
Nor will I stop this course till I have found
A coast that yields safe harbour, and firm ground 70

Smile ye Love Stars wing'd with desire I fly
To make my wishes full discovery
Nor doubt I but for one that proves like you
I shall find ten as fair, and yet more true.

Madam Gabrina Or the Ill favour'd Choice

*Con mala Mujer el remedio
Mucha Tierra por el medio*

I HAVE oft wondred why thou didst elect
Thy mistress of a stuff none could affect
That wore his eyes in the right place A thing
Made up when Nature's powers lay slumbering
One where all pregnant imperfections met
To make her sex's scandal Teeth of jet
Hair dy'd in orpment from whose fretful hue
Canidia her highest witchcrafts drew

57 Orig as often malcontents

This piece is one of King's few attempts to play the dog' It is as one would expect not very happy but it might be worse

Madam Gabrina] 7 'Orp[*i*]ment = yellow arsenic—then and to some extent still used as a gold dye

Henry King

A lip most thin and pale, but such a mouth
Which like the poles is stretched North and South 10
A face so colour'd, and of such a form,
As might defiance bid unto a storm
And the complexion of her sallow hide
Like a wrack'd body wash'd up by the tide
Eyes small a nose so to her vizard glued
As if 'twould take a Planet's altitude
Last for her breath, 'tis somewhat like the smell
That does in Ember weeks on Fish-street dwell,
Or as a man should fasting scent the Rose
Which in the savoury Bear-garden grows 20
If a Fox cures the paralytical,
Hadst thou ten palsies, she'd outstink them all

But I have found thy plot sure thou didst try
To put thyself past hope of jealousy
And whilst unlearned fools the senses please,
Thou cur'st thy appetite by a disease,
As many use, to kill an itch withal,
Quicksilver or some biting mineral

Dote upon handsome things each common man
With little study and less labour can, 30
But to make love to a deformity,
Only commends thy great ability,
Who from hard-favour'd objects draw'st content,
As estriches from iron nutriment

Well, take her, and like mounted George, in bed
Boldly achieve thy Dragon's maiden-head
Where (though scarce sleep) thou mayst rest confident
None dares beguile thee of thy punishment
The sin were not more foul that he should commit,
Than is that She with whom he acted it 40

Yet take this comfort when old age shall raze,
Or sickness ruin many a good face,
Thy choice cannot impair, no cunning curse
Can mend that night-piece, that is, make her worse

39 Malone MS 22 omits *that*

41 It is curious that King, who has elsewhere followed Spenser in the matter of eye-rhyme pretty closely, did not spell 'raze', 'race', which was a very usual form and perhaps, as in 'race-ship', the commoner pronunciation —The whole poem is one of his most disappointing His Spanish distich—which (adopting Mr Browning's use of 'fix') might be paraphrased.

If a bad woman once has fix'd you,
Put many a mile of ground betwixt you—

says nothing about mere *ugliness*, while, on the other hand, King does not utilize the prescription of absence as the only cure for ill-placed love He has at first sight simply added (though, as one would expect, not in the most offensive form) another to the far too numerous dull and loathsome imitations of one of Horace's rare betrayals of the fact that he was not a gentleman But see on next

Why slightest thou what I approve?

The Defence

*Piengan los Enamorados
Que tienen los otros los ojos quebrantados*

Why slightest thou what I approve?
Thou art no Peer to try my love
Nor canst discern where her form lies
Unless thou saw'st her with my eyes

Say she were foul and blacker than
The Night or sunburnt African
If lik'd by me 'tis I alone
Can make a beauty where was none
For rated in my fancy she
Is so as she appears to me

10

But 'tis not feature or a face
That does my free election grace
Nor is my liking only led
By a well temper'd white and red
Could I enamour'd grow on those
The Lily and the blushing Rose
United in one stalk might be
As dear unto my thoughts as she

But I look farther and do find
A richer beauty in her mind
Where something is so lasting fair
As time or age cannot impair
Hadst thou a perspective so clear
Thou couldst behold my object there
When thou her virtues shouldst espy
They'd force thee to confess that I
Had cause to like her and learn thence
To love by judgement not by sense

20

The Defence] This is very much better though we need not have had to wade through the other poem to get to it. It has neither the conciseness nor the finish of Ausonius's triumphant confession to Crispa but is good enough. The Spanish heading here which in the original has an unnecessary comma at *otros* and an unnecessary divorce of space between *quebranta* and *dos* may be roughly rendered

For it is still the lover's mind
That all except himself are blind

The piece is also assigned to Rudyard. Mr. Thorn Drury notes a variant at ll. 23, 8 of some interest from *Parnassus Biceps* where the title is 'A Lover to one dispraising his Mistress'

so clear
That thou couldst view my object there
When thou her virtues didst espy
Thou shouldst wonder and confess that I
Had cause to like and learn from hence
To love

Henry King

To One demanding why Wine sparkles.

So diamonds sparkle, and thy mistress' eyes,
When 'tis not fire but light in either flies
Beauty not thaw'd by lustful flames will show
Like a fair mountain of unmelted snow
Nor can the tasted vine more danger bring
Than water taken from the crystal spring,
Whose end is to refresh and cool that heat
Which unallay'd becomes foul vice's seat
Unless thy boiling veins, mad with desire
Of drink, convert the liquor into fire
For then thou quaff'st down fevers, thy full bowls
Carouse the burning draughts of Portia's coals

10

If it do leap and sparkle in the cup,
'Twill sink thy cares, and help invention up
There never yet was Muse or Poet known
Not dipt or drenched in this Helicon
But Tom! take heed thou use it with such care
As witches deal with their familiar
For if thy virtue's circle not confine
And guard thee from the Furies rais'd by wine,
'Tis ten to one this dancing spirit may
A Devil prove to bear thy wits away,
And make thy glowing nose a map of Hell
Where Bacchus' purple fumes like meteors dwell
Now think not these sage morals thee invite
To prove Carthusian or strict Rechabite,
Let fool's be mad, wise people may be free,
Though not to license turn their liberty
He that drinks wine for health, not for excess,
Nor drowns his temper in a drunkenness,
Shall feel no more the grape's unruly fate,
Then if he took some chilling opiate

20

30

By occasion of the Young Prince his happy Birth

[Charles II Born May 29, 1630]

At this glad triumph, when most poets use
Their quill, I did not bridle up my Muse
For sloth or less devotion I am one
That can well keep my Holy-days at home,

To One demanding, &c] If not exactly Poetry, this is at least sense, as was once remarked (or in words to that effect), with 'Latin' for 'Poetry', by the late Professor Nettleship, with regard to a composition not in verse

Malone MS 22, fol 24, has an earlier draft of this poem, commencing -

We do not give the wine a sparkling name,
As if we meant those sparks implied a flame,
The flame lies in our blood and 'tis desire
Fed by loose appetite sets us on fire,

and concluding with lines 29-32

By occasion of the Young Prince his happy Birth

That can the blessings of my King and State
Better in prayr than poems gratulate,
And in their fortunes bear a loyal part,
Though I no bonfires light but in my heart

Truth is when I receivd the first report
Of a new star risen and seene at Court, 10
Though I felt joy enough to give a tongue
Unto a mute, yet duty strook me dumb
And thus surpris'd by rumour, at first sight
I held it some allegiance not to write

For howe'er children unto those that look
Their pedigree in Gods not the Church book
Fair pledges are of that eternity
Which Christians possess not till they die,
Yet they appear, view'd in that perspective 20
Through which we look on men long since alive
Like succours in a Camp sent to make good
Their place that last upon the watches stood
So that in age or fate, each following birth
Doth set the parent so much nearer earth
And by this grammar we our heirs may call
The smiling Preface to our funeral

This sadden'd my soft sense to think that he
Who now makes laws should by a bold decree
Be summon'd hence to make another room
And change his royal palace for a tomb 30
For none ere truly lov'd the present light
But griev'd to see it rival'd by the night
And if t be sin to wish that light extinct,
Sorrow may make it treason but to think t
I know each discontent or giddy man,
In his religion with the Persian
Adores the rising Sun and his false view
Best likes not what is best but what is new
O that we could these gangrenes so prevent
(For our own blessing and their punishment) 40
That all such might who for wild changes thirst,
Rack'd on a hopeless expectation burst

By occasion &c.] 8 Orig. bonfires as often the spelling being accepted by recent authorities as etymological. But bones do not make good fires. *baie fire* the acknowledged Northern form which has been held to support this origin, is a very likely variant of *baie fire* and the obvious *bon fire* in the holiday sense is by no means so absurd as it has been represented to be.

20 This 'new star' occurs again and again in courtly verse throughout Charles's life and at his death but the accounts of it are uncomfortably conflicting. Some say that Venus was visible all day long—a phenomenon of obvious application others make it Mercury—where to also an application at which the person concerned would have laughed very genially is possible. But neither is a *new star* a d the miracle is perhaps more judiciously put as that of a star no matter what shining brightly at noonday

as that] MS who

27 sadden'd has some interest

Henry King

To see us fetter time, and by his stay
To a consistence fix the flying day,
And in a Solstice by our prayers made,
Rescue our Sun from death or envy's shade

But here we dally with fate, and in this
Stern Destiny mocks and controls our wish,
Informing us, if fathers should remain
For ever here, children were born in vain, 50
And we in vain were Christians, should we
In this world dream of perpetuity
Decay is Nature's Kalendar, nor can
It hurt the King to think he is a man,
Nor grieve, but comfort him, to hear us say
That his own children must his sceptre sway
Why slack I then to contribute a vote,
Large as the kingdom's joy, free as my thought?
Long live the Prince! and in that title bear 60
The world long witness that the King is here
May he grow up, till all that good he reach
Which we can wish, or his Great Father teach
Let him shine long, a mark to land and main,
Like that bright spark plac'd nearest to Charles' Wain,
And, like him, lead succession's golden team,
Which may possess the British diadem.

But in the mean space, let his Royal Sire,
Who warms our hopes with true Promethean fire,
So long his course in time and glory run,
Till he estate his virtue on his son 70
So in his father's days this happy One
Shall crowned be, yet not usurp the Throne,
And Charles reign still, since thus himself will be
Heir to himself, through all posterity

Upon the King's happy return from Scotland.

So breaks the day, when the returning Sun
Hath newly through his winter tropic run,
As You (Great Sir!) in this regress come forth
From the remoter climate of the North

47 'But here we with fate dally' *Malone MS* 22

50 were born] *MS* 'would live'—not so well

57 vote] In the sense of *votum* = 'wish'

63 long] *MS* 'forth'

70 *MS* 'virtues'

60 long] *MS* 'glad'

Upon the King's happy return, &c] Hannah notes that this appears with variants, but signed, in *MS Ashm* 38, fol 51 I have not thought it necessary to collate this version from a work described by good authorities as 'a bad *MS*'. The piece itself, however, with others of King's, may well have been in Dryden's mind when he composed his own batch of Restoration welcome-poems to Charles II and Clarendon, within three or four years of the publication of these. There is no plagiarism. Heaven

Upon the King's happy return from Scotland

To tell You now what cares what fears we past,
 What clouds of sorrow did the land oer-cast
 Were lost but unto such as have been there
 Where the absented Sun benights the year
 Or have those countries travel'd which neer feel
 The warmth and virtue of his flaming wheel 10

How happy yet were we! that when You went
 You left within Your Kingdoms firmament
 A Partner light whose lustre may despise
 The nightly glimm ring tapers of the skies
 Your peerless Queen, and at each hand a Star
 Whose hopeful beams from You enkindled are
 Though (to say truth) the light which they could bring
 Serv'd but to lengthen out our evening

Heavens greater lamps illumine it each spark
 Adds only this to make the sky less dark 20
 Nay, She who is the glory of her sex
 Did sadly droop for lack of Your reflex
 Oft did She her fair brow in loneness shroud
 And dimly shone like Venus in a cloud

Now are those gloomy mists dry'd up by You
 As the world's eye scatters the ev'ning dew
 And You bring home that blessing to the land,
 Which absence made us rightly understand

Here may You henceforth stay! there need no charms
 To hold You but the circle of her arms 30
 Whose fruitful love yields You a rich increase
 Seals of Your joy and of the kingdom's peace
 O may those precious pledges fix You here,
 And You grow old within that crystal sphere!

Pardon this bold detention Else our love
 Will merely an officious trouble prove
 Each busy minute tells us as it flies
 That there are better objects for Your eyes
 To them let us leave You whilst we go pray
 Raising this triumph to a Holy day 40

And may that soul the Church's blessing want,
 May his content be short his comforts scant
 Whose bosom-altar does no incense burn
 In thankful sacrifice for Your return

so bid that I should take part in plagiarism hunting But there is a sort of resemblance in form and tone (especially in the use of 'You and Your' as points) and (though with great improvement) in versification —The capital Ys here are almost complete in the original and I have completed them

Henry King

To the Queen at Oxford

GREAT Lady! that thus, quite against our use,
We speak your welcome by an English Muse,
And in a vulgar tongue our zeals contrive,
Is to confess your large prerogative,
Who have the pow'rful freedom to dispense
With our strict Rules, or Custom's difference

'Tis fit, when such a Star deigns to appear,
And shine within the academic sphere,
That ev'ry college, grac'd by your resort,
Should only speak the language of your Court;
As if Apollo's learned quire, but You,
No other Queen of the Ascendent knew

10

Let those that list invoke the Delphian name,
To light their verse, and quench their doting flame,
In Helicon it were high treason now,
Did any to a feign'd Minerva bow,
When You are present, whose chaste virtues stain
The vaunted glories of her maiden brain.

I would not flatter May that diet feed
Deform'd and vicious souls, they only need
Such physic, who, grown sick of their decays,
Are only cur'd with surfeits of false praise,
Like those, who, fall'n from youth or beauty's grace,
Lay colours on, which more belie the face

20

Be You still what You are, a glorious theme
For Truth to crown So when that diadem
Which circles Your fair brow drops off, and time
Shall lift You to that pitch our prayers climb,
Posterity will plait a nobler wreath,
To crown Your fame and memory in death
This is sad truth and plain, which I might fear
Would scarce prove welcome to a Prince's ear,
And hardly may you think that writer wise,
Who preaches there where he should poetize,
Yet where so rich a bank of goodness is,
Triumphs and Feasts admit such thoughts as this,
Nor will your virtue from her client turn,
Although he bring his tribute in an urn

30

Enough of this who knows not when to end
Needs must, by tedious diligence, offend.

40

'Tis not a poet's office to advance
The precious value of allegiance
And least of all the rest do I affect
To word my duty in this dialect

To the Queen at Oxford] This poem was omitted in Hannah's MS, and it is in no way clear to what visit it refers. The absence of any reference to politics shows that it cannot have been Henrietta's residence at Merton during the Rebellion

29 plat] Orig 'plat'

(192)

To the Queen at Oxford

My service lies a better way whose tone
Is spirited by full devotion
Thus whilst I mention *You Your Royal Mate*
And *Those* which your blest line perpetuate,
I shall such votes of happiness rehearse
Whose softest accents will out tongue my verse.

50

A Salutation of His Majestys ship The Sovereign

MOVE on thou floating trophy built to Fame!
And bid her trump spread thy majestic name
That the blue Tritons and those petty Gods
Which sport themselves upon the dancing floods,
May bow as to their Neptune when they feel
The awful pressure of thy potent keel

Great wonder of the time! whose form unites
In one aspect two warring opposites
Delight and horror and in them portends
Differing events both to thy foes and friends
To these thy radiant brow Peace's bright shrine,
Doth like that golden constellation shine
Which guides the seaman with auspicious beams
Safe and unshipwreck'd through the troubled streams
But as a blazing meteor, to those
It doth ostents of blood and death disclose
For thy rich decks lighten like Heaven's fires
To usher forth the thunder of thy fires

10

A Salutation &c.] The Sovereign *Sovereign of the Seas* or *Royal Sovereign* (I am not sure what name she bore during the Rebellion) is one of the famous *lively* ships of the English Navy. She was built in 1637 at Woolwich by Philip and Peter Pett out of a whole year's ship money and if the means for raising her cost (£80,000) were unpopular a great deal of pride was taken in the ship herself. Thomas Heywood wrote an account of her which has been frequently quoted. See for instance Mr. David Hannay's *Short History of the Royal Navy* i. 172-173. She was of 1637 tons burthen was pierced for 98 great guns with many smaller murdering pieces and chasers and was most elaborately decorated with carved stern galleries black and gold angels trophies and emblems of all sorts—besides a baker's dozen of allegorical mythological and historical statues of personages from Cupid to King Edgar on horse back as figureheads and elsewhere. She fought all through the Dutch wars escaped the disgraceful disaster in the Medway distinguished herself at La Hogue where a great part is assigned to her by some accounts in chasing Tourville's *Sole Royal* ashore and was burnt by accident not long after at Chatham in 1696—her sixtieth year.

11 The radiant brow is of course the gilded figurehead group. There was no actual Peace among the allegories but the Cupid a child bridling a lion might perhaps stand for her.

18 Fire is of course her the *Sovereign* was a three-decker. Professor Skeat approves the spelling which occurs in Milton and elsewhere. But some would have a special word fire, not for the row but the actual fire or 'shooting' (tr) of the guns—which would do well enough here.

Henry King

O never may cross wind, or swelling wave,
Conspire to make the treach'rous sands thy grave 20
Nor envious rocks, in their white foamy laugh,
Rejoice to wear thy loss's Epitaph
But may the smoothest, most successful gales
Distend thy sheet, and wing thy flying sails
That all designs which must on thee embark,
May be securely plac'd, as in the Ark
May'st thou, where'er thy streamers shall display,
Enforce the bold disputers to obey
That they, whose pens are sharper than their swords,
May yield in fact, what they denied in words 30
Thus when th' amazed world our seas shall see
Shut from usurpers, to their own Lord free,
Thou may'st, returning from the conquer'd main,
With thine own triumphs be crown'd *Sovereign*

An Epitaph on his most honoured friend, Richard, Earl of Dorset

[Died March 28, 1624]

LET no profane ignoble foot tread near
This hallow'd piece of earth, *Dorset lies here.*
A small sad relique of a noble spirit,
Free as the air, and ample as his merit,
Whose least perfection was large, and great
Enough to make a common man complete
A soul refin'd and cull'd from many men,
That reconcil'd the sword unto the pen,
Using both well No proud forgetting Lord,
But mindful of mean names, and of his word. 10
One that did love for honour, not for ends,
And had the noblest way of making friends

19-22 King's own age would, after the event, have instanced this as an example of Fate granting prayers to the letter yet evading them in the spirit The *Sovereign* did escape wind and wave, sand and rock, as well as the enemy, but only to perish otherwise

24 'Sheets' in plural in Hannah's MS Another in the Ashmolean collection 'clo[a]th[e]s'—a good naval technicality

27-34 Referring to the *Mare Clausum* dispute and the English insistence on the lowering of foreign flags

An Epitaph] This Dorset was the third earl, Richard As a very young man he married the famous Lady Anne Clifford, whose ill-luck in husbands may have been partly caused, but must have been somewhat compensated, by her masterful temper Dorset, who died young, was both a libertine and a spendthrift, but King seems to have thought well enough of him not only to write this epitaph, but to lend him, or guarantee for him, a thousand pounds (quite £3,000 to-day), which he had at any rate not got back thirty years afterwards The present piece appears, with variants, in Corbet's *Poems*, but King seems to have the better claim Hannah gives a considerable body of various readings from the Corbet version and one in the Ashmole MS 38, but it hardly seems worth while to burden the page-foot with them, for the epitaph is mere 'common-form' and of no special interest

An Epitaph

By loving first. One that did know the Court,
Yet understood it better by report
Than practice, for he nothing took from thence
But the king's favour for his recompense

One for religion or his country's good,
That valued not his fortune, nor his blood
One high in fair opinion, rich in praise,
And full of all we could have wished, but days

20

He that is warned of this, and shall forbear
To vent a sigh for him or lend a tear,
May he live long and scorn'd unpitied fall,
And want a mourner at his funeral

The Exequy

ACCEPT thou Shrine of my dead Saint
Instead of dirges this complaint
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind For thee (loved clay)
I languish out not live the day

10

Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes
By which wet glasses, I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns this only this,
My exercise and business is
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolved into showers

20

Nor wonder, if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous
Thou hast benighted me thy set
This eve of blackness did beget
Who wast my day (though overcast,
Before thou hadst thy noon tide past)
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years

The Exequy] This beautiful poem (which bore in Hannah's MS the sub-title itself not unmemorable To his Matchless never-to-be-forgotten Friend) makes with Tell me no more King's chief claim to poetic rank. It is not—he never is—splendid or strange or soul-shaking but for simplicity sincerity tenderness and grace—nay as the time went nature—it has in its modest way not many superiors.

Versions are found in Ashmole MS 36 fol 253 and Rawlinson Poet MS 160 fol 41 verso

Henry King

As day tells hours By thy clear Sun,
My love and fortune first did run,
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fall'n and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposed is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make,
As ne'er was read in almanac

30

I could allow thee, for a time,
To darken me and my sad clime,
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then,
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud

40

But woe is me! 'the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come,
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world, like thine,
My Little World! That fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region, where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

50

60

Meantime, thou hast her, Earth, much good
May my harm do thee Since it stood
With Heaven's will, I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-liv'd right and interest
In her, whom living I lov'd best
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee, what I could not keep
Be kind to her, and prithee look
Thou write into thy Dooms-day book
Each parcel of this rarity,
Which in thy casket shrin'd doth lie
See that thou make thy reck'ning straight,
And yield her back again by weight,

70

³⁶ The] All three MSS read 'An', which, considering the obvious double meaning of 'earth', is perhaps better

⁶⁷⁻⁸ Assonance, though not elsewhere unknown, is not common in King

The Exequy

For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust
As thou wilt answer *Him* that lent
Not gave thee my dear monument

So close the ground, and bout her shade
Black curtains draw —my Bride is laid

80

Sleep on, my Love in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted I
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb
Stay for me there I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale
And think not much of my delay
I am already on the way
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrows breed
Each minute is a short degree,
And evry hour a step towards thee
At night when I betake to rest
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life almost by eight hours sail
Than when sleep breathd his drowsy gale

90

100

Thus from the Sun my bottom steers,
And my days compass downward bears
Nor labour I to stem the tide,
Through which to *Thee* I swiftly glide

Tis true with shame and grief I yield
Thou like the van first tookst the field
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave
But heark! My pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach tells *Thee* I come
And slow howeer my marches be
I shall at last sit down by *Thee*

110

The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort Dear (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided with but half a heart
Till we shall meet and never part

120

81 seq If the last paragraph has seemed to any to approach 'False Wit' this ought to make amends And so with the conclusion

Henry King

The Anniverse. An Elegy.

So soon grown old! hast thou been six years dead?
Poor earth, once by my Love inhabited!
And must I live to calculate the time
To which thy blooming youth could never climb,
But fell in the ascent! yet have not I
Studied enough thy loss's history.

How happy were mankind, if Death's strict laws
Consum'd our lamentations like the cause!
Or that our grief, turning to dust, might end
With the dissolved body of a friend!

10

But sacred Heaven! O, how just thou art
In stamping death's impression on that heart,
Which through thy favours would grow insolent,
Were it not physic'd by sharp discontent
If, then, it stand resolv'd in thy decree,
That still I must doom'd to a desert be,
Sprung out of my lone thoughts, which know no path
But what my own misfortune beaten hath,—
If thou wilt bind me living to a corse,
And I must slowly waste, I then of force
Stoop to thy great appointment, and obey
That will which nought avails me to gainsay

20

For whilst in sorrow's maze I wander on,
I do but follow life's vocation
Sure we were made to grieve at our first birth,
With cries we took possession of the earth,
And though the lucky man reputed be
Fortune's adopted son, yet only he
Is Nature's true-born child, who sums his years
(Like me) with no arithmetic but tears

30

On Two Children, dying of one disease, and buried in one grave.

BROUGHT forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender children here entombed are
One place, one sire, one womb their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave

The Anniverse] Not quite so good as *The Exequy*, but not bad The Hannah-Pickering MS had a few variants, not worth entering here in most cases

19 corse] This word had odd luck in a well-printed book, and a generally well-written MS, for it shows in the one as 'coarse', in the other as 'course'—both errors not infrequent at the time

22 avails] This is the MS reading the book has 'avail'

26 took] MS 'take'

On Two Children, &c] The number of King's children is uncertain, but as the eldest certainly died *before* the mother, and his sons lived, one nearly as long as the Bishop, the other a little longer, Hannah seems justified in arguing from this piece that there were five

On Two Children, dying of one disease

And though they cannot number many years
In their account yet with their parents tears
This comfort mingles, Though their days were few,
They scarcely sin but never sorrow knew
So that they well might boast they carried hence
What riper ages lose, their innocence

10

You pretty losses that revive the fate,
Which, in your mother, death did antedate
O let my high sworn grief distil on you
The saddest drops of a parental dew
You ask no other dower than what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies
When once I have discharg'd that mournful score
Heav'n hath decreed you ne'er shall cost me more
Since you release and quit my borrow'd trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust.

20

A Letter

I NEER was dress'd in forms nor can I bend
My pen to flatter any nor commend
Unless desert or honour do present
Unto my verse a worthy argument

You are my friend and in that word to me
Stahd blazon'd in your noblest heraldry
That style presents you full and does relate
The bounty of your love, and my own fate
Both which conspir'd to make me yours A choice
Which needs must, in the giddy people's voice
That only judge the outside and like apes
Play with our names and comment on our shapes
Appear too light but it lies you upon,
To justify the disproportion

10

Truth be my record I durst not presume
To seek to you twas you that did assume
Me to your bosom Wherein you subdu'd
One that can serve you though ne'er could intrude
Upon great titles nor knows how t invade
Acquaintance I like such as are only paid
With great mens smiles if that the passant Lord
Let fall a forc'd salute or but afford
The nod regardant It was test enough
For me you neer did find such servile stuff

20

A Letter] I do not know any clue to the object of this epistle King like most churchmen of distinction at th t me was on familiar terms with divers persons of quality But it *might* be a mere literary exercise—a copy of verses

3 Nod regardant is good It shows with passant just before that his own reference to heraldry was still floating in King's mind

Henry King

Couch'd in my temper, I can freely say,
I do not love you in that common way
For which Great Ones are lov'd in this false time
I have no wish to gain, nor will to climb,
I cannot pawn my freedom, nor outlive
My liberty, for all that you can give 30
And sure you may retain good cheap such friends,
Who not your fortune make, but you, their ends
I speak not this to vaunt in my own story,
All these additions are unto your glory,
Who, counter to the world, use to elect,
Not to take up on trust, what you affect
Indeed 'tis seldom seen that such as you
Adopt a friend, or for acquaintance sue,
Yet you did this vouchsafe, you did descend
Below yourself to raise an humble friend, 40
And fix him in your love where I will stand
The constant subject of your free command
Had I no airy thoughts, sure you would teach
Me higher than my own dull sphere to reach
And, by reflex, instruct me to appear
Something (though coarse and plain) fit for your wear

Know, best of friends, however wild report
May justly say, I am unapt to sort
With your opinion or society
(Which truth would shame me, did I it deny), 50
There's something in me says, I dare make good,
When honour calls me, all I want in blood.

Put off your giant titles, then I can
Stand in your judgement's blank an equal man
Though hills advanced are above the plain,
They are but higher earth, nor must disdain
Alliance with the vale we see a spade
Can level them, and make a mount a glade
Howe'er we differ in the Heralds' book,
He that mankind's extraction shall look 60
In Nature's rolls must grant we all agree
In our best part's immortal pedigree
You must by that perspective only view
My service, else 'twill ne'er show worthy you

You see I court you bluntly, like a friend,
Not like a mistress, my Muse is not penn'd
For smooth and oily flights and I indent
To use more honesty than compliment

54 Either of two of the numerous senses of 'blank' would come in here. One is *tabula rasa*, the judgement being obscured by no prepossession, the other 'bull's eye' or 'target'

59 Orig as usual, 'Heralds', with no apostrophe to make case or number. If anybody prefers 'herald's' I have no objection

67 indent] In the sense of 'contract', 'engage'.

A Letter

But I have done, in lieu of all you give
Receive his thankful tribute, who must live
Your vow'd observer, and devotes a heart
Which will in death seal the bold counterpart

An Acknowledgement

My best of friends! what needs a chain to tie
One by your merit bound a votary?
I think you I have some plot upon my peace
I would this bondage change for a release?
Since 'twas my fate your prisoner to be,
Heaven knows I nothing fear, but liberty

Yet you do well that study to prevent
After so rich a stock of favour spent
On one so worthless lest my memory
Should let so dear an obligation die
Without record This made my precious Friend
Her token as an antidote to send
Against forgetful poisons That as they
Who Vespers late and early Mattins say
Upon their beads so on this linked score
In golden numbers I might reckon o'er
Your virtues and my debt which does surmount
The trivial laws of popular account
For that, within this emblematic knot
Your beauteous mind and my own fate is wrote

The sparkling constellation which combines
The lock is your dear self whose worth outshines
Most of your sex so solid and so clear
You like a perfect diamond appear
Casting from your example, fuller light
Than those dim sparks which glaze the brow of night
And gladdening all your friends as doth the ray
Of that East star which wakes the cheerful day

But the black map of death and discontent
Behind that adamant firmament
That luckless figure which like Calvary
Stands strew'd and copied out in skulls is I
Whose life your absence clouds and makes my time
Move blindfold in the dark ecliptic line

A Acknowledgement] This is evidently of the same class as the last poem if not as evidently addressed to the same person. The recipient of the *Letter* might be of either sex for mistress in l. 66 (*v. sup.*) is not quite decisive in the context. This precious Friend is definitely feminine. Nineteenth—I do not know about twentieth—century man would have been a little uncomfortable about receiving from a lady a gold chain with a group'd diamond pendant welcome as the enclosed lock might be. But as Scott and others have long ago remarked there was none of this false pride in the seventeenth and you might even take money from the beloved. The combination of death's shadows equalling of the time is more of all time.

Henry King

Then wonder not, if my removed Sun
So low within the western tropic run,
My eyes no day in this horizon see,
Since where You are not, all is night to me

Lastly, the anchor which enfast'ned lies
Upon a pair of deaths, sadly applies
That Monument of Rest, which harbour must
Our ship-wrackt fortunes in a road of dust

40

So then, how late soe'er my joyless life
Be tired out in this affection's strife
Though my tempestuous fancy, like the sky,
Travail with storms, and through my wat'ry eye,
Sorrow's high-going waves spring many a leak,
Though sighs blow loud, till my heart's cordage break,
Though Faith, and all my wishes prove untrue,
Yet Death shall fix and anchor Me with You
'Tis some poor comfort, that this mortal scope
Will period, though never crown, my Hope

50

The Acquittance

Nor knowing who should my acquittance take,
I know as little what discharge to make
The favour is so great, that it outgoes
All forms of thankfulness I can propose
Those grateful levies which my pen would raise,
Are stricken dumb, or buried in amaze
Therefore, as once in Athens there was shown
An Altar built unto the God Unknown,
My ignorant devotions must by guess
This blind return of gratitude address,
Till you vouchsafe to show me where and how
I may to this revealed Goddess bow

10

The Forfeiture.

My Dearest, To let you or the world know
What debt of service I do truly owe
To your unpattern'd self, were to require
A language only form'd in the desire

The Acquittance] This group of poems is so obviously a group that Hannah's principles of selection in rejecting the present piece and admitting the others may seem unreasonably 'undulating and diverse' I suppose he thought it rather profane for a bishop even *in futuro*, and perhaps rather ambiguous in other ways But though King became a bishop there is no chance of my becoming an archdeacon, and I think the piece rather pretty

The Forfeiture] This piece, which Hannah did not find in his MS, is almost certainly connected with the preceding, and, I think, with *An Acknowledgement* and *The Departure*, if not also with *A Letter* The suggested unreality in this *Letter* disappears to a large extent in them, which is not unnatural

The Forfeiture

Of him that writes It is the common fate
Of greatest duties to evaporate
In silent meaning as we often see
Fires by their too much fuel smother'd be
Small obligations may find vent, and speak,
When greater the unable debtor break
And such are mine to you whose favour's store
Hath made me poorer then I was before
For I want words and language to declare
How strict my bond, or large your bounties are

10

Since nothing in my desperate fortune found
Can payment make, nor yet the sum compound
You must lose all or else of force accept
The body of a bankrupt for your debt.
Then Love your bond to execution sue,
And take myself, as forfeited to you

20

The Departure An Elegy

WERE I to leave no more than a good friend
Or but to hear the summons to my end
(Which I have long'd for) I could then with ease
Attire my grief in words and so appease
That passion in my bosom which outgrows
The language of strict verse or largest prose
But here I am quite lost, writing to you
All that I pen or think is forc'd and new
My faculties run cross and prove as weak
I indite this melancholy task, as speak
Indeed all words are vain, well might I spare
This rendring of my tortur'd thoughts in air,
Or sighing paper My infectious grief
Strikes inward, and affords me no relief
But still a deeper wound to lose a sight
More lov'd than health, and dearer than the light
But all of us were not at the same time
Brought forth nor are we billeted in one clime
Nature hath pitch'd mankind at several rates
Making our places diverse as oor fates
Unto that universal law I bow,
Though with unwilling knee and do allow
Her cruel justice which dispos'd us so
That we must counter to our wishes go
Twas part of man's first curse which order'd well
We should not alway with our likings dwell
Tis only the Triumphant Church where we
Shall in unsever'd neighbourhood agree

10

20

9 10 An ingenious adaptation of *Cit de l'aves* &c
Th D pa tu] The special title of this poem was not in Hannah's MS
6 la gest] MS 1 rg r

Henry King

Go then, best soul, and, where You must appear,
Restore the day to that dull hemisphere.
Ne'er may the hapless night You leave behind
Darken the comforts of Your purer mind
May all the blessings wishes can invent
Enrich your days, and crown them with content.
And though You travel down into the West,
May Your life's Sun stand fixed in the East,
Far from the weeping set, nor may my ear
Take in that killing whisper, *You once were*

Thus kiss I Your fair hands, taking my leave,
As prisoners at the bar their doom receive
All joys go with You let sweet peace attend
You on the way, and wait Your journey's end
But let Your discontents and sourer fate
Remain with me, borne off in my retrait
Might all your crosses, in that sheet of lead
Which folds my heavy heart, lie buried
'Tis the last service I would do You, and the best
My wishes ever meant, or tongue profest
Once more I take my leave And once for all,
Our parting shows so like a funeral,
It strikes my soul, which hath most right to be
Chief Mourner at this sad solemnity

And think not, Dearest, 'cause this parting knell
Is rung in verses, that at Your farewell
I only mourn in poetry and ink
No, my pen's melancholy plummets sink
So low, they dive where th' hid affections sit,
Blotting that paper where my mirth was writ

Believe 't, that sorrow truest is, which lies
Deep in the breast, not floating in the eyes
And he with saddest circumstance doth part,
Who seals his farewell with a bleeding heart

Paradox

That it is best for a Young Maid to marry an Old Man

FAIR one, why cannot you an old man love?
He may as useful, and more constant prove
Experience shows you that maturer years
Are a security against those fears

47 An irregular line of this kind (for it is practically an Alexandrine) is so very rare in King that one suspects an error, but Hannah notes no MS variant. Many, perhaps most, contemporary poets would not have hesitated at 'serv'ce', which with 'I'd' adjusts the thing, but our Bishop is seldom rough and still seldomer licentious

53 this] MS 'the'

56 Orig 'plommets'

Paradox *That it is best, &c*] After Hannah's omission of *The Acquittance* it is not surprising that he did not give this or the next—though a greater excess of prudishness appears in the exclusion of *The Change*, and one begins to think that something more

Paradox

Youth will expose you to, whose wild desire
 As it is hot so tis as rash as fire
 Mark how the blaze extinct in ashes lies
 Leaving no brand nor embers when it dies
 Which might the flame renew thus soon consumes
 Youths wandring heat, and vanishes in fumes 10
 When ages ripe love unapt to stray
 Through loose and giddy change of objects, may
 In your warm bosom like a cinder lie
 Quickned and kindled by your sparkling eye
 Tis not denied there are extremes in both
 Which may the fancy move to like or loathe
 Yet of the two you better shall endure
 To marry with the cramp than calenture
 Who would in wisdom choose the Torrid Zone
 Therein to settle a plantation? 20
 Merchants can tell you those hot climes were made
 But at the longest for a three years trade
 And though the Indies cast the sweeter smell
 Yet health and plenty do more Northward dwell,
 For where the raging sunbeams burn the earth
 Her scorched mantle withers into dearth,
 Yet when that drought becomes the harvest's curse,
 Snow doth the tender corn most kindly nurse
 Why now then woo you not some snowy head
 To take you in mere pity to his bed? 30
 I doubt the harder task were to persuade
 Him to love you for if what I have said
 In virgins as in vegetables holds true
 He'll prove the better nurse to cherish you
 Some men we know renowned for wisdom grown
 By old records and antique medals shown
 Why ought not women then be held most wise
 Who can produce living antiquities?
 Besides if care of that main happiness
 Your sex triumphs in doth your thoughts possess 40
 I mean your beauty from decay to keep,
 No wash nor mask is like an old man's sleep
 Young wives need never to be sunburnt fear
 Who their old husbands for umbrellas wear
 How russet looks an orchard on the hill
 To one that's water'd by some neighboring drill?

than accident indolence or business prevented the appearance of the promised second volume. But if there is some nastiness there is very little naughtiness in them.

33 Some have thought vegetal which was not uncommon in the seventeenth century a better form than vegetable though this latter has prevailed. It is the French word and though in Latin there is no *vegetalis* and there's *vegetabilis* yet this latter has quite a different sense.

44 Orig has *umbrellars* not *umbrellos* (or *oes*) which seems to be the older form.

46 It would be pardonable to suppose drill an error for rill. But the word is unquestionably used in the sense by Sandys and Jeremy Taylor and seems to be the same as the slightly older *trill* in the sense of *truckle*.

Henry King

Are not the floated meadows ever seen
To flourish soonest, and hold longest green?
You may be sure no moist'ning lacks that bride,
Who lies with winter thawing by her side 50
She should be fruitful too as fields that join
Unto the melting waste of Apennine
Whilst the cold morning-drops bedew the rose,
It doth nor leaf, nor smell, nor colour lose,
Then doubt not, Sweet! Age hath supplies of wet
To keep You like that flower in water set
Dripping catarrhs and fontinells are things
Will make You think You grew betwixt two springs
And should You not think so, You scarce allow 60
The force or merit of Your marriage-vow,
Where maids a new creed learn, and must from thence
Believe against their own or others' sense
Else love will nothing differ from neglect,
Which turns not to a virtue each defect
I'll say no more but this, you women make
Your children's reck'ning by the almanac
I like it well, so you contented are,
To choose their fathers by that kalendar.
Turn then, old *Erra Pater*, and there see 70
According to life's posture and degree,
What age or what complexion is most fit
To make an English maid happy by it,
And You shall find, if You will choose a man,
Set justly for Your own meridian,
Though You perhaps let *One and Twenty* woo,
Your elevation is for *Fifty-Two*

Paradox

That Fruition destroys Love

LOVE is our Reason's Paradox, which still
Against the judgement doth maintain the will
And governs by such arbitrary laws,
It only makes the act our liking's cause
We have no brave revenge, but to forgo
Our full desires, and starve the tyrant so

They whom the rising blood tempts not to taste,
Preserve a stock of love can never waste,
When easy people who their wish enjoy,
Like prodigals at once their wealth destroy 10
Adam till now had stay'd in Paradise
Had his desires been bounded by his eyes

Paradox That Fruition, &c] Put less tersely but perhaps better by Dryden's most original heroine, Doralice, in *Marriage a la Mode*, 'The only way to keep us true to each other is never to enjoy' The notion is old enough, and several other seventeenth-century poets have treated it

Paradox

When he did more than look, that made th' offence,
 And forfeited his state of innocence.
 Fruition therefore is the bane t' undo
 Both our affection and the subject too
 'Tis Love into worse language to translate,
 And make it into Lust degenerate
 'Tis to dethrone, and thrust it from the heart,
 To seat it grossly in the sensual part. 20
 Seek for the star that's shot upon the ground,
 And nought but a dim jelly there is found
 Thus foul and dark our female stars appear
 If fall'n or loos'n'd once from Virtue's Sphere
 Glow worms shine only look'd on and let lie
 But handled crawl into deformity
 So beauty is no longer fair and bright,
 Than whilst unstained by the appetite
 And then it withers like a blasted flower
 Some poisonous worm or spider hath crept o'er 30
 Pygmalion's dotage on the carved stone
 Shows amongst their strong illusion
 Whilst he to gaze and court it was content
 He serv'd as priest at Beauty's monument
 But when by looser fires 't embraces led,
 It prov'd a cold hard statue in his bed
 Irregular affects like madmen's dreams
 Presented by false lights and broken beams,
 So long content us, as no near address
 Shows the weak sense our painted happiness 40
 But when those pleasing shadows us forsake,
 Or of the substance we a trial make
 Like him, deluded by the fancy's mock,
 We shipwreck gainst an alabaster rock
 What though thy mistress far from marble be?
 Her softness will transform and harden thee
 Lust is a snake and Guilt the Gorgon's head
 Which Conscience turns to stone and Joys to lead
 Turtles themselves will blush if put to name
 The act whereby they quench their am'rous flame 40
 Who then that's wise or virtuous would not fear
 To catch at pleasures which forbidden were
 When those which we count lawful cannot be
 Requir'd without some loss of modesty?
 Ev'n in the marriage bed where soft delights
 Are customary and authoriz'd rites,
 What are those tributes to the wanton sense
 But toleration of Incontinence?

22 Nobody has ever assigned a (to me at least) plausible reason for this universal fancy of the seventeenth century about the Jeffersonian of shooting stars. It is curious but not inexplicable that Browne does not touch it.

31 King has very coolly turned the Pygmalion story upside down to suit his thesis.

50 The talking and blushing turtle (i.e. dove) is another remarkable poetical licence.

Henry King

For properly you cannot call that Love
Which does not from the soul, but humour move 60
Thus they who worship'd Pan or Isis' Shrine,
By the fair front judg'd all within divine
Though ent'ring, found 'twas but a goat or cow
To which before their ignorance did bow
Such temples and such goddesses are these
Which foolish lovers and admirers please
Who if they chance within the shrine to pry,
Find that a beast they thought a Deity
Nor makes it only our opinion less
Of what we lik'd before, and now possess, 70
But robs the fuel, and corrupts the spice
Which sweetens and inflames Love's sacrifice,
After fruition once, what is Desire
But ashes kept warm by a dying fire?
This is (if any) the Philosopher's Stone
Which still miscarries at projection
For when the Heat *ad Octo* intermits,
It poorly takes us like Third Ague fits,
Or must on embers as dull drugs infuse,
Which we for med'cine not for pleasure use 80
Since lovers' joys then leave so sick a taste,
And soon as relish'd by the sense are past,
They are but riddles sure, lost if possest,
And therefore only in reversion best
For bate them expectation and delay,
You take the most delightful scenes away
These two such rule within the fancy keep,
As banquets apprehended in our sleep,
After which pleasing trance next morn we wake
Empty and angry at the night's mistake 90
Give me long dreams and visions of content,
Rather than pleasures in a minute spent
And since I know before, the shedding rose
In that same instant doth her sweetness lose,
Upon the virgin-stock still let her dwell
For me, to feast my longings with her smell
Those are but counterfeits of joy at best,
Which languish soon as brought unto the test
Nor can I hold it worth his pains who tries
To in that harvest which by reaping dies 100

Resolve me now what spirit hath delight,
If by full feed you kill the appetite?
That stomach healthi'st is, that ne'er was cloy'd,
Why not that Love the best then, ne'er enjoy'd?

77 Heat *ad Octo*] An obviously alchemical phrase which I have not interpreted
100 in] Orig 'inne' = 'get in' Cf *All's Well that Ends Well*, I iii, 'to in the
crop'

Paradox

Since natrally the blood when tam'd or sated
Will cool so fast it leaves the object hated
Pleasures like wonders, quickly lose their price
When Reason or Experience makes us wise

To close my argument then I dare say
(And without Paradox) as well we may
Enjoy our Love and yet preserve Desire
As warm our hands by putting out the fire

110

The Change

El sabio muda consocio El loco persevera

We lov'd as friends now twenty years and more
Is't time or reason think you to give o'er?
When though two prentiships set Jacob free
I have not held my Rachel dear at three

Yet will I not your levity accuse,
Continuance sometimes is the worse abuse
In judgement I might rather hold it strange,
If like the fleeting world you did not change
Be it your wisdom therefore to retract
When perseverance oft is folly's act

10

In pity I can think that what you do
Hath Justice in't and some Religion too
For of all virtues Moral or Divine,
We know but Love none must in Heaven shine
Well did you the presumption then foresee
Of counterfeiting immortality
Since had you kept our loves too long alive
We might invade Heaven's prerogative,
Or in our progress like the Jews comprise
The Legend of an earthly Paradise

20

Live happy and more prosperous in the next.
You have discharg'd your old friend by the text
Farewell fair Shadow of a female faith
And let this be our friendship's Epitaph
Affection shares the frailty of our fate
When (like ourselves) tis old and out of date
His just all human loves their period have
When friends are frail and dropping to the grave

The Change] This poem is almost less of a commonplace than any of King's and the expression is vigorous. The nearest parallel I know to it is Crabbe's *Natural Death of Love* and like that it has a curious if not cheerful ring of actuality. But the case is more unusual. The Spanish motto (rather dog Spanish in original) means: The wise man changes consciously the fool [or rather madman] perseveres. 22 by the text]—formally? as it were by the card. Or perhaps with direct reference to the motto

Henry King

*To my Sister Anne King, who chide me in verse
for being angry.*

DEAR Nan, I would not have thy counsel lost,
Though I last night had twice so much been crost,
Well is a passion to the market brought,
When such a treasure of advice is bought
With so much dross And couldst thou me assure,
Each vice of mine should meet with such a cure,
I would sin oft, and on my guilty brow
Wear every misperfection that I owe,
Open and visible, I should not hide
But bring my faults abroad to hear thee chide 10
In such a note, and with a quill so sage,
It passion tunes, and calms a tempest's rage

Well, I am charm'd, and promise to redress
What, without shrift, my follies do confess
Against myself wherefore let me entreat,
When I fly out in that distemper'd heat
Which frets me into fests, thou wilt reprove
That froward spleen in poetry and love
So though I lose my reason in such fits
Thou'lt rhyme me back again into my wits 20

An Elegy upon the immature loss of the most vertuous Lady Anne Rich

[Died August 24, 1638]

I ENVY not thy mortal triumphs, Death
(Thou enemy to Virtue, as to breath),
Nor do I wonder much, nor yet complain
The weekly numbers by thy arrow slain
The whole world is thy factory, and we,
Like traffic, driven and retail'd by Thee
And where the springs of life fill up so fast,
Some of the waters needs must run to waste

To my Sister, &c] Anne King, afterwards Mrs Dutton and Lady Howe Howell, the epistoler, admitted her (in rather execrable verse) to that Tenth Museship which has had so many fair incumbents Izaak Walton left her a ring and called her 'a most generous and ingenious Lady' The verses assigned to her, which may be found in Hannay's notes, are not of the worst Tenth Muse quality

2 It has been observed, once or twice, that a placid and philosophical temper does not seem to have been one of the Bishop's gifts, and he here acknowledges the fact

8 'Owe', as so often noted, = 'own'

17 And seems to have done due penance for it

Elegy on Lady Anne Rich] Properly Lady Rich, who had been Lady Anne Cavendish Her brother Charles was that leader of the 'Ca'ndishers' in Lincolnshire whose defeat and death at Gainsborough, after repeated victories in the spring and summer of 1643, was one of the first and most serious blows to the Royal cause Waller wrote epitaphs both on him and on his sister, but the best on her is Sidney Godolphin's (*v sup*, vol II, p 248) She is one of the candidates for the personage of Waller's 'Amoret', and was not impossibly King's 'A R' (*v sup*, p 172)

4 MS 'arrows'

(210)

An Elegy upon Lady Anne Rich

It is confess'd yet must our griefs dispute
That which thine own conclusion doth refute 10
Ere we begin Harken! for if thy ear
Be to thy throat proportion'd thou canst hear
Is there no order in the work of Fate?
Nor rule but blindly to anticipate
Our growing seasons? or thinkst thou 'tis just,
To sprinkle our fresh blossoms with thy dust,
Till by abortive funerals thou bring
That to an Autumn Nature meant a Spring?
Is't not enough for thee that wither'd age
Lies the unpitied subject of thy rage 20
But like an ugly amorist thy crest
Must be with spoils of Youth and Beauty drest?
In other camps those which sat down to-day
March first to morrow and they longest stay
Who last came to the service but in thine,
Only confusion stands for discipline
We fall in such promiscuous heaps none can
Put any difference twixt thy rear or van,
Since oft the youngest lead thy files For this
The grieved world here thy accuser is 30
And I a plaintiff mongst those many ones
Who wet this Lady's urn with zealous moans
As if her ashes quickning into years
Might be again embodied by our tears
But all in vain the moisture we bestow
Shall make as soon her curled marble grow
As render heat or motion to that blood
Which through her veins branch't like an azure flood
Whose now still current in the grave is lost,
Lock'd up and fetter'd by eternal frost. 40

Desist from hence doting Astrology!
To search for hidden wonders in the sky,
Or from the concourse of malignant stars
Foretell diseases general as our wars
What barren droughts forerunners of lean dearth
Threaten to starve the plenty of the earth
What horrid forms of darkness must affright
The sickly world hastning to that long night
Where it must end If there no portents are
No black eclipses for the Kalendar 50
Our times sad annals will remembred be
I th loss of bright Northumberland and Thee
Two stars of Court who in one fatal year
By most untimely set drop'd from their sphere

38 Which] *MS* O ce

52 Northumbe land] Lady Anne Cecil first wife of Algernon Percy tenth Earl

48 *MS* hastning'

Henry King

She in the winter took her flight, and soon
As her perfections reach'd the point of noon,
Wrapt in a cloud, contracted her wish'd stay
Unto the measure of a short-liv'd day.
But *Thou* in Summer, like an early rose,
By Death's cold hand nipp'd as *Thou* didst disclose, 60
Took'st a long day to run that narrow stage,
Which in two gasping minutes summ'd thy age.
And, as the fading rose, when the leaves shed,
Lies in its native sweetness buried,
Thou in thy virtues bedded and inhearth,
Sleep'st with those odours thy pure fame disperst,
Where till that Rising Morn thou must remain,
In which thy wither'd flowers shall spring again,
And greater beauties thy wak'd body vest, 70
Than were at thy departure here possess

So with full eyes we close thy vault. Content
(With what thy loss bequeaths us) to lament,
And make that use of thy griev'd funeral,
As of a crystal broken in the fall,
Whose pitied fractures, gather'd up, and set,
May smaller mirrors for thy sex beget,
There let them view themselves, until they see
The end of all their glories shown in *Thee*

Whilst in the truth of this sad tribute, I
Thus strive to canonize thy memory 80

An Elegy upon Mrs Kirk, unfortunately drowned in Thames

FOR all the shipwracks, and the liquid graves
Lost men have gain'd within the furrow'd waves,
The Sea hath fin'd, and for our wrongs paid use,
When its wrought foam a Venus did produce.

But what repair wilt thou, unhappy Thames,
Afford our loss? thy dull unactive streams
Can no new beauty raise, nor yet restore
Her who by thee was ravish'd from our shore
Whose death hath stain'd the glory of thy flood,
And mix'd the guilty channel with her blood 10

55 winter] December 6, 1637

An Elegy upon Mrs Kirk, &c] This and the following were not in Hannah's MS. He, perhaps not quite accurately, regards this as King's *only* indulgence in what he also regarded as 'the frigid and artificial style popular among his contemporaries'. But he thought it better than the companion piece in Heath's *Clavastella* (*v inf*). From this latter we learn that Mrs Kirk was one of the numerous victims of 'shooting the bridge'. The piece is frigid enough certainly, but rather from want of 'conceit' than because of it. (Mr Thorn-Druay has reminded me of Glapthorne's two elegies on the same subject. They form the last contents of the 1874 reprint and give more detail in their title, 'On the noble and much to be lamented Mrs Anne Kirk, wife to Mr Geo Kirk, Gent of the Robes and of his Majesty's Bed Chamber, who was unfortunately drowned passing London Bridge, July 6, 1641') 3 fin'd] = 'paid fine', as often

An Elegy upon Mrs Kirk

O Neptune¹ was thy favour only writ
In that loose element where thou dost sit?
That after all this time, thou shouldst repent
Thy fairest blessing to the continent?
Say what could urge this Fate? is Thetis dead
Or Amphitrite from thy wet arms fled?
Wast thou so poor in Nymphs that thy moist love
Must be maintain'd with pensions from above?
If none of these but that, whilst thou didst sleep
Upon thy sandy pillow in the deep 30
This mischief stole upon us may our grief
Waken thy just revenge on that sly thief
Who in thy fluid empire without leave
And unsuspected durst her life bereave
Henceforth invert thy order and provide
In gentlest floods a pilot for our guide
Let rugged seas be lov'd but the brooks smile
Shunn'd like the courtship of a crocodile
And where the current doth most smoothly pass
Think for her sake that stream Deaths looking glass 30
To show us our destruction is most near
When pleasure hath begot least sense of fear
Else break thy forked sceptre gainst some rock
If thou endure a flatt'ring calm to mock
Thy fix'd fam'd pow'r and violate that law
Which keeps the angry Ocean in awe
Thy trident will grow useless which doth still
Wild tempests if thou let tame rivers kill
Meantime we owe thee nothing Our first debt
Lies cancell'd in thy wat'ry cabinet 40
We have for Her thou sentst us from the main
Return'd a Venus back to thee again

An Elegy upon the death of Mr Edward Holt

WHETHER thy fathers or diseases rage
More mortal prov'd to thy unhappy age
Our sorrow needs not question since the first
Is known for length and sharpness much the worst
Thy fever yet was kind which the ninth day
For thy misfortunes made an easy way
When th' other barbarous and hectic fit
In nineteen winters did not intermit

Mr Edward Holt] Holt was King's brother in law having married his sister Elizabeth (v. up p. 173). He died at Oxford in 1643 while attending the King as Groom of the Bedchamber and was buried in the Cathedral. His father who outlived him was a Baronet and is again abused by King in his will, she having been implacable but the Bishop apparently thought better of his nephew Sir Robert who was a stout Royalist and churchman both before and after the Restoration. Walton dedicated his *Lf of Donne* to this Sir Robert Holt. His much abused grandfather had at any rate set the example of jealousy and is said to have been plundered or extorted by Parliamentary contributions or compositions to the amount of about £20,000.

Henry King

I therefore vainly now not ask thee why
Thou didst so soon in thy youth's mid-way die · 10
But in my sense the greater wonder make,
Thy long oppressed heart no sooner brake
Of force must the neglected blossom fall,
When the tough root becomes unnatural,
And to his branches doth that sap deny,
Which them with life and verdure should supply
For parents' shame, let it forgotten be,
And may the sad example die with thee

It is not now thy grieved friend's intent
To render thee dull Pity's argument 20
Thou hast a bolder title unto fame,
And at Edge Hill thou didst make good the claim,
When, in thy Royal Master's cause and war,
Thy ventur'd life brought off a noble scar
Nor did thy faithful services desist,
Till death untimely strook thee from the list

Though in that prouder vault, then, which doth tomb
Thy ancestors, thy body find not room,
Thine own deserts have purchas'd thee a place,
Which more renowned is than all thy race, 30
For in this earth thou dost ennobled lie
With marks of valour and of loyalty

To my dead friend Ben. Jonson

[Died August 6, 1637]

I SEE that wreath, which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off Death's pale dart For, Jonson, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men
Time's scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made

Amongst those many votaries who come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens, in their bright verse
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy hearse), 10
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,
How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee,

Ben Jonson] In orig, as so often, 'Johnson' A contribution to *Jonsonus Virbius*, which, printed nearly twenty years before these *Poems*, has one slight variant = 'that' for 'who' in l 7

5 scythe] Orig 'sithe', which some great ones (including even the other Joninson) will have to be the proper spelling, and which is certainly usual in Middle English But 'scythe' is consecrated by the only Sainte Ampoule of orthography—usage, 'sithe' also means 'a path' and 'a sigh', and may be mistaken for 'since', while 'scytie' is unmistakable And for my part, if I may not have 'scythe' I stickle for 'sigðe'—the undoubted original

To my dead friend Ben Jonson

Let not thy learned shadow scorn that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory
And since I nought can add but in desire
Restore some sparks which leap'd from thine own fire.

What ends soever others quills invite,
I can protest it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read
But merely love and justice to the dead 20
Which rais'd my fameless Muse, and caus'd her bring
These drops as tribute thrown into that spring
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow

For tis but truth thou taughtst the ruder age
To speak by grammar and reform'dst the stage
Thy comic sock induc'd such purged sense
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate 30
Our English and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Help'd lift it up to such proportion,
That thus refin'd and robb'd it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst but ours translate
Great Tully's eloquence or Homers state?
Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine,
From Chapman's pen and from thy *Catiline*
All I would ask for thee in recompense 40
Of thy successful toil and time's expense,
Is only this poor boon that those who can
Perhaps read French or talk Italian
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect
To show their skill in foreign dialect
Prove not themselves so unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother tongue despise
(As if her poets both for style and wit,
Not equall'd or not pass'd their best that writ)
Until by studying Jonson they have known
The height and strength and plenty of their own 50

Thus in what low earth or neglected room
Soe'er thou sleepest thy book shall be thy tomb
Thou wilt go down a happy corse bestrew'd
With thine own flowers and feel thyself renew'd

38 It was a little dangerous in Ben's lifetime to praise others in company with him. But King here corroborates Drummond's *Cave sat'n* in which Ben is made to speak well of Chapman on several occasions and (more particularly) to declare his *Ilad* or part of it well done.

42 It is rather curious that Drummond (in one of those *Marginalia* in which he relieves his feeling somewhat subacutely) declares that his robustious guest neither understood French nor Italian.

Henry King

Whilst thy immortal, never with'ring bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy readers' praise.
And when more spreading titles are forgot,
Or spite of all their lead and cere cloth rot,
Thou wrapp'd and shrin'd in thine own sheets wilt lie.
A relic fam'd by all posterity

60

An Elegy upon Prince Henry's death

[Died Nov. 6, 1612]

KEEP station, Nature, and rest, Heaven, sure
On thy supporters' shoulders, lest, past cure,
Thou dash'd in ruin fall, by a grief's weight
Will make thy basis shrink, and lay thy height
Low as the centre Hark! and feel it read
Through the astonish'd Kingdom, Henry's dead
It is enough, who seeks to aggravate
One strain beyond this, prove[s] more sharp his fate
Than sad our doom The world dares not survive
To parallel this woe's superlative
O killing Rhetoric of Death! two words
Breathe stronger terrors than plague, fire, or swords
Ere conquer'd This were epitaph and verse,
Worthy to be prefix'd in Nature's hearse,
Or Earth's sad dissolution, whose fall
Will be less grievous, though more general
For all the woe ruin e'er buried
Sounds in these fatal accents, Henry's dead
Cease then, unable Poetry, thy phrase
Is weak and dull to strike us with amaze
Worthy thy vaster subject Let none dare
To copy this sad hap, but with despair
Hanging at his quill's point For not a stream
Of ink can write, much less improve, this theme
Invention highest wrought by grief or wit
Must sink with him, and on his tombstone split,
Who, like the dying Sun, tells us the light
And glory of our Day set in his Night

10

20

Prince Henry] Besides composing these English verses King contributed two Latin sets to *Iusta Ovoniensium*, one of several Oxford *tombeaux* for the Prince who was taken away from the evil to come. The present poem appears to me (though, of course, the high strung character of the mourning seems to have been both general and sincere) to be much more 'frigid and artificial' than the *Mrs Anne Kirk*. Hannah gives several variants, not merely from his usual MS but from Malone 21. I have taken those which seem to have some point.

5-6 For 'Hark dead' the Malone reading is

Death and horror wed

To vent their teeming mischief Henry's dead

The other MS, for l 6, has

Through the astonisht world, Henry is dead

11 Malone MS '*Compendious Eloquence of Death*', &c

18 For the first half, Malone MS 'lies in this narrow compass', the other, 'throngs' for 'lies'

I will not weep, for 'twere as great a sin

An Elegy upon S W R

[Sir W Raleigh? Executed Oct 29 1618]

I WILL not weep for 'twere as great a sin
To shed a tear for thee as to have bin
An actor in thy death Thy life and age
Was but a various scene on fortune's stage
With whom thou tuggst and strovst ev'n out of breath
In thy long toil neer master'd till thy death,
And then despite of trains and cruel wit
Thou didst at once subdue malice and it.

I dare not then so blast thy memory
As say I do lament or pity thee 10
Were I to choose a subject to bestow
My pity on he should be one as low
In spirit as desert —that durst not die,
But rather were content by slavery
To purchase life or I would pity those
Thy most industrious and friendly foes
Who when they thought to make thee scandals story
Lent thee a swifter flight to Heaven and glory —
That thought, by cutting off some wither'd days
(Which thou couldst spare them) to eclipse thy praise 20
Yet gave it brighter foil made thy ag'd fame
Appear more white and fair than foul their shame
And did promote an execution
Which (but for them) Nature and Age had done

Such worthless things as these were only born
To live on Pity's alms (too mean for scorn)
Thou diedst an envious wonder whose high fate
The world must still admire scarce imitate

An Elegy upon the L Bishop of London John King

[Died on Good Friday 1621]

SAD relic of a blessed soul^t whose trust
We sealed up in this religious dust
O do not thy low exequies suspect
As the cheap arguments of our neglect
Twas a commanded duty that thy grave
As little pride as thou thyself should have

S W R] The initials are not in *MS* and the identification though almost certain is a conjecture of Hannah's. Almost every line fits Raleigh.
27 nuous] Spenser has this sense to which in some cases the original invidious comes very close.

John King] Hannah thought this piece in bad taste and a neglect of the dead Bishop's wishes. As epitaphs go this seems rather severe.

Henry King

Therefore thy covering is an humble stone,
And but a word for thy inscription
When those that in the same earth neighbour thee,
Have each his chronicle and pedigree
They have their waving pennons and their flags
(Of matches and alliance formal brags),
When thou (although from ancestors thou came,
Old as the Heptarchy, great as thy name,)
Sleep'st there inshrined in thy admired parts,
And hast no heraldry but thy deserts
Yet let not them their prouder marbles boast,
For they rest with less honour, though more cost

10

Go, search the world, and with your mattocks wound
The groaning bosom of the patient ground
Dig from the hidden veins of her dark womb
All that is rare and precious for a tomb,
Yet when much treasure, and more time, is spent,
You must grant his the nobler monument,

20

Whose Faith stands o'er him for a hearse, and hath
The Resurrection for his epitaph

*Upon the death of my ever desired friend,
Doctor Donne, Dean of Paul's.*

[Died March 31, 1631]

To have lived eminent, in a degree
Beyond our loftiest flights, that is, like thee,
Or t' have had too much merit is not safe,
For such excesses find no epitaph
At common graves, we have poetic eyes,
Can melt themselves in easy elegies,
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, with the hatchments, to the hearse
But at thine, poem or inscription
(Rich soul of wit and language!) we have none,
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit,
Where is no herald left to blazon it
Widow'd invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,

10

8 but a word] *Resurgam* Orig note

9 neighbour] In St Paul's

13 ancestors] The Kings of Devonshire referred to in Introduction

Dr Donne] This is also found in some editions of Donne's *Poems* and in Walton's *Life*, and Hannah took repeated pains to record the variants I have borrowed those which seemed of importance King's friendship with Donne (whose executor he was) was peculiarly intimate, as Walton, a friend of both, elaborately testifies But the greatest of the many great Deans of St Paul's was certainly 'beyond' King's 'loftiest flights' (or, as Walton read, 'thoughts'), and the Bishop is here below even these

8 pin it] This was literally done

(218)

Upon the death of Dr Donne

Late her great patron whose prerogative
Maintain'd and cloth'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate
Though he the Indies for her dower estate
Or else that awful fire which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy urn 32
Lives there to fright rude empirics from thence
Which might profane thee by their ignorance
Who ever writes of thee and in a style
Unworthy such a theme does but revile
Thy precious dust and wake a learned spirit
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit
For all a low pitch'd fancy can devise
Will prove at best, but hallow'd injuries

Thou like the dying swan didst lately sing
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the king 33
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
Presented so to life that piece of death
That it was fear'd and prophesied by all
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral
O! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The solemn measure of thy griev'd retreat
Thou might'st the poet's service now have miss'd
As well as then thou didst prevent the priest 34
And never to the world beholden be
So much as for an epitaph for thee

I do not like the office. Nor is 't fit
Thou who didst lend our age such sums of wit
Shouldst now reborrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee, which once was thine
Rather still leave us in thy debt and know
(Exalted soul!) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy hearse what we can never pay
Than with embased coin those rites defray 35

Commit we then thee to thyself nor blame
Our drooping loves which thus to thine own time

30 Refers to Donne's last sermon at Court to his long illness and to the ghastly pallor perpetuated by the famous picture of him in his shroud.

37 High victorious numbers is not bad and the whole passage does bare justice to Donne's mastery of the graver epicure, which equalled Jonson's of the lighter

41 beholden] Some versions have the common form beholden

44 Wit—in that seventeenth century sense of which Sir Henry Craik has so well defined the object—not to excite laughter but to compel attention—was regarded and rightly as Donne's special glory and the best thing written on his death was Carew

A king who ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of Wit

49 For Unto thy hearse the Walton version reads Thy memory
(219)

Henry King

Leave thee executor, since, but thy own,
No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
Thy vast desert, save that, we nothing can
Depute to be thy ashes' guardian

So jewellers no art or metal trust
To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.

An Elegy upon the most victorious King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus

[Killed at the battle of Lützen, Nov 6, 1632]

LIKE a cold fatal sweat which ushers death,
My thoughts hang on me, and my lab'ring breath
Stopp'd up with sighs, my fancy, big with woes,
Feels two twinn'd mountains struggle in her throes,—
Of boundless sorrow one,—t' other of sin,
For less let no one rate it, to begin
Where honour ends In great Gustavus' flame,
That style burnt out, and wasted to a name,
Does barely live with us As when the stuff
That fed it, fails, the taper turns to snuff,
With this poor snuff, this airy shadow, we
Of Fame and Honour must contented be,
Since from the vain grasp of our wishes fled
Their glorious substance is, now He is dead

10

Speak it again, and louder, louder yet,
Else, whilst we hear the sound, we shall forget
What it delivers Let hoarse rumour cry,
Till she so many echoes multiply,
Those may like num'rous witnesses confute
Our unbelieving souls, that would dispute

20

Gustavus Adolphus] This piece had been previously printed in the *Swedish Intelligence*, 1633, with other elegies on the subject, one of which (in Malone MS 21) is also ascribed to King, but without any other evidence, and (as Hannah seems to be right in thinking) very improbably He gives some variants, only two of which seem to me important enough to reproduce There are also versions in Rawlinson Poetic MS 26, fol 51, and 160, fol 39

4 throes] Orig 'throws'

6-7 Hannah in his note, though in his text he had followed 1657, as above, prefers the reading of the *Intelligence*—a full-stop at 'it', and 'To begin', which is to a certain extent supported by a capitalized 'To' in his MS, though there is not a full-stop He has two notes on the subject, and for a moment I was perplexed But I feel certain that the 1657 text is right Hannah's parallel from King's prose, 'I begin there where all must end', is specious, but not convincing On the other hand, 'To begin, &c' is wanted to complete 'for less' and to explain 'sin' Honour, as the next sentence further tells us, perished with Gustavus, and it is a solecism to attempt to continue it in verse This is, in the Archdeacon's words elsewhere, 'frigid and artificial' enough, but it is also sufficiently 'metaphysical'

10 Orig has full-stop at 'snuff', but this (which Hannah keeps and does not comment on) leaves nothing to complete 'as'

11 airy] For the 'ayerie' of edition and Malone MS, the *Intelligence*, and Rawlinson MS 160 have 'fiery'—I think, in the context, better

An Elegy upon Gustavus Adolphus

And doubt this truth for ever This one way
Is left our incredulity to sway
To waken our deaf sense and make our ears
As open and dilated as our fears
That we may feel the blow and feeling grieve
At what we would not fain but must believe
And in that horrid faith behold the world
From her proud height of expectation hurl'd
Stooping with him as if she strove to have
No lower centre now than Sweden's grave

30

O could not all thy purchas'd victories
Like to thy fame thy flesh immortalize?
Were not thy virtue nor thy valour charms
To guard thy body from those outward harms
Which could not reach thy soul? could not thy spirit
Lend somewhat which thy frailty might inherit
From thy diviner part that Death nor Hate
Nor Envy's bullets e'er could penetrate?
Could not thy early trophies in stern fight
Torn from the Dane the Pole the Moscovite?

40

Which were thy triumphs seeds as pledges sown
That when thy honour's harvest was ripe grown
With full summ'd wing thou falcon like wouldst fly
And cuff the Eagle in the German sky
Forcing his iron beak and feathers feel

They were not proof gainst thy victorious steel
Could not all these protect thee? or prevail
To fright that coward Death who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy battles in the face?

Alas! they could not Destiny gives place
To none nor is it seen that princes lives
Can saved be by their prerogatives

50

No more was thine who clos'd in thy cold lead
Dost from thyself a mournful lecture read
Of man's short-dated glory learn you kings
You are like him but penetrable things
Though you from demigods derive your birth
You are at best but honourable earth
And however sifted from that coarser bran
Which does compound and knead the common man
Nothing's immortal or from earth refin'd
About you but your office and your mind
Here then break your false glasses which present
You greater than your Maker ever meant
Make truth your mirror now since you find all
That flatter you confuted by his fall

60

Yet since it was decreed thy life's bright Sun
Must be eclips'd ere thy full course was run
Be proud thou didst in thy black obsequies
With greater glory set than others rise

o

Henry King

For in thy death, as life, thou heldest one
Most just and regular proportion
Look how the circles drawn by compass meet
Indivisibly joined, head to feet,
And by continued points which them unite,
Grow at once circular and infinite
So did thy Fate and Honour now contend
To match thy brave beginning with thy end
Therefore thou hadst, instead of passing bells,
The drums' and cannons' thunder for thy knells; 80
And in the field thou didst triumphing die,
Closing thy eyelids with a victory
That so by thousands who there lost their breath,
King-like thou might'st be waited on in death
Lived Plutarch now, and would of Caesar tell,
He could make none but Thee his parallel,
Whose tide of glory, swelling to the brim,
Needs borrow no addition from him 90
When did great Julius, in any clime,
Achieve so much, and in so small a time?
Or if he did, yet shalt Thou in that land
Single, for him, and unexampled stand
When o'er the Germans first his Eagle tow'r'd,
What saw the legions which on them he pour'd?
But massy bodies, made their swords to try,
Subjects, not for his fight, but slavery
In that so vast expanded piece of ground
(Now Sweden's theatre and tomb), he found 100
Nothing worth Caesar's valour or his fear,
No conqu'ring army, nor a Tilly there,
Whose strength, nor wiles, nor practice in the war
Might the fierce torrent of thy triumphs bar,
But that thy winged sword twice made him yield,
Both from his trenches beat, and from the field

Besides, the Roman thought he had done much,
Did he the bank of Rhenus only touch
But though his march was bounded by the Rhine,
Not Oder nor the Danube thee confine, 110
And, but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy conquests stretch'd to such extent,
Thou might'st Vienna reach, and after span
From Mulda to the Baltic Ocean

But death hath spann'd thee nor must we divine
What heir thou leav'st to finish thy design,
Or who shall thee succeed, as champion
For liberty and for religion

An Elegy upon Gustavus Adolphus

Thy task is done as in a watch, the spring
Wound to the height, relaxes with the string 120
So thy steel nerves of conquest from their steep
Ascent declin'd, lie slack'd in thy last sleep

Rest then triumphant soul! for ever rest!
And like the Phoenix in her spicy nest
Embalmd with thine own merit, upward fly
Born in a cloud of perfume to the sky
Whilst as in deathless urns each noble mind
Treasures thy ashes which are left behind

And if perhaps no Cassiopeian spark
(Which in the North did thy first rising mark) 130
Shine o'er thy hearse the breath of our just praise
Shall to the firmament thy virtues raise
Then fix and kindle them into a star
Whose influence may crown thy glorious war

*O Fama ingens ingentior armis
Rex Gustave quibus Coelo te laudibus aequem?*
Virgil *Aeneid* lib 2 [11⁷]

To my Noble and Judicious Friend Sir Henry Blount upon his Voyage

SIR I must ever own myself to be
Possess'd with human curiosity
Of seeing all that might the sense invite
By those two baits of profit and delight
And since I had the wit to understand
The terms of native or of foreign land
I have had strong and oft desires to tread
Some of those voyages which I have read
Yet still so fruitless have my wishes prov'd
That from my Country's smoke I never mov'd 10
Nor ever had the fortune (though design'd)
To satisfy the wand'rings of my mind
Therefore at last I did with some content
Beguile myself in time which others spent
Whose art to provinces small lines allots
And represents large kingdoms but in spots
Thus by Ortelius and Mercator's aid
Through most of the discover'd world I stray'd
I could with ease double the Southern Cape
And in my passage Africa's wonders take 20

¹³⁵ 7 The end quotation (fr m *Aen* xi 124 5) is not in MS
S Henry Blount &c.] Bount (160 -82) was of Trinity College Oxford published his
Voyage to the Levant in 1636 and was knighted four years later He was a good
Royalist in the early days of the Rebellion but something of a royalist later His
book has been variously judged but was very popular and was translated into more
than one foreign language
(223)

Henry King

Then with a speed proportion'd to the scale
Northward again, as high as Zemla sail
Oft hath the travel of my eye outrun
(Though I sat still) the journey of the Sun
Yet made an end, ere his declining beams
Did nightly quench themselves in 'Thetis' streams
Oft have I gone through Egypt in a day,
Not hinder'd by the drougths of Lybia ,
In which, for lack of water, tides of sand
By a dry deluge overflow the land
There I the Pyramids and Cairo see,
Still famous for the wars of Tomombee,
And its own greatness, whose immured sense
Takes forty miles in the circumference
Then without guide, or stronger caravan
Which might secure the wild Arabian,
Back through the scorched deserts pass, to seek
Once the world's Lord, now the beslaved Greek,
Made by a Turkish yoke and fortune's hate
In language as in mind, degenerate

30

40

And here all wrapp'd in pity and amaze
I stand, whilst I upon the Sultan gaze ,
To think how he with pride and rapine fir'd
So vast a territory hath acquir'd ,
And by what daring steps he did become
The Asian fear, and scourge of Christendom
How he achiev'd, and kept, and by what arts
He did concentre those divided parts ,
And how he holds that monstrous bulk in awe,
By settled rules of tyranny, not Law
So rivers large and rapid streams began,
Swelling from drops into an Ocean

50

Sure who e'er shall the just extraction bring
Of this gigantic power from the spring ,
Must there confess a higher Ordinance
Did it for terror to the earth advance
For mark how 'mongst a lawless straggling crew,
Made up of Arab, Saracen, and Jew,
The world's disturber, faithless Mahomet
Did by impostures an opinion get
O'er whom he first usurps as Prince, and than
As prophet does obtrude his Alcoran
Next, how fierce Ottoman his claim made good
From that unblest religion, by blood ,
Whilst he the Eastern kingdoms did deface,
To make their ruin his proud Empire's base
Then like a comet blazing in the skies,
How death-portending Amurath did rise,

60

To my Noble Friend Sir Henry Blount

When he his horned crescents did display
 Upon the fatal plains of Servia, 40
 And farther still his sanguine tresses spread
 Till Croya life and conquests limited
 Lastly how Mahomet thence styld the Great,
 Made Constantines his own Imperial seat,
 After that he in one victorious bond
 Two Empires grasp'd, of Greece and Trebizond

This, and much more than this I gladly read
 Where my relators it had storied,
 Besides that peoples manners and their rites, 80
 Their warlike discipline and order'd fights
 Their desperate valour, hardned by the sense
 Of unavoyd'd Fate and Providence
 Their habit and their houses who confer
 Less cost on them than on their sepulchre
 Their frequent washings and the several bath
 Each Meschit to itself annexed hath
 What honour they unto the Musty give
 What to the Sovereign under whom they live
 What quarter Christians have how just and free 90
 To inoffensive travellers they be
 Though I confess like stomachs fed with news,
 I took them in for wonder not for use,
 Till your expenened and authentic pen
 Taught me to know the places and the men,
 And made all those suspected truths become
 Undoubted now and clear as axiom

Sir for this work more than my thanks is due
 I am at once inform'd and cur'd by you
 So that were I assur'd I should live o'er 100
 My periods of time run out before
 Neer needed my erratic wish transport
 Me from my native lists to that resort
 Where many at outlandish marts unlade
 Ingenuous manners and do only trade
 For vices and the language By your eyes
 I here have made my full discoveries,
 And all your countries so exactly seen
 As in the voyage I had sharer been
 By this you make me so, and the whole land
 Your debtor which can only understand 110
 How much she owes you, when her sons shall try
 The solid depths of your rare history

76 Ong Trapezond, which at any rate keeps closer than the usual form to Trapezus

86 Meschit = of course 'mosque' The form seems to be nearest to the Spanish *mezquita*

102 lists] Here in the sense (akin to the flannelly one) of boundary as in *Hamlet* iv v 99 The ocean overpeern'g of his list, and severat other Shakespearian places.

Henry King

Which looks above our gadders' trivial reach,
 The commonplace of travellers, who teach
 But table-talk, and seldomly aspire
 Beyond the country's diet or attire,
 Whereas your piercing judgement does relate
 The policy and manage of each State
 And since she must here without envy grant
 That you have further journey'd the Levant
 Than any noble spirit by her bred
 Hath in your way as yet adventured,
 I cannot less in justice from her look,
 Than that she henceforth canonize your book
 A rule to all her travellers, and you
 The brave example, from whose equal view
 Each knowing reader may himself direct,
 How he may go abroad to some effect,
 And not for form · what distance and what trust
 In those remoter parts observe he must
 How he with jealous people may converse,
 Yet take no hurt himself by that commerce
 So when he shall embark'd in dangers be,
 Which wit and wary caution not foresee,
 If he partake your valour and your brain,
 He may perhaps come safely off again,
 As you have done, though not so richly fraught
 As this return hath to our staple brought.

120

130

I know your modesty shuns vulgar praise,
 And I have none to bring, but only raise
 This monument of Honour and of Love,
 Which your long known deserts so far improve,
 They leave me doubtful in what style to end,
 Whether more your admirer or your friend.

140

To my honoured Friend Mr. George Sandys

It is, Sir, a confess'd intrusion here
 That I before your labours do appear,
 Which no loud herald need, that may proclaim
 Or seek acceptance, but the Author's fame.

124-5 canonize rule] A play of words
Mr George Sandys] These verses appeared as commendatory to Sandys' well known
Paraphrase upon the Divine Psalms, 1648 Sandys was not only a friend of King (as
 of all his group), but, according to l 14 of this piece, a relation the exact connexion,
 however, was unknown to Hannah and Hooper, and is to me Indeed, l 18 might be
 taken to mean that we were not to look further for 'extraction' than to the fact that
 they were both sons of bishops Hannah saw this, but drew the inference somewhat
 too positively

Mr Percy Simpson has found the following variants in Sandys' own book
 25 might] would 27 straight vow'd] strait-vow'd 57-62 absent 64 With]
 And skill] Art 89 They would by no means (had they power to choose)
 90 practice] Custom 96 stuffs] stuff 116 Allow] Confess.

King may have retouched the piece

To my honoured Friend Mr George Sandys

Much less that should this happy work commend
Whose subject is its licence, and doth send
It to the world to be receiv'd and read
Far as the glorious beams of truth are spread

Nor let it be imagin'd that I look
Only with custom's eye upon your book, 10
Or in this service that twas my intent
To exclude your person from your argument
I shall profess much of the love I owe
Doth from the root of our extraction grow,
To which though I can little contribute
Yet with a natural joy I must impute
To our tribes honour what by you is done
Worthy the title of a Prelate's son.

And scarcely have two brothers farther borne
A father's name or with more value worn 20
Their own than two of you, whose pens and feet
Have made the distant points of Heaven to meet,
He by exact discoveries of the West
Yourself by painful travels in the East.

Some more like you might powerfully confute
Th opposers of Priests marriage by the fruit.
And (since tis known for all their straight vow'd life
They like the sex in any style but wife)
Cause them to change their cloister for that state
Which keeps men chaste by vows legitimate 30
Nor shame to father their relations
Or under nephews names disguise their sons
This child of yours born without spurious blot
And fairly midwiv'd as it was begot
Doth so much of the parents goodness wear
You may be proud to own it for your heir
Whose choice acquits you from the common sin
Of such who finish worse than they begin
You mend upon yourself and your last strain
Does of your first the start in judgement gain 40
Since what in curious travel was begun
You here conclude in a devotion

Where in delightful raptures we descry
As in a map Sion's chorography
Laid out in so direct and smooth a line
Men need not go about through Palestine
Who seek Christ here will the straight road prefer
As nearer much than by the Sepulchre

23 Orig note [S r Edwin Sandys survey of Religion in the West] More properly entitled *Europae Speculum* (1559)

Henry King

For not a limb grows here, but is a path ,
Which in God's City the blest centre hath 50
And doth so sweetly on each passion strike,
The most fantastic taste will somewhat like
To the unquiet soul Job still from hence
Pleads in th' example of his patience
The mortified may hear the wise King preach,
When his repentance made him fit to teach
Nor shall the singing Sisters be content
To chant at home the Act of Parliament,
Turn'd out of reason into rhyme by one 60
Free of his trade, though not of Helicon,
Who did in his poetic zeal contend
Others' edition by a worse to mend
Here are choice Hymns and Carols for the glad,
With melancholy Dirges for the sad
And David (as he could his skill transfer)
Speaks like himself by an interpreter
Your Muse rekindled hath the Prophet's fire,
And tun'd the strings of his neglected lyre ,
Making the note and ditty so agree,
They now become a perfect harmony 70

I must confess, I have long wish'd to see
The Psalms reduc'd to this conformity
Grieving the songs of Sion should be sung
In phrase not diff'ring from a barbarous tongue
As if, by custom warranted, we may
Sing that to God we would be loath to say
Far be it from my purpose to upbraid
Their honest meaning, who first offer made
That book in metre to compile, which you
Have mended in the form, and built anew 80

53 seq In the original there are side-notes 'Job', 'Ecclesiastes', 'The Act of Parliament for Public Thanksgiving on the fifth of November, set to a tune by H Dod a tradesman of London, at the end of his Psalms, which stole from the Press Anno Domini 1620', 'Hymns', 'Lamentations', 'Psalms', referring to other Paraphrases of Sandys on the various books named, and (in the third place) on certain Songs selected from other parts of the Bible The unfortunate 'H Dod a tradesman' may have had his Manes refreshed by a notice in the *DNB*

70 It was too early for King to recognize, as has been done since, the reason of the 'perfect harmony' he relished as a fact in Sandys That poet was one of the earliest after Fairfax, and probably before Beaumont or Waller, to master (though not always to practise) the stopped antithetic couplet which was conquering, and to conquer, public favour

71 It were much to be desired (though Hannah did not think so) that King had allowed his wishes to be satisfied by Sandys' performance, without attempting competition

79 The reference is, of course, to the universally heard of, but perhaps by extremely few read, 'Sternhold and Hopkins' The actual terms of King's criticism are not very happy, but nobody then knew, or easily could know, much about literary history It was a fifteenth- rather than a sixteenth-century fault 'hardly to distinguish *verse* and *rhyme*' Where Sternhold and Hopkins—in common with much greater men, from Wyatt to Gascoigne—sometimes went wrong, was in their inability to attain anything

To my honoured Friend Mr George Sandys

And it was well considering the time
Which hardly could distinguish verse and rhyme
But now the language like the Church hath won
More lustre since the Reformation
None can condemn the wish or labour spent
Good matter in good words to represent

Yet in this jealous age some such there be
So without cause afraid of novelty
They would not (were it in their power to choose)
An old ill practice for a better lose 90
Men who a rustic plainness so affect,
They think God served best by their neglect
Holding the cause would be profaned by it
Were they at charge of learning or of wit
And therefore bluntly (what comes next) they bring
Coarse and unstudied stuffs for offering
Which like the old Tabernacles covering are
Made up of badgers skins and of goats hair
But these are paradoxes they must use
Their sloth and bolder ignorance to excuse 100
Who would not laugh at one will naked go
Cause in old hangings truth is pictured so?
Though plainness be reputed honours note
They mantles use to beautify the coat,
So that a curious (unaffected) dress
Adds much unto the bodys comeliness
And wheresoe'er the subject's best the sense
Is bettered by the speaker's eloquence

But, Sir to you I shall no trophy raise
From other mens detraction or dispraise 110
That jewel never had inherent worth
Which asked such foils as these to set it forth
If any quarrel your attempt or style,
Forgive them their own folly they revile
Since gainst themselves their factious envy shall
Allow this work of yours canonical
Nor may you fear the Poets common lot
Read and commended and then quite forgot
The brazen mines and marble rocks shall waste
When your foundation will unshaken last 120
Tis Fame's best pay, that you your labours see
By their immortal subject crowned be
For neer was writer in oblivion hid
Who firmd his name on such a Pyramid

but a butterwoman's rank to market — a singing song and soulless uniformity of cadence and (a sin more specially their own) in the hopeless dullness and drabness of their diet on

Henry King

The Woes of Esay

WOE to the worldly men, whose covetous
Ambition labours to join house to house,
Lay field to field, till their enclosures edge
The plain, girdling a country with one hedge
That leave no place unbought, no piece of earth
Which they will not engross, making a dearth
Of all inhabitants, until they stand
Unneighbour'd, as unblest, within their land

This sin cries in God's ear, who hath decreed
The ground they sow shall not return the seed
They that unpeopled countries to create
Themselves sole Lords,—made many desolate
To build up their own house, shall find at last
Run and fearful desolation cast
Upon themselves Their mansion shall become
A desert, and their palace prove a tomb
Their vines shall barren be, their land yield tares,
Their house shall have no dwellers, they no heirs

10

Woe unto those, that with the morning Sun
Rise to drink wine, and sit till he have run
His weary course, not ceasing until night
Have quench'd their understanding with the light
Whose raging thirst, like fire, will not be tam'd,
The more they pour, the more they are inflam'd
Woe unto them that only mighty are
To wage with wine, in which unhappy war
They who the glory of the day have won,
Must yield them foil'd and vanquish'd by the tun
Men that live thus, as if they liv'd in jest,
Fooling their time with music and a feast,
That did exile all sounds from their soft ear
But of the harp, must this sad discord hear
Compos'd in threats The feet which measures tread
Shall in captivity be fettered
Famine shall scourge them for their vast excess,
And Hell revenge their monstrous drunkenness,
Which hath enlarg'd itself to swallow such,
Whose throats ne'er knew enough, though still too much

20

30

Woe unto those that countenance a sin,
Siding with vice, that it may credit win
By their unhallow'd vote that do benight
The truth with error, putting dark for light,

40

The Woes of Esay] It may seem strange that a man of poetical velleities, with the magnificent range of choice open to him in the Book of Isaiah, should choose these 'Woes' for verse-paraphrase. But the fact is interesting as combining with others, which have been pointed out here and there already, to show that King, at one time of his life, *had* leanings to that Puritan popular temper which, from the days of Langland downwards, had shown itself in England. The couplet verse has some vigour

The Woes of Esay

And light for dark that call an evil good
 And would by vice have virtue understood
 That with their frown can sour an honest cause
 Or sweeten any bad by their applause
 That justify the wicked for reward,
 And void of moral goodness or regard
 Plot with detraction to traduce the fame
 Of him whose merit hath enroll'd his name 50
 Among the just Therefore God's vengeful ire
 Glows on his people and becomes a fire
 Whose greedy and exalted flame shall burn
 Till they like straw or chaff to nothing turn
 Because they have rebelld against the right
 To God and Law perversely opposite
 As plants which Sun nor showers did ever bless
 So shall their root convert to rottenness
 And their successions bud in which they trust
 Shall (like Gomorrah's fruit) moulder to dust 60

Woe unto those that drunk with self-conceit
 Value their own designs at such a rate
 Which human wisdom cannot reach that sit
 Enthron'd as sole monopolists of wit
 That outlook reason and suppose the eye
 Of Nature blind to their discovery
 Whilst they a title make to understand
 Whatever secrets bosom'd in the land
 But God shall imp their pride and let them see
 They are but fools in a sublime degree o
 He shall bring down and humble those proud eyes
 In which false glasses only they look'd wise
 That all the world may laugh and learn by it
 There is no folly to pretended wit.

Woe unto those that draw iniquity
 With cords and by a vain security
 Lengthen the sinful trace till their own chain
 Of many links form'd by laborious pain
 Do pull them into Hell that as with lines
 And cart ropes drag on their unwilling crimes 80
 Who rather than they will commit no sin
 Tempt all occasions to let it in
 As if there were no God who must exact
 The strict account for every vicious fact
 Nor judgement after death If any be
 Let him make speed (say they) that we may see

84 The original apostrophation (kept by Hann h) of every is c ry —interesting
 to compare with the common forms of ere for ever and nere for never
N E D traces it to the fifteenth century and notes an eighteenth-century extension
 to c ery

Henry King

Why is his work retarded by delay?
Why doth himself thus linger on the way?
If there be any judge, or future doom,
Let It and Him with speed together come

90

Unhappy men, that challenge and defy
The coming of that dreadful Majesty!
Better by much for you, he did reverse
His purposed sentence on the Universe;
Or that the creeping minutes might adjourn
Those flames in which you, with the earth, must burn,
That time's revolting hand could lag the year,
And so put back his day which is too near

Behold his signs advanc'd like colours fly,
To tell the world that his approach is nigh,
And in a furious march, he's coming on
Swift as the raging inundation,
To scour the sinful world, 'gainst which is bent
Artillery that never can be spent
Bows strung with vengeance, and flame-feather'd darts
Headed with death, to wound transgressing hearts;
His chariot wheels wrapp'd in the whirlwind's gyre,
His horses hoov'd with flint, and shod with fire
In which amaze, where'er they fix their eye,
Or on the melting earth, or up on high,
'To seek Heaven's shrunk lights, nothing shall appear,
But night and horror in their hemisphere
Nor shall th' affrighted sense more objects know
Than dark'ned skies above, and Hell below

100

110

An Essay on Death and a Prison.

A PRISON is in all things like a grave,
Where we no better privileges have
Than dead men, nor so good The soul once fled
Lives freer now, than when she was cloistered
In walls of flesh, and though she organs want
To act her swift designs, yet all will grant
Her faculties more clear, now separate,
Than if the same conjunction, which of late
Did marry her to earth, had stood in force,
Uncapable of death, or of divorce
But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,
And at one time feels two captivities,

10

An Essay] This piece stands to some work of Donne's much as others of King's do to the lyrics of the greater poet. The couplets are more enjambed than in *The Woes of Essay*, and the metaphysicality is of the satiric kind. It should not be needful, but may be well, to say that King had no actual experience of prisons. On the other side of the matter the piece might, but by no means need, belong to the series connected with his wife's death

An Essay on Death and a Prison

A narrow dungeon which her body holds,
But narrower body which herself enfolds
Whilst I in prison lie, nothing is free
Nothing enlarg'd but thought and misery,
Though every clink be stopp'd the doors close barr'd
Despite of walls and locks, through every ward
These have their issues forth, may take the air,
Though not for health but only to compare
How wretched those men are who freedom want,
By such as never suffer'd a restraint.
In which unquiet travel could I find
Aught that might settle my distemper'd mind
Or of some comfort make discovery
It were a voyage well employ'd but I,
Like our raw travellers that cross the seas
To fetch home fashions or some worse disease,
Instead of quiet a new torture bring
Home to afflict me, malice and murmuring
What is it I envy not? no dog nor fly
But my desires prefer and wish were I
For they are free, or if they were like me,
They had no sense to know calamity
But in the grave no sparks of envy live
No hot companions that causes give
Of quarrel or that our affections move
Any condition save their own to love
There are no objects there but shades and night,
And yet that darkness better than the light.
There lives a silent harmony no jar
Or discord can that sweet soft consort mar
The grave's deaf ear is clos'd against all noise
Save that which rocks must hear the angels voice
Whose trump shall wake the world and raise up men
Who in earth's bosom slept, bed rid till then
What man then would who on death's pillow slumbers
Be re-inspired with life though golden numbers
Of bliss were pour'd into his breast though he
Were sure in change to gain a monarchy?
A monarch's glorious state compar'd with his
Less safe less free less firm less quiet is
For neer was any Prince advanced so high
That he was out of reach of misery
Never did story yet a law report
To banish fate or sorrow from his Court
Where ere he moves by land or through the main
These go along sworn members of his train
But he whom the kind earth hath entertain'd
Hath in her womb a sanctuary gain'd,
Whose charter and protection arm him so
That he is privileg'd from future woe

Henry King

The coffin's a safe harbour, where he rides
Land-bound, below cross winds, or churlish tides
For grief, sprung up with life, was man's half-brother,
Fed by the taste, brought forth by sin, the mother
And since the first seduction of the wife,
God did decree to grief a lease for life,
Which patent in full force continue must,
Till man that disobey'd revert to dust 70
So that life's sorrows, ratifi'd by God,
Cannot expire, or find their period,
Until the soul and body disunite,
And by two diff'rent ways from each take flight
But they dissolved once, our woes disband,
Th' assurance cancell'd by one fatal hand,
Soon as the passing bell proclaims me dead,
My sorrows sink with me, lie buried
In the same heap of dust, the self-same urn 80
Doth them and me alike to nothing turn
If then of these I might election make
Whether I would refuse, and whether take,
Rather than like a sullen anchorite
I would live cas'd in stone, and learn to write
A *Prisoner's story*, which might steal some tears
From the sad eyes of him that reads or hears,
Give me a peaceful death, and let me meet
My freedom seal'd up in my winding sheet
Death is the pledge of rest, and with one bail
Two prisons quits, the Body and the Jail 90

The Labyrinth.

LIFE is a crooked labyrinth, and we
Are daily lost in that obliquity
'Tis a perplexed circle, in whose round
Nothing but sorrows and new sins abound
How is the faint impression of each good
Drown'd in the vicious channel of our blood?
Whose ebbs and tides by their vicissitude
Both our great Maker and ourselves delude

O wherefore is the most discerning eye
Unapt to make its own discovery? 10
Why is the clearest and best judging mind
In her own ills' prevention dark and blind?
Dull to advise, to act precipitate,
We scarce think what to do, but when too late
Or if we think, that fluid thought, like seed,
Rots there to propagate some fouler deed
Still we repent and sin, sin and repent,
We thaw and freeze, we harden and relent

The Labyrinth] 12 her] our Malone MS 22

The Labyrinth

Those fires, which cool'd to-day the morrow's heat
Rekindles Thus frail nature does repeat
What she unlearn'd and still by learning on
Perfects her lesson of confusion

20

Sick soul! what cure shall I for thee devise
Whose leprous state corrupts all remedies?
What medicine or what cordial can be got
For thee who poison'st thy best antidote?
Repentance is thy bane since thou by it
Only reviv'st the fault thou didst commit,
Nor griev'st thou for the past but art in pain
For fear thou may'st not act it o'er again
So that thy tears like water spilt on lime,
Serve not to quench, but to advance the crime

30

My blessed Saviour! unto thee I fly
For help against this homebred tyranny
Thou canst true sorrows in my soul imprint
And draw contrition from a breast of flint
Thou canst reverse this labyrinth of sin
My wild affects and actions wander in
O guide my faith! and, by thy graces clew
Teach me to hunt that kingdom at the view
Where true joys reign which like their day shall last
Those never clouded, nor that overcast

40

Being waked out of my sleep by a snuff of candle which offended me I thus thought

PERHAPS 'twas but conceit Erroneous sense!
Thou art thine own distemper and offence
Imagine then that sick unwholesome steam
Was thy corruption breath'd into a dream
Nor is it strange when we in charnels dwell
That all our thoughts of earth and frailty smell

Man is a Candle whose unhappy light
Burns in the day and smothers in the night
And as you see the dying taper waste
By such degrees does he to darkness baste

10

Here is the difference When our bodies lamps
Blinded by age or chok'd with mortal damps
Now faint and dim and sickly gin to wink
And in their hollow sockets lowly sink,
When all our vital fires ceasing to burn
Leave nought but snuff and ashes in our urn
God will restore those fallen lights again
And kindle them to an eternal flame

Henry King

Sic Vita.

KING AND BLAUMONT.

[I]

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh springs gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night

The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot

10

WASTILL

[II]

Like as the damask rose you see;
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May;
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the Sun, or like the shade;
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Even such is man, whose thread is
spun,

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done

The rose withers, the blossom
blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning
hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he
dies

[III]

Like to the Grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,
Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,

Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life, and death
The grass withers, the tale is
ended,
The bird is flown; the dew's
ascended,
The hour is short, the span not
long,
The swan's near death, man's life
is done

[IV]

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or, in a glass, much like a look,
Or like a shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream,
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life, and death
The bubble's cut, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's
blot,
The thought is past; the dream is
gone,
The water glides, man's life is done

Sic Vita] On this famous piece see Introduction Only the first form is attributed to King and appears in his *Poems*, but it also appears not merely in the singular higgledy-piggledy called the poems of Francis Beaumont, 1653, but in the earlier and better edition of 1640 Simon Wastell was a schoolmaster who had been at Queen's College, Oxford, and who in 1629 appended these sets of verses to a book then entitled *Microbiblion* The first is claimed by Quarles, who also wrote another in the form William Browne's version was not published till 1815, and the authors of the two from the Malone MS are unknown The group is probably the palmary example in English of that coterie and school-verse which distinguished the seventeenth century The King-Beaumont form is certainly the best and probably the original (It will be observed that X is *palmodic* to the others It is, *with* IX, attributed as a single piece to Strode and entitled 'On Death and Resurrection' in MS Malone 16, fol 35, and Dobell's *Poetical Works of W Strode*)

Sic Vita

[V]

Like to an arrow from the bow
Or like swift course of watery flow
Or like the time twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web
Or like a race or like a goal
Or like the dealing of a dole
Even such is man whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate

The arrow's shot, the flood soon
spent

The time no time the web soon
rent

The race soon run the goal soon
won

The dole soon dealt man's life first
done

[VI]

Like to the lightning from the sky
Or like a post that quick doth lie
Or like a quiver in short song
Or like a journey three days long
Or like the snow when summer's come
Or like the pear or like the plum
Even such is man who heaps up
sorrow

Lives but this day and dies to-
morrow

The lightning's past the post must
go

The song is short the journey's so
The pear doth rot the plum doth
fall

The snow dissolves and so must
all

QUARLES.

Like to the damask Rose you see &c

[VII]

Like to the blaze of fond delight,
Or like a morning clear and bright
Or like a post or like a shower
Or like the pride of Babel's Tower
Or like the hour that guides the time
Or like to beauty in her prime
Even such is man whose glory lends
His life a blaze or two and ends

Delights vanish the morn o'er
casteth

The frost breaks the shower
hasteth

The Tower falls the hour spends

The beauty fades and man's life
ends

(237)

BROWNE.

[VIII]

Like to a silkworm of one year
Or like a wronged lover's tear
Or on the waves n rudder's dint
Or like the sparkles of a flint
Or like to little cakes perfum'd
Or fireworks made to be consum'd
Even such is man and all that trust
In weak and animated dust.

The silkworm droops the tear's
soon shed

The ship's way lost the sparkle
dead

The cake is burnt the firework
done

And man as these is quickly gone

STRODE.

[IX]

Like to the rolling of an eye
Or like a star shot from the sky
Or like a hand upon a clock
Or like a wave upon a rock
Or like a wind or like a flame
Or like false news which people frame
Even such is man of equal stay
Whose very growth leads to decay
The eye is turned the star down
bendeth

The hand doth steal the wave
descendeth

The wind is spent the flame
unfir'd

The news disprov'd man's life
expir'd

[X]

Like to an eye which sleep doth chain
Or like a star whose fill we faine
[—feign]

Or like a shade on A(t)haz watch
Or like a wave which gulfs do snatch
Or like a wind or flame that's past
Or smother'd news confirm'd nt last
Even so man's life, pawn'd in the
grave

Waits for a rising it must have
The eye still sees the star still
blizeth

The shade goes back the wave
escapeth

The wind is turn'd the flame reviv'd

The news renew'd and man new
liv'd

Henry King

My Midnight Meditation.

ILL busi'd man! why shouldst thou take such care
To lengthen out thy life's short kalendar?
When every spectacle thou look'st upon
Presents and acts thy execution
Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,
Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must die
The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)
Is just the tolling of thy passing bell
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy
Covers alike deceased day and thee
And all those weeping dews which nightly fall,
Are but the tears shed for thy funeral

10

A Penitential Hymn.

HEarken, O God, unto a wretch's cries,
Who low dejected at thy footstool lies
Let not the clamour of my heinous sin
Drown my requests, which strive to enter in
At those bright gates, which always open stand
To such as beg remission at thy hand
Too well I know, if thou in rigour deal,
I can nor pardon ask, nor yet appeal
To my hoarse voice, heaven will no audience grant,
But deaf as brass, and hard as adamant
Beat back my words, therefore I bring to thee
A gracious Advocate to plead for me

10

What though my leprous soul no Jordan can
Recure, nor floods of the lav'd Ocean
Make clean? yet from my Saviour's bleeding side
Two large and medicinable rivers glide
Lord, wash me where those streams of life abound,
And new Bethesdas flow from ev'ry wound

If I this precious lather may obtain,
I shall not then despair for any stain,
I need no Gilead's balm, nor oil, nor shall
I for the purifying hyssop call
My spots will vanish in His purple flood,
And crimson there turn white, though wash'd with blood

20

My Midnight Meditation] 11 which] *MS* 'that' In *Parnassius Biceps*, p 80, with title 'On Man' ll 9-10 are absent from this version Mr Thorn Drury thinks that this is Dr John King's (so ascribed in Malone *MS* 21, fol 2b, and Mr Dobell's *MS* of Strode)

A Penitential Hymn] This piece is referred to by Anthony Wood as one of several 'anthems' It was, he tells us, intended for Lenten use, and set by Dr John Wilson, gentleman of the Chapel Royal To this Dr Wilson, Hannah thought that his collated *MS* copy of King's *Poems*, which bears the name, had belonged, additional evidence being found in the curious fact that the Hymn appears in that copy out of order, and first

A Penitential Hymn

See, Lord I with broken heart and bended knee
How I address my humble suit to Thee,
O give that suit admittance to Thy ears
Which floats to Thee not in my words but tears
And let my sinful soul this mercy crave,
Before I fall into the silent grave

30

An Elegy occasioned by Sickness

WELL did the Prophet ask, *Lord what is Man?*
Implying by the question none can
But God resolve the doubt much less define
What elements this child of dust combine

Man is a stranger to himself and knows
Nothing so naturally as his woes
He loves to travel countries and confer
The sides of Heavens vast diameter
Delights to sit in Nile or Batis lap
Before he hath saild over his own map
By which means he returns his travel spent
Less knowing of himself than when he went
Who knowledge hunt kept under foreign locks
May bring home wit to hold a paradox
Yet be fools still Therefore might I advise
I would inform the soul before the eyes
Make man into his proper optics look
And so become the student and the book
With his conception his first leaf begin
What is he there but complicated sin?
When riper time, and the approaching birth
Ranks him among the creatures of the earth
His wailing mother sends him forth to greet
The light wrapp'd in a bloody winding sheet
As if he came into the world to crave
No place to dwell in but bespeak a grave

10

20

Thus like a red and tempest boding morn
His dawning is for being newly born
He hails th ensuing storm with shrieks and cries
And fines for his admission with wet eyes

30

How should that plant whose leaf is bath'd in tears
Bear but a bitter fruit in elder years?
Just such is this and his maturer age
Teems with event more sad than the presage

An Elegy &c] It is always well to placate Nemesis before finding fault with a fellow creature's complaints. But this piece like some others does rather illustrate that tendency to *graze* which has been noticed in the Introduction. It was no doubt natural to King and was probably confirmed in him by his wife's early death. It is worth noticing that—a thing rare in his time—he never remarried.

33 this] *MS* his

Henry King

For view him higher, when his childhood's span
Is raised up to youth's meridian,
When he goes proudly laden with the fruit
Which health, or strength, or beauty contribute,
Yet,—as the mounted cannon batters down
The towers and goodly structures of a town,—
So one short sickness will his force defeat,
And his frail citadel to rubbish beat
How does a dropsy melt him to a flood,
Making each vein run water more than blood?
A colic wracks him like a northern gust,
And raging fevers crumble him to dust
In which unhappy state he is made worse
By his diseases than his Maker's curse
God said in *toil and sweat* he should earn bread,
And without labour not be nourished
There, though like ropes of falling dew, his sweat
Hangs on his lab'ring brow, he cannot eat

Thus are his sins scourg'd in opposed themes,
And luxuries reveng'd by their extremes
He who in health could never be content
With rarities fetch'd from each element,
Is now much more afflicted to delight
His tasteless palate, and lost appetite

Besides, though God ordain'd, that with the light
Man should begin his work, yet he made night
For his repose, in which the weary sense
Repairs itself by rest's soft recompense
But now his watchful nights and troubled days
Confused heaps of fear and fancy raise
His chamber seems a loose and trembling mine,
His pillow quilted with a porcupine,
Pain makes his downy couch sharp thorns appear,
And ev'ry feather prick him like a spear
Thus, when all forms of death about him keep,
He copies death in any form, but sleep

Poor walking-clay¹ hast thou a mind to know
To what unblest beginnings thou dost owe
Thy wretched self? fall sick a while, and than
Thou wilt conceive the pedigree of Man
Learn shalt thou from thine own anatomy,
That earth his mother, worms his sisters be
That he's a short-liv'd vapour upward wrought,
And by corruption unto nothing brought
A stagg'ring meteor by cross planets beat,
Which often reels and falls before his set,

73 'Than' for 'then' is much rarer than the converse, though we have it once *supra*
It is odd too here, for 'then' would have done just as well

An Elegy occasioned by Sickness

A tree which withers faster than it grows
A torch puff'd out by every wind that blows,
A web of forty weeks spun forth in pain,
And in a moment ravel'd out again

This is the model of frail man then say
That his duration's only for a day
And in that day more fits of changes pass
Than atoms run in the turn'd hourglass

So that th' incessant cares which life invade
Might for strong truth their heresy persuade,
Who did maintain that human souls are sent
Into the body for their punishment
At least with that Greek sage still make us cry
Not to be born or, being born to die

90

But Faith steers up to a more glorious scope
Which sweetens our sharp passage and firm hope
Anchors our torn barks on a blessed shore,
Beyond the Dead Sea we here ferry o'er
To this Death is our pilot and disease
The agent which solicits our release

100

Though crosses then pour on my restless head
Or ling'ring sickness nail me to my bed
Let this my thoughts eternal comfort be,
That my clos'd eyes a better light shall see
And when by fortunes or by nature's stroke
My body's earthen pitcher must be broke
My soul like Gideon's lamp from her crack'd urn
Shall Death's black night to endless lustre turn

The Dirge

WHAT is th' existenc'e of Man's life
But open war or slumber'd strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind
Which beats his bark with many a wave
Till he casts anchor in the grave

10

90 Their = Origen and the Priscillanists.

93 Posidippus? But the thing was a commonplace

94 Side note in orig. *Non s'asa at q' am at ssine mori*

The Dirge] An obvious extension variation of *Sic Vita*

8 MS Ves rages with —rather well

12 MS cast —perhaps better

Henry King

It is a flower, which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose,
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep
Then shrinks into that fatal mould,
Where its first being was enroll'd

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moraliz'd in age and youth
Where all the comforts he can share
As wand'ring as his fancies are,
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away

25

It is a dial, which points out
The sun-set as it moves about
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade

30

It is a weary interlude
Which doth short joys, long woes include.
The World the stage, the Prologue tears,
The Acts vain hope, and varied fears,
The Scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no Epilogue but Death

An Elegy, occasioned by the loss of the most incomparable Lady Stanhope, daughter to the Earl of Northumberland

[Died November 29, 1654]

LIGHT'NED by that dim torch our sorrow bears,
We sadly trace thy coffin with our tears,
And though the ceremonious rites are past
Since thy fair body into earth was cast,
Though all thy hatchments into rags are torn,
Thy funeral robes and ornaments outworn,
We still thy mourners, without show or art,
With solemn blacks hung round about our heart,
Thus constantly the obseques renew,
Which to thy precious memory are due

10

26 MS 'His sun-set'

27-8 These run in MS

Whilst it demonstrates Time's swift flight

In the black lines of shady night

30 The] MS 'His'

35 MS 'in loss'

An Elegy] The subject of this was Anne Percy, daughter of the Northumberland whose personal umbrage or lukewarm loyalty so grievously affected the Royal cause, and the wife of that Philip Lord Stanhope who afterwards, and after her death, seems to have flirted with Lady Elizabeth Howard before she married Dryden

An Elegy upon Lady Stanhope

Yet think not that we rudely would invade
The dark recess of thine untroubled shade,
Or give disturbance to that happy peace
Which thou enjoyst at full since thy release
Much less in sullen murmurs do complain
Of His decree who took thee back again
And did, ere Fame had spread thy virtues light,
Eclipse and fold thee up in endless night.
This, like an act of envy not of grief,
Might doubt thy bliss and shake our own belief
Whose studied wishes no proportion bear
With joys which crown thee now in glory's sphere. 20

Know then, blest Soul! we for ourselves not thee,
Seal our woes dictate by this elegy
Wherein our tears united in one stream
Shall to succeeding times convey this theme
Worth all men's pity who discern, how rare
Such early growths of fame and goodness are.
Of these, part must thy sex's loss bewail
Maid in her noblest patterns through thy fail, 30
For 'twould require a double term of life
To match thee as a daughter or a wife
Both which Northumberland's dear loss improve,
And make his sorrow equal to his love
The rest fall for ourselves, who cast behind
Cannot yet reach the peace which thou dost find,
But slowly follow thee in that dull stage
Which most untimely posted hence thy age.

Thus like religious pilgrims, who design
A short salute to their beloved shrine, 40
Most sad and humble votaries we come,
To offer up our sighs upon thy tomb
And wet thy marble with our dropping eyes
Which till the spring which feeds their current dries
Resolve each falling night and rising day
This mournful homage at thy grave to pay

B early] Lady Stanhope was not twenty one when she died and had been married little more than two years

Henry King

Poems not included in the Edition of 1657 but added in reissue of 1664

An Elegy upon my best friend, L. K. C.

[Countess of Leinster died June 15, 1657]

SHOULD we our sorrows in this method range,
Oft as misfortune doth their subjects change,
And to the sev'ral losses which befall,
Pay diff'rent rites at ev'ry funeral,
Like narrow springs, drain'd by dispersed streams,
We must want tears to wail such various themes,
And prove defective in Death's mournful laws,
Not having words proportion'd to each cause

In your dear loss, my much afflicted sense
Discerns this truth by sad experience,
Who never look'd my Verses should survive,
As wet records, That you are not alive,
And less desir'd to make that promise due,
Which pass'd from me in jest, when urg'd by you

10

How close and sliely doth our frailty work!
How undiscover'd in the body lurk!
That those who this day did salute you well,
Before the next were frighted by your knell
O wherefore since we must in order rise,
Should we not fall in equal obsequies?
But bear th' assaults of an uneven fate,
Like fevers which their hour anticipate,
Had this rule constant been, my long wish'd end
Might render you a mourner for your Friend
As he for you, whose most deplor'd surprise
Imprints your death on all my faculties,
That hardly my dark phant'sy or discourse
This final duty from the pen enforce

20

Such influence hath your eclipsed light,
It doth my reason, like myself, benight

30

An Elegy upon my best friend] King's 'best friend' (or, as a MS gives it, 'worthiest') was Katharine Stanhope, daughter of John Lord Stanhope of Harrington. Her husband, Robert Cholmondeley, successively created an Irish Viscount, an English Baron (his surname serving as title in each case), and Earl of Leinster, died very shortly after her and before the Restoration. There is a MS sermon on her death attributed to King, but doubted by Hannah. The poem itself, unlike the next but like the three which follow that, appears printed in the 1664 issue. And it is, on the principles of this collection, not unimportant to notice that in these later printed pieces the irrational prodigality of capitals which, as has been noted, is absent from 1657, reappears. There could be no stronger evidence that these things have nothing to do with the author, and are not worth reproducing.

12 The original bestows a capital even upon 'Alive'—a thing capital in another way as illustrating the utter unreason of the practice

15-18 Absent in MS

An Elegy upon my best friend, L K C

Let me with luckless gamesters, then think best
(After I have set up and lost my rest)
Grown desprate through mischance, to venture last
My whole remaining stock upon a cast,
And flinging from me my now loathed pen
Resolve for your sake neer to write again
For whilst successive days their light renew
I must no subject hope to equal you
In whose heroic breast, as in their Sphere
All graces of your sex concentred were.

40

Thus take I my long farewell of that art,
Fit only glorious actions to impart
That art wherewith our crosses we beguile
And make them in harmonious numbers smile
Since you are gone this holds no further use
Whose virtue and desert inspir'd my Muse
O may she in your ashes buried be,
Whilst I myself become the Elegy

And as it is observ'd when Princes die,
In honour of that sad solemnity
The now unoffic'd servants crack their staves
And throw them down into their masters graves
So this last office of my broken verse
I solemnly resign upon your hearse
And my brain's moisture all that is unspent,
Shall melt to nothing at the monument.
Thus in moist weather when the marble weeps
You'll think it only his tears reckning keeps
Who doth for ever to his thoughts bequeath
The legacy of your lamented death

50

60

On the Earl of Essex

[Died September 14 1646]

ESSEX twice made unhappy by a wife
Yet married worse unto the People's strife
He who by two divorces did untie
His bond of wedlock and of loyalty
Who was by easiness of nature bred
To lead that tumult which first him misled

36 Orig. never—a form unpronounceable but not uninteresting

40 your] *MS* the

43 crosses] *MS* sorrows

O the Earl of Essex] This and the next two may be called King's chief if not his only political poems that they were kept back till after the Restoration is not surprising. Of Essex—one of the most unfortunate of men the son of an unlucky father the husband of one of the worst of women and of another not much better a half-hearted rebel a soldier not less brave than blind—ring—not much is to be said here. King had some interest in the first and universally known divorce (the second much less notorious was from Elizabeth Paulet) for his father had been uncourtly and honest enough to oppose it strongly

Henry King

Poems not included in the Edition of 1657
but added in reissue of 1664

An Elegy upon my best friend, L. K. C.

[Countess of Leinster died June 15, 1657]

SHOULD we our sorrows in this method range,
Oft as misfortune doth their subjects change,
And to the sev'ral losses which befall,
Pay diff'rent rites at ev'ry funeral,
Like narrow springs, drain'd by dispersed streams,
We must want tears to wail such various themes,
And prove defective in Death's mournful laws,
Not having words proportion'd to each cause

In your dear loss, my much afflicted sense
Discerns this truth by sad experience,
Who never look'd my Verses should survive,
As wet records, That you are not alive,
And less desir'd to make that promise due,
Which pass'd from me in jest, when urg'd by you

10

How close and sliely doth our frailty work !
How undiscover'd in the body lurk !
That those who this day did salute you well,
Before the next were frighted by your knell
O wherefore since we must in order rise,
Should we not fall in equal obsequies?
But bear th' assaults of an uneven fate,
Like fevers which their hour anticipate,
Had this rule constant been, my long wish'd end
Might render you a mourner for your Friend
As he for you, whose most deplor'd surprise
Imprints your death on all my faculties,
That hardly my dark phant'sy or discourse
This final duty from the pen enforce

20

Such influence hath your eclipsed light,
It doth my reason, like myself, benight

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Henry King

Yet had some glimm'ring sparks of virtue, lent
To see (though late) his error, and repent
Essex lies here, like an inverted flame,
Hid in the ruins of his house and name, 10
And as he, frailty's sad example, lies,
Warns the survivors in his exequies

He shows what wretched bubbles great men are,
Through their ambition grown too popular
For they, built up from weak opinion, stand
On bases false as water, loose as sand
Essex in differing successes tried
The fury and the falsehood of each side;
Now with applauses deified, and then,
Thrown down with spiteful infamy again 20

Tells them, what arts soever them support,
Their life is merely Time and Fortune's sport,
And that no bladders, blown by common breath,
Shall bear them up amidst the waves of Death

Tells them, no monstrous birth, with pow'r endu'd,
By that more monstrous beast, the Multitude,
No State-Coloss (though tall as that bestrid
The Rhodian harbour where their navy rid),
Can hold that ill-proportion'd greatness still, 30
Beyond his greater, most resistless will,
Whose dreadful sentence, written on the Wall,
Did sign the temple-robbing tyrant's fall,
But spite of their vast privilege, which strives
T' exceed the size of ten prerogatives,
Spite of their endless parliament, or grants
(In order to those votes and Covenants,
When, without sense of their black perjury,
They swear with Essex they would live and die),
With their dead General ere long they must
Contracted be into a span of dust 40

An Elegy on Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle

[Murdered August 28, 1648]

In measures solemn as the groans that fall
From the hoarse trumpet at some funeral,
With trailing Elegy and mournful verse,
I wait upon two peerless soldiers' hearse

10 This rather vigorous line was to be prophetic as well as true at the time, for when, after the Restoration, the title of Essex was revived it was for the Capels, who still hold it, not for any Devereux. The vigour just referred to is by no means absent from the whole poem, and in an ante-Drydenian piece is really remarkable

32 temple-robbing tyrant's fall] side note in orig. *Belshazar*, Dan 5
Elegy on Sir Charles Lucas, &c] This, King's longest poem (except the *King Charles*), shows, like the preceding, a vigour which might have made him a very formidable

Elegy on Sir C Lucas and Sir G Lisle

Though I acknowledge must my sorrows dress
Ill matched to the cause it should express
Nor can I at my best inventing's cost
Sum up the treasure which in them we lost

Had they, with other worthies of the age
Who late upon the kingdom's bloody stage
For God the king and Law their valour tried
Through Wars stern chance in heat of battle died
We then might save much of our grief's expense
Reputing it not duty but offence
They need no tears, nor howling exequy,
Who in a glorious undertaking die
Since all that in the bed of honour fell
Lave their own Monument and Chronicle.

But these whom horrid danger did not reach
The wide mouth'd cannon nor the wider breach
These, whom till cruel want and coward fate
I ended up like famish'd lions in a grate
Were for their daring sallies so much fear'd
Th as rilants fled them like a frighted herd,
Resolving now no more to fight but lurk
Trench'd in their line, or earth'd within a work
Where, not like soldiers they but watchmen creep
Arm'd for no other office but to sleep
They whose bold charge whole armies did amaze,
Pending them faint and heartless at the gaze
To see Resolve and Naked Valour charms
Of higher proof than all their massy arms
They whose bright swords ruffled the proudest troop
(As fowl unto the tow'ring falcon stoop)
Yet no advantage made of their success
Which to the conquer'd spake them merciless
(For they, whence'er twas begg'd did safety give
And oft unasked bid the vanquish'd live)
Evn these not more undaunted in the field
Than mild and gentle unto such as yield
Were after all the shocks of battles stood
(Let me not name it) murder'd in cold blood

political satirist. If he has not Cleveland's wit he is free from Cleveland's abuse of it. The subject is again a well known one. No impartial authority denies that the execution of Lucas and Lisle was one of the worst blots on that side of the record of the Rebellion and perhaps the only unforgivable act of Fairfax. Whether he was actuated as the Royalists generally believed by a mean personal spite or allowed himself to be the tool of Ireton matters uncommonly little and his own Vindication contains statements demonstrably false. However as usual in revolutions the curse came home and the Colchester Septemberings (as they would actually have been if the New Style prevailed in England) were undoubtedly as much instrumental as anything next to the execution of the king himself in turning the national sentiment against the perpetrators. The bracketed notes that follow are as usual original.

31 [Sir George Lisle at Newbury charged in his shirt and routed them.] This was the second battle of Newbury October 27 1644 he was knighted at Oxford, December 21 1645

Henry King

Such poor revenge did the enraged Greek
Against (till then) victorious Hector seek,
Triumphing o'er that body, bound and dead,
From whom, in life, the pow'rs of Argos fled
Yet might Achilles borrow some excuse
To colour, though not warrant, the abuse
His dearest friend, in the fierce combat foil'd,
Was by the Trojan's hand of life despoil'd, 50
From whence unruly grief, grown wild with rage,
Beyond the bounds of Honour did engage
But these, confirm'd in their unmanly hate,
By counsels cruel, yet deliberate,
Did from the stock of bleeding honour hew
Two of the noblest branches ever grew,
And (which our grief and pity must improve)
When brought within their reach with shows of love
For by a treaty they entangled are,
And rend'ring up to Mercy is the snare, 60
Whence we have learn'd, whene'er their Saintships treat,
The ends are mortal, and the means a cheat,
In which the world may read their black intent,
Drawn out at large in this sad precedent
Who (though fair promis'd) might no mercy have,
But such as once the faithless Bashaw gave,
When to his trust deluded Bragadine
Himself and Famagosta did resign
Whose envied valour thus to bonds betray'd,
Was soon the mark of barb'rous slaughter made 70
So gallant ships, which rocks and storms had past,
Though with torn sails, and spending of their mast,
When newly brought within the sight of land,
Have been suck'd up by some devouring sand

You wretched agents for a kingdom's fall,
Who yet yourselves the Modell'd Army call,
Who carry on and fashion your design
By Sylla's, Sylla's red proscription's line,

49 friend] [Patroclus]

60 Mercy] Fairfax in his own 'Vindication' admits the 'snare' 'Delivering upon Mercy is to be understood that some are to suffer, the rest to go free' In other words, the garrison might take 'mercy' to mean 'quarter', but Fairfax took it to mean 'discretion'

64 Orig 'President', as often printed, though of course no scholar like King would deliberately write it.

66 [Famagosta, defended most valiantly by Signior Bragadino in the time of Selimus II, was upon honourable terms surrendered to Mustapha the Bashaw, who, observing no conditions, at his tent murdered the principal commanders, invited thither under show of love, and flayed Bragadine alive] This siege of Famagosta in 1571, which came just before, and may be said to have been revenged by, Lepanto, greatly affected the mind of Christendom, and is duly chronicled in Knolles, the chief English historical writer of King's day It is therefore hardly necessary to suppose, with Hannah, that the note was abridged from George Sandys' *Travels*, though King and Sandys were certainly friends

Elegy on Sir C Lucas and Sir G Lisle

(Rome's Comet once as you are ours) for shame
Henceforth no more usurp the soldier's name 80
Let not that title in fair battles gain'd
Be by such abject things as you profand
For what have you achiev'd the world may guess
You are those Men of Might which you profess?
Where ever durst you strike if you met foes
Whose valour did your odds in men oppose?
Turn o'er the annals of your vaunted fights,
Which made you late the People's favourites
Begin your course at Naseby and from thence
Draw out your marches full circumference 90
Bridgwater Bristol Dartmouth with the rest
Of your well plotted renders in the West
Then to the angry North your compass bend,
Until your spent carcer in Scotland end
(This is the perfect scale of our mishap
Which measures out your conquest by the map)
And tell me he that can, What have you won
Which long before your progress was not done?
What castle was besieg'd what Port what Town
You were not sure to carry ere sat down? 100
There needed no granadoes no petard
To force the passage or disperse the guard
No your good masters sent a Golden Ram
To batter down the gates against you came
Those blest Reformers who procur'd the Swede
His armed forces into Denmark lead
Mongst them to kindle a sharp war for hire
Who in mere pity meant to quench our fire
Could where they pleased with the King's own coin
Divert his aids and strengths at home purloin 110

Upon sea voyages I sometimes find
Men trade with Lapland witches for a wind
And by those purchas'd gales quick as their thought
To the desired port are safely brought.
We need not here on skilful Hopkins call
The States allow'd Witchfinder General

82 85 I would have left the capitals for the *Yous* in these lines as I have already done in other places because they not improperly further emphasize that emphatic use of the pronoun in different parts of the line which Dryden afterwards perfected. But unfortunately they are not uniformly used or even in the majority of cases—which shows how utterly haphazard and irrational this capitalization was.

105 [The Swedes hired anno 1644 to invade the King of Denmark, provided to assist his nephew the King of England]

115 Hopkins] Hannah only knew for a certainty that the scoundrel Matthew was sworn for a wizard and had to put a probably as to his being executed. There seems to be no doubt (see *DNB*) that the great and glorious Herb Pantagruel had its own and that Hopkins was hanged in 1647 before the date of this poem. But in that distracted time King, like his editor, may easily have been unaware of it.

Henry King

For (though Rebellion wants no cad nor elf,
But is a perfect witchcraft of itself)
We could with little help of art reveal
Those learn'd magicians with whom you deal 120
We all your juggles, both for time and place,
From Derby-house to Westminster can trace,
The circle where the factious jangle meet
To trample Law and Gospel under feet;
In which, like bells rung backward, they proclaim
The Kingdom by their wild-fire set on flame,
And, quite perverting their first rules, invent
What mischief may be done by Parliament
We know your holy flamens, and can tell
What spirits vote within the Oracle, 130
Have found the spells and incantations too,
By whose assistance you such wonders do
For divers years the credit of your wars
Hath been kept up by these Familiars,
Who, that they may their providence express,
Both find you pay, and purchase your success
No wonder then you must the garland wear,
Who never fought but with a silver spear

We grant the war's unhappy consequence,
With all the num'rous plagues which grow from thence, 140
Murders and rapes, threats of disease and dearth,
From you as for the proper Spring take birth,
You may for laws enact the public wrongs,
With all foul violence to them belongs,
May bawl aloud the people's right and pow'r,
Till by your sword you both of them devour
(For this brave liberty by you upcried
Is to all others but yourselves denied),
May with seditious fires the land embroil,
And, in pretence to quench them, take the spoil, 150
You may Religion to your lust subdue,
For these are actions only worthy you
Yet when your projects, crown'd with wish'd event,
Have made you masters of the ill you meant,
You never must the soldiers' glory share,
Since all your trophies executions are
Not thinking your successes understood,
Unless recorded and scor'd up in blood

In which, to gull the people, you pretend,
That Military Justice was your end, 160

117 An early literary use of 'cad' for assistant or understrapper

142 Instead of 'for' Hannah, who very seldom meddled with his text, suggested 'from' The temptation is obvious, but I think 'for' is possible, and therefore preferable as *lectio difficilior*

160 Military Justice] [See the letter sent to Edward Earl of Manchester, Speaker of the House of Peers, *pro tempore*, from T Fairfax, dated August 29, 1648, at Hith]

Elegy on Sir C Lucas and Sir G Lisle

As if we still were blind not knowing this
 To all your other virtues suited is
 Who only act by your great grandsires law
 The butcher Cade Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw
 Whose principle was murder, and their sport
 To cut off those they fear'd might do them hurt
 Nay, in your actions we completed find
 What by those Levellers was but design'd
 For now Committees and your arm'd supplies
 Canton the land in petty tyrannies
 And for one King of commons in each shire
 Four hundred Commons rule as tyrants here.
 Had you not meant the copies of each deed
 Should their originals in ill exceed
 You would not practice sure the Turkish art
 To ship your taken prisoners for a mart,
 Lest if with freedom they at home remain
 They should (which is your terror) fight again
 A thing long since by zealous Rigby moved
 And by the faction like himself approv'd
 Though you uncounsell'd can such outrage try
 Scarce sampled from the basest enemy
 Naseby of old and late St Fagans fare
 Of these inhuman truckings witness are
 At which the captiv'd Welsh in couples led
 Were marketed like cattle, by the head

10

180

According to Royalist accounts there were even in Parliament speakers bold enough and impartial enough to object to this letter and to give voice to the common belief that the execution was either an act of private vengeance or a deliberate affront to the King or a device to make the pending negotiations with him impossible. It must be remembered that it was three months before the Purge had deprived the Commons of the last remnant of independence or representative quality

170 petty tyrannies] [Wat Tyler and his complices design was to take away the King and chief men and to erect petty tyrannies to themselves in every shire. And already one Litt star a dyer had taken upon him in Norfolk the name of King of Commons and Robert Westborn in Suffolk Richard II anno 1381 *Speed*] This note from *Speed* is not exactly quoted and Hannah corrected it but the variations are of no importance

176 There is no doubt about the selling of prisoners as convict slaves to the West Indies (if not as Rigby proposed to Algiers) by the Roundheads after the second Civil War. Unluckily James II—born in this and other cases to be the curse of English Royalism—took the reproach away from the other side by authorizing the practice after Sedgemoor

179 The particular bearer of this name of evil repute in Parliamentary history was Alexander Rigby (1594-1650). He had a brother Joseph whose politics were as bad as his own but who survived the Restoration and seems to have had a touch of the crank in him. I have not yet come across his *Drunard's Prospect* (1656) but it should be agreeable

183 The savagery of the two-to-one victors at Naseby—especially towards the hapless so-called Irishwomen camp followers—is beyond question but it does not seem proved that there was much selling of prisoners then. As for St Fagans in the second Civil War the case is different and justifies the following note in the original. At St Fagans in Glamorganshire near Cardiff the Welsh unarmed were taken in very great numbers and sold for twelve pence apiece to certain merchants who bought them for slaves to their plantations

Henry King

Let it no more in History be told
That Turks their Christian slaves for aspers sold,
When we the Saints selling their brethren see,
Who *had a Call* (they say) to set them free, 190
And are at last by right of conquest grown
To claim our land of Canaan for their own
Though luckless Colchester in this outvies
Argiers' or Tunis' shameful merchandise,
Where the starv'd soldier (as th' agreement was)
Might not be suffer'd to their dwelling pass,
Till, led about by some insulting band,
They first were show'd in triumph through the land
In which, for lack of diet, or of strength,
If any fainted through the march's length, 200
Void of the breasts of men, this murd'rous crew
All those they could drive on no further, slew,
What bloody riddle's this? They mercy give,
Yet those who should enjoy it, must not live

Indeed we cannot less from such expect,
Who for this work of ruin are elect
This scum drawn from the worst, who never knew
The fruits which from ingenuous breeding grew,
But take such low commanders on their lists,
As did revolted Jeroboam priests 210
That 'tis our fate, I fear, to be undone,
Like Egypt once with vermin overrun
If in the rabble some be more refin'd,
By fair extractions of their birth or mind,
Ev'n these corrupted are by such allays,
That no impression of their virtue stays
As gold, embased by some mingled dross,
Both in its worth and nature suffers loss

Else, had that sense of honour still surviv'd
Which Fairfax from his ancestors deriv'd, 220
He ne'er had show'd himself, for hate or fear,
So much degen'rous from renowned Vere
(The title and alliance of whose son
His acts of valour had in Holland won),
As to give up, by his rash dooming breath,
This precious pair of lives to timeless death,

188 aspers] A Turkish coin of the smallest value the 120th part of a piastre or dollar

201 murd'rous crew] [Grimes, now a Captain, formerly a tinker at St. Albans, with his own hand killed four of the prisoners, being not able for faintness to go on with the rest, of which number Lieutenant Woodward was one Likewise at Thame, and at Whateley (= Wheatley), some others were killed] This story is backed up by not a few similar ones in different accounts of the time And indeed, as King very cogently goes on to argue, your tinker-captain is capable of anything

222 It was Sir Horace Vere (1565-1635), afterwards Lord Vere of Tilbury, under whom Fairfax served, and whose daughter Anne he married

Elegy on Sir C Lucas and Sir G Lisle

Whom no brave enemy but would esteem
And though with hazard of his own redeem
For tis not vainly by the world surmis'd
This blood to private spleens was sacrific'd 230
Half of the guilt stands charg'd on Whalleys score
By Lisle affronted on his guards before
For which his spite by other hands was shown
Who never durst dispute it with his own
Twice guilty coward! first by vote then eye
Spectator of the shameful tragedy
But Lucas elder cause of quarrel knew
From whence his critical misfortune grew
Since he from Berkeley Castle with such scorn
Bold Rainsborough's first summons did return 240
Telling him loudly at the parleys beat
With rogues and rebels he disdain'd to treat

Some from this hot contest the world persuade
His sleeping vengeance on that ground was laid
If so for ever blurr'd with Envy's brand
His honour gain'd by sea, was lost at land
Nor could he an impending judgement shun
Who did to this with so much fervour run,
When late himself to quit that bloody stain
Was midst his armed guards from Pomfret slain 250
But all in vain we here expostulate
What took them hence private or public hate
Knowledge of acted woes small comforts add,
When no repair proportion'd can be had
And such are ours which to the kingdoms eyes
Sadly present ensuing miseries,
Foretelling in These Two some greater ill
From those who now a patent have to kill
Two whose dear loss leaves us no recompense
Nor them atonement which in weight or sense 260
With These shall never into balance come
Though all the army fell their hecatomb
Here leave them then and be t our last relief
To give their merit value in our grief
Whose blood however yet neglected must
Without revenge or rites mingle with dust

31 Whalley (spelt as often with the name Whaley in printed original) is cleared by others though he is said by them as by King to have been present and to have had some private grudge against Lisle. Lucas had not only thrown Fairfax's troops into disorder at Marston Moor but is said by some to have actually wounded him in the face. He had also held Berkeley Castle against Rainsborough till the outworks were taken and the guns turned from them on the Castle itself. Rainsborough with Whalley and Ireton was actually present at the execution—which as a duty could hardly be incumbent on all three and with which they were often reproached and as a matter of course Rainsborough's death shortly afterwards was counted as a judgement on him. His father had been an officer in the Navy and the son commanded both by sea and land.

Henry King

Not any falling drop shall ever dry,
Till to a weeping spring it multiply,
Bath'd in whose tears their blasted laurel shall
Grow green, and with fresh garlands crown their fall. 270

From this black region then of Death and Night,
Great Spirits, take your everlasting flight
And as your valour's mounting fires combine,
May they a brighter constellation shine
Than Gemini, or than the brother-stars,
Castor and Pollux, fortunate to wars,
That all fair soldiers, by your sparkling light,
May find the way to conquer, when they fight,
And by those patterns which from you they take,
Direct their course through Honour's Zodiac 280
But upon traitors frown with dire aspect,
Which may their perjuries and guilt reflect,
Unto the curse of whose nativity,
Prodigious as the Caput Algol be,
Whose pale and ghastly tresses still portend
Their own despair or hangman for their end.
And that succeeding ages may keep safe
Your lov'd remembrance in some Epitaph,
Upon the ruins of your glorious youth,
Inscribed be this monumental truth. 290

Here lie the valiant Lucas and brave Lisle,
With Amasa betray'd in Joab's smile.
In whom, revenge of Honour taking place,
His great corival's stabb'd in the embrace
And as it was the Hebrew Captain's stain,
That he two greater than himself had slain,
Shedding the blood of War in time of Peace,
When love pretended was, and arms did cease,
May the foul murderers expect a fate
Like Joab's, blood with blood to expiate, 300
Which, quick as lightning, and as thunder sure,
Preventions wisest arts nor shun, nor cure
O may it fall on their perfidious head!
That when, with Joab to the Altar fled,
Themselves the sword and reach of vengeance flee,
No Temple may their sanctuary be

Last, that nor frailty nor devouring time
May ever lose impressions of the crime,
Let loyal Colchester (who too late tried
To check, when highest wrought, the Rebels' pride, 310
Holding them long and doubtful at the bay,
Whilst we, by looking on, gave all away),

284 Algol] A star of great but varying brightness, the name of which—'The ghoul'
—and its position in the head of Medusa in the constellation Perseus, explains the text
311 long and doubtful] Fairfax, to enhance his exploit, called it 'four months close
(254)

Elegy on Sir C Lucas and Sir G Lisle

Be only nam'd which like a Column built,
Shall both enhearse this blood unnobly spilt
And live till all her towers in rubbish lie
The monuments of their base cruelty

An Elegy upon the most Incomparable King Charles the First

CALL for amazed thoughts a wounded sense
And bleeding hearts at our intelligence
Call for that Trump of Death, the Mandrakes groan
Which kills the hearers this befits alone
Our story which through times vast Calendar
Must stand without example or repair
What spouts of melting clouds what endless springs
Pour'd in the Ocean's lap for offerings
Shall feed the hungry torrent of our grief
Too mighty for expression or belief?
Though all those moistures which the brain attracts
Ran from our eyes like gushing cataracts,
Or our sad accents could out tongue the cries
Which did from mournful Hadadrimmon rise
Since that remembrance of Josiah slain
In our King's murder is reviv'd again
O pardon me that but from Holy Writ
Our loss allows no parallel to it

10

siege! It was actually not quite eleven weeks but the place yielded to nothing but starvation

An Elegy upon King Charles the First I have thought it desirable to give this Elegy though Hannah did not and though I scarcely myself think it to be King's first because it is very little known (it was strange even to Professor Firth when I asked him about it) secondly because the 1664 issue or reissue seems worth completing but thirdly and principally because it is well worth giving. It seems to me in fact rather too good in a certain way to be King's. He could write as we have seen fairly vigorous couplets of a kind rather later than this date but I do not know where he keeps up such continuous and effective slogging as here. The Colchester piece which is the natural parallel is distinctly inferior in this respect. There are moreover in the piece some things which I suspect King would not as well as could not have written and which perhaps influenced Hannah in not giving it. The close and effective Biblical parallels are not quite in the Bishop's way in verse and the clear vigorous summary of the whole rebellion—dates and facts in margin—is like nothing else of his that I know. But—his or not his—it is found with his undoubted work. It is good and so it shall be given.

But the reader must not suppose that it has never appeared except in the 1664 King or before that. While reading for the present edition I had not had an entry of a very similar title in Hazlitt and on looking the book up in the British Museum I found it as I expected to be identical in all important respects putting aside some minor variants and a shorter title with 1664. The original (in black border at least an inch deep) adds

Persecuted by two implacable factions Imprisoned by the one and murdered by the other January 30th 1648. The final prose clause is the same and I noticed no various readings except mere orthographical—an occasional capital for lower case 'or for our, and the like—which it did not seem necessary to collate or report exactly.

Title] As usual. Charles in original

14 Zechariah xii 12 compared with 2 Kings xxiii 29 and 2 Chronicles xxxv 22 4

Henry King

Nor call it bold presumption that I dare
Charles with the best of Judah's Kings compare · 20
The virtues of whose life did I prefer
The text acquits me for no flatterer
For he like David perfect in his trust,
Was never stain'd like him, with blood or lust

One who with Solomon in judgement tried,
Was quick to comprehend, wise to decide
(That even his Judges stood amaz'd to hear
A more transcendent mover in their sphere),
Though more religious. for when doting love
Awhile made Solomon apostate prove, 30

Charles ne'er endur'd the Truth which he profest,
To be unfix'd by bosom interest
Bold as Jehosaphat, yet forc'd to fight,
And for his own, no unconcerned right
Should I recount his constant time of pray'r,
Each rising morn and ev'ning regular,
You'd say his practice preach'd, 'They ought not eat
Who by devotion first not earn'd their meat'

Thus Hezekiah he exceeds in zeal,
Though not (like him) so facile to reveal 40
The treasures of God's House, or His own heart,
To be supplanted by some foreign art
And that he might in fame with Joash share
When he the ruin'd Temple did repair,
His cost on Paul's late ragged fabric spent
Must (if no other) be His monument

From this survey the kingdom may conclude
His merits, and her losses' magnitude
Nor think he flatters or blasphemes, who tells
That Charles exceeds Judea's parallels, 50
In whom all virtues we concentred see
Which 'mongst the best of them divided be

O weak-built glories! which those tempests feel!
To force you from your firmest bases reel,
What from the strokes of Chance shall you secure,
When rocks of Innocence are so unsure?
When the World's only mirror slaughter'd hes,
Envy's and Treason's bleeding sacrifice,

50 —*Spar-*
guntio in
omnes,
In te musta
flumit—
Claudian

27 This line is slightly ambiguous. At first one takes 'Judges' as referring to the regicide tribunal—and of course not merely the dignity but the unanswerable logic of Charles's attitude is admitted. But our elegist would hardly admit that the King moved in the sphere of his rebellious subjects, so that it may be a reference to the legally constituted bench of earlier years—'his Judges' in another sense

40 See 2 Kings xx, 2 Chronicles xxxii, and Isaiah xxxix

45 A little prosaic. Old St Paul's was being constantly tinkered. Indeed, as is well known from Evelyn's *Diary*, there were plans for very extensive restoration just before the Fire

48 Orig 'losses', which at the time would stand equally well for singular and plural genitive

58 Orig 'sacrifice', to get a complete ear-rhyme

An Elegy upon Charles the First

As if His stock of goodness could become
No kalendar but that of martyrdom

60

See now, ye cursed mountebanks of State,
Who have eight years for reformations sate,
You who dire Alvas counsels did transfer,
To act his scenes on England's theatre,
You who did pawn yourselves in public faith
To save the kingdom by your pride and wrath,
Call the whole World to witness now how just

*Call d the
Council of
Troubles*

How well you are responsive to your trust,
How to your King the promise you perform
With fasts and sermons and long prayers sworn
That you intended Peace and Truth to bring
To make your Charles *Europe's most glorious King*

70

Did you for this *Lift up your hands on high*
To kill the King and pluck down Monarchy?
These are the fruits by your wild faction sown
Which not imputed are but born your own

*The firm of
taking the
Covenant
June 1643*

For though you wisely seem to wash your hands,
The guilt on every vote and order stands,
So that convinc'd from all you did before
Justice must lay the murder at your door
Mark if the body does not bleed anew

80

In any circumstance approach'd by You
From whose each motion we might plain descry
The black ostents of this late tragedy
For when the King through storms in Scotland bred
To his Great Council for his shelter fled
When in that meeting every error gain'd
Redresses sooner granted than complain'd
Not all those frank concessions or amends
Did suit the then too powerful factions ends
No acts of Grace at present would content
Nor promise of Triennial Parliament,
Till by a formal law the King had past
This Session should at Your pleasure last

90

So having got the bit and that 'twas known
No power could dissolve You but Your own
Your graceless Junto make such use of this,
As once was practis'd by Semiramis
Who staving by a subtle suit to prove
The largeness of her husband's trust and love
Did from the much abused King obtain

*D odorus
Sculus
lib. 2*

100

That for three days she might sole empress reign
Before which time expir'd the bloody wife
Depriv'd her lord both of his crown and life

61 This apostrophe to the 'cursed mountebanks of State' is uncommonly vigorous and much straighter hitting from the shoulder than King usually manages.

100 Orig. 'husband', without s and possibly intended

Henry King

There needs no comment when your deeds apply
The demonstration of her treachery

Which to effect, by Absolon's foul wife
You of the people's heart your prince beguile,
Urging what eases they might reap by it

Did you their legislative Judges sit
How did you fawn upon, and court the rout,
Whose clamour carried your whole plot about?
How did you thank seditious men that came
To bring petitions which yourselves did frame?

110

And lest they wanted hands to set them on,
You led the way by throwing the first stone
For in that libel after midnight born,
Wherewith your faction labour'd till the morn,
That famous lie, you a Remonstrance name,
Were not reproaches your malicious aim?
Was not the King's dishonour your intent,
By slanders to traduce his Government?
All which your spiteful cunning did contrive,
Men must receive through your false perspective,
In which the smallest spots improved were,
And every mote a mountain did appear
Thus Caesar by th' ungrateful Senate found
His life assaulted through his honour's wound

120 *Remonstrance of
the State of
the King-
dom, Dec
15, 1641*

And now to make Him hopeless to resist,
You guide his sword by vote, which as you list
Must strike or spare (for so you did enforce
His hand against His reason to divorce
Brave Strafford's life), then wring it quite away
By your usurping each Militia
Then seize His magazines, of which possess
You turn the weapons 'gainst their master's breast.

130 *Ord Feb
29, Voted
March 15
The Navy
seiz'd Mar
28, 1642
The
London
Tumults,
Jan 10,
1641.*

This done, th' unkennell'd crew of lawless men
Led down by Watkins, Pennington, and Venn,
Did with confused noise the Court invade,
Then all Dissenters in both houses bay'd
At which the King amaz'd is forc'd to fly,
The whilst your mouth's laid on maintain the cry.

140

The Royal game dislodg'd and under chase,
Your hot pursuit dogs Him from place to place
Not Saul with greater fury or disdain
Did flying David from Jeshimon's plain
Unto the barren wilderness pursue,
Than cours'd and hunted is the King by you.

124 perspective] As commonly = 'telescope'

138 Watkins I know not, Pennington we have seen in Cleveland, Venn (1586-1650) was John Venn, wool-merchant, M P, active rebel, and regicide

142 This (original) may read, 'Your mouths, laid on, maintain the cry', which seems most probable, or, 'Your mouth's [i.e. is] laid on "Maintain the cry"'

146 1 Samuel xxiii 24 Jeshimon seems to have escaped Alexander the Concordance-smith

An Elegy upon Charles the First

The mountain partridge or the chased roe
Might now for emblems of His fortune go, 140
And since all other May games of the town
(Save those yourselves should make) were voted down,
The clamorous pulpit hollires in resort
Inviting men to your King-catching sport
Where as the foil grows cold you mend the scent
By crying Privilege of Parliament
Whose fair pretensions the first sparkles are
Which by your breath blown up enflame the war,
And Ireland (bleeding by design) the stale
Wherewith for men and money you prevail 160

Yet doubting that imposture could not last
When all the Kingdom's mines of treasure waste,
You now tear down Religion's sacred hedge
To carry on the work by sacrilege
Reputing it Rebellion's fittest pay
To take both Gods and Caesar's dues away

The tenor of which execrable vote
Your overactive zealots so promote
That neither tomb nor temple could escape
Nor dead nor living your licentious rape 170
Statues and grave stones o'er men buried
Robb'd of their brass, the * coffins of their lead,
Not the seventh Henry's gilt and curious screen
Nor those which mongst our rarties were seen,
The * chests wherein the Saxon monarchs lay,
But must be basely sold or thrown away
May in succeeding times forgotten be
Those bold examples of impiety

Which were the Ages wonder and discourse
You have their greatest ills improv'd by worse 180

No more be mention'd Dionysius theft,
Who of their gold the heathen shrines bereft,
For who with Yours his robberies confer,
Must him repute a petty pilferer
Nor Julian's scoff, who when he view'd the state
Of Antioch's Church the ornaments and plate,
Cried Meaner vessels would serve turn or none
Might well become the birth of Mary's Son

Nor how that spiteful Atheist did in scorn
Piss on God's Table which so oft had borne 190
The Hallow'd Elements his death present
Nor he that foul'd it with his excrement,
Then turn'd the cloth unto that act of shame
Which without trembling Christians should not name

* At
Basing
Chapel
sol (Dec
29 1643
* At W^m
claster

Lactant
l a, c 4

Jul in
Ira fectus
Atq; 35th
I sed ret
l 3 c 11

Ganguln
l 6

[155 foil] The word in this sense I ad puzzled me but the readers of the Clarendon Press put me literally on it by reference to *NED*. It means the 'scent' or 'track' of a hunted animal and occurs in the first sense in Turberville, and elsewhere, as well as (figuratively used) in as late and well known a place as *Tom Jones*

Henry King

Nor John of Leyden, who the pillag'd quires
Employ'd in Munster for his own attires,
His pranks by Hazlerig exceeded be,
A wretch more wicked and as mad as he,
Who once in triumph led his sumpter moil
Proudly bedecked with the Altar's spoil

Nor at Bizantium's sack how Mahomet
In St Sophia's Church his horses set
Nor how Belshazzar at his drunken feasts
Carous'd in holy vessels to his guests.

Nor he that did the books and anthems tear,
Which in the daily Stations used were

These were poor essays of imperfect crimes,
Fit for beginners in unlearned times,
Siz'd only for that dull meridian
Which knew no Jesuit nor Puritan

(Before whose fatal birth were no such things
As doctrines to depose and murder kings)
But since your prudent care enacted well,
That there should be no King in Israel,
England must write such annals of your reign
Which all records of elder mischiefs stain

Churches unbuilt by order, others burn'd,
Whilst Paul's and Lincoln are to stables turn'd,
And at God's Table you might horses see
By (those more beasts) their riders manger'd be,
Some kitchens and some slaughter-houses made,
Communion-boards and cloths for dressers laid
Some turn'd to loathsome goals, so by you brought
Unto the curse of Baal's house, a draught
The Common Prayers with the Bibles torn,
The copes in antic Moorish dances worn,
And sometimes, for the wearer's greater mock,
The surplice is converted to a frock,
Some, bringing dogs, the Sacrament revile,
Some, with Copronymus, the Font defile
O God! canst Thou these profanations like?
If not, why is Thy thunder slow to strike
The cursed authors? who dare think that Thou
Dost, when not punish them, their acts allow
All which outrageous crimes, though your pretence
Would fasten on the soldiers' insolence,
We must believe, that what by them was done
Came licens'd forth by your probation

*The Carpet
belonging
to the Com-
munion
Table of
Winchester
Cathedral,
Dec 18,
1642
Adrian
Emp*

200

210

*At Winch-
comb in
Gloucester-
shire*

230

199 'Moil'—or rather, more commonly, 'moyle'—is very common for 'mule' in Elizabethan drama, and is said to be still dialectic, especially in Devon and Cornwall
223 'Goal' would seem here to be used as 'jakes', though it has been suggested that the common sense of 'jail' will do

226 Orig 'Coaps'

238 'probation' must here = 'approbation'

An Elegy upon Charles the First

For as yourselves with Athaliah's brood
 In strong contention for precedence stood
 You robb'd two Royal Chapels of their plate,
 Which Kings and Queens to God did dedicate,
 Then by a vote more sordid than the stealth
 Melt down and coin it for the Commonwealth
 That is giv't up to the devouring jaws
 Of your great Idol Bel new styl'd The Cause
 And though this monster you did well devise
 To feed by plunder taxes loans excise
 (All which provisions You the people tell
 Scarce serve to diet Your Pantagruel)

240 *Wt lehall*
Windso
 Feb 3
 1643

250

We no strew'd ashes need to trace the cheat
 Who plainly see what mouths the messes eat
 Brave Reformation! and a through one too
 Which to enrich yourselves must all undo
 Pray tell us (those that can) What fruits have grown
 From all Your seeds in blood and treasure sown?
 What would you mend? when Your projected State
 Doth from the best in form degenerate?

260

Or why should You (of all) attempt the cure,
 Whose facts nor Gospels test nor Laws endure?
 But like unwholesome exhalations met
 From Your conjunction only plagues heget,
 And in Your circle, as imposthumes fill
 Which by their venom the whole body kill,
 For never had You pow'r hut to destroy
 Nor will but where You conquer'd to enjoy

270

This was Your master prize who did intend
 To make both Church and Kingdoms prey Your end
 Gainst which the King (plac'd in the gap) did strive
 By His (till then unquestion'd) negative
 Which finding You lack'd reason to persuade
 Your arguments are into weapons made
 So to compel him by main force to yield

E of Essex
Army
 Aug 1
 1642
The
Standard
at Nott'ng
ham A g
 25 1642

280

You had a formed army in the field
 Before his reared standard could invite
 Ten men upon his Righteous Cause to fight
 Yet ere those raised forces did advance
 Your malice struck him dead by Ordinance
 When your Commissions the whole Kingdom swept
 With blood and slaughter *Not the King except*

Now hard'ned in revolt You next proceed
 By pacts to strengthen each rebellious deed,

246 Orig Idol Bell which may puzzle for a moment. Of course the Dragon's companion and Nebo's is meant. The poet seems indeed rather to have mixed up the monster and the false god

250 Here again there seems to be a slight confusion between Pantagruel and his glorious father

263 6 Another uncommonly vigorous couplet

Henry King

New oaths and vows, and Covenants advance,
 All contradicting your allegiance,
 Whose sacred knot you plainly did untie,
 When you with Essex *swore to live and die*
 These were your calves in Bethel and in Dan,
 Which Jeroboam's treason stablish can,
 Who by strange pacts and altars did seduce
 The people to their laws' and King's abuse,
 All which but serve like Shibboleth to try
 Those who pronounc'd not your conspiracy,
 That when your other trains defective are,
 Forc'd oaths might bring refusers to the snare.
 And lest those men your counsels did pervert,
 Might when your fraud was seen the Cause desert,
 A fierce decree is through the Kingdom sent,
 Which made it death for any to repent
 What strange dilemmas doth Rebellion make?
 'Tis mortal to deny, or to partake
 Some hang who would not aid your traitorous act,
 Others engag'd are hang'd if they retract
 So witches who their contracts have unsworn,
 By their own Devils are in pieces torn
 Thus still the raging tempest higher grows,
 Which in extremes the King's resolvings throws
 The face of Ruin everywhere appears,
 And acts of outrage multiply our fears,
 Whilst blind Ambition by successes fed
 Hath You beyond the bound of subjects led,
 Who tasting once the sweet of regal sway,
 Resolving now no longer to obey
 For Presbyterian pride contests as high
 As doth the Popedom for supremacy
 Needs must you with unskilful Phaeton
 Aspire to guide the chariot of the Sun,
 Though your ill-govern'd height with lightning be
 Thrown headlong from his burning axle-tree
 You will no more petition or debate,
 But your desire in Propositions state,
 Which by such rules and ties the King confine,
 They in effect are summons to resign
 Therefore your war is manag'd with such sleight,
 'Twas seen you more prevail'd by purse than might,
 And those you could not purchase to your will,
 You brib'd with sums of money to sit still
 The King by this time hopeless here of peace,
 Or to procure His wasted People's ease,

June 27,
1643

*Declara-
tion and
Resolution
of Parl.,
Aug 15,*
290 1642

300

*History of
English
and
Scottish
Presbytery,*
p 320

310

*The 19
Propos*
320

312 The writer either intended to continue the set of participles or forgot that he had begun it But if 'For Presbyterian supremacy' be thrown into parenthesis the anacoluthon will be mended—after a fashion

An Elegy upon Charles the First

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>Which He in frequent messages had tried By you as oft as shamelessly denied Wearied by faithless friends and restless foes To certain hazard doth His life expose When through your quarters in a mean disguise He to His countrymen for succour flies Who met a brave occasion then to save Their native King from His untimely grave Had he from them such fair reception gain'd Wherewith ev'n Achish David entertain'd But faith to Him or hospitable laws In your Confederate Union were no clause Which back to you their rendred Master sends To tell how He was us'd among his friends Far be it from my thoughts by this black line To measure all within that warlike clime The still admir'd Montrose some numbers led In his brave steps of loyalty to tread I only tax a furious party there Who with our native pests enleagu'd were Then twas you follow'd Him with hue and cry Made midnight searches in each liberty Voting it Death to all without reprieve Who should their Master harbour or relieve Ev'n in pure pity of both Nations fame I wish that act in story had no name When all your mutual stipulations are Converted at Newcastle to a fair Where (like His Lord) the King the mart is made Bought with Your money and by them betrayed For both are guilty they that did contract, And You that did the fatal bargain act Which who by equal reason shall peruse Must yet conclude they had the best excuse For doubtless they (good men) had never sold But that you tempted them with English gold And tis no wonder if with such a sum Our brethren's frailty might be overcome What though hereafter it may prove their lot To be compared with Iscariot? Yet will the World perceive which was most wise And who the nobler traitor by the price, For though tis true both did themselves undo They made the better bargain of the two Which all may reckon who can difference Two hundred thousand pounds from thirty pence However something is in justice due, Which may be spoken in defence of You</p> | <p>330</p> <p>April 27 1646 May 5 1646</p> <p>340</p> <p>350</p> <p><i>Th's Ord r publ sh d by b at of Drum May 4 1646</i></p> <p>360</p> <p>370</p> |
|---|--|

373 4 Good again and with a fore echo of Dryden's Shimei rhythm and swash
ing blow

Henry King

For in your Master's purchase you gave more,
 Than all your Jewish kindred paid before
 And had you wisely us'd what then you bought,
 Your act might be a loyal ransom thought, 380
 To free from bonds your captive sovereign,
 Restoring Him to his lost Crown again

But You had other plots, your busy hate
 Plied all advantage on His fallen state,
 And show'd You did not come to bring Him bail,
 But to remove Him to a stricter gaol,
 To Holmby first, whence taken from His bed,
 He by an army was in triumph led,
 Till on pretence of safety Cromwell's wife
 Had juggl'd Him into the Fatal Isle, 390
 Where Hammond for his jailor is decreed,
 And murderous Rolf as heger-hangman fee'd,
 Who in one fatal knot two counsels tie,
 He must by poison or by pistol die

Here now denied all comforts due to life,
 His friends, His children, and his peerless wife,
 From Carisbrook He oft but vainly sends,
 And though first wrong'd, seeks to make you amends,
 For this He sues, and by His restless pen
 Importunes Your deaf ears to treat again 400

Whilst the proud faction scorning to go less,
 Return those trait'rous votes of Non Address, Jan 3,
 Which follow'd were by th' Armies thund[e]ring 1647
 To act without and quite against the King Jan 9,
 Yet when that cloud remov'd, and the clear light 1647

Drawn from His weighty reasons, gave You sight
 Of Your own dangers, had not their intents
 Retarded been by some cross accidents, Colchester
 Which for a while with fortunate suspense Siege
 Check'd or diverted their swoll'n insolence 410

When the whole Kingdom for a Treaty cried,
 Which gave such credit to Your falling side,
 That you recall'd those votes, and God once more
 Your power to save the Kingdom did restore, June 30,
 Remember how Your peevish Treators sate, 1648
 Not to make peace, but to prolong debate, Treaty
 How You that precious time at first delay'd, Voted
 And what ill use of Your advantage made, July 28,
 As if from Your foul hands God had decreed 1648

Nothing but war and mischief should succeed 420
 For when by easy grants the King's assent
 Did your desires in greater things prevent,

392 heger hangman] 'Hangman resident', 'house-hangman'

403 Orig 'Armies', with the usual choice between singular and plural genitive or (here) nominative plural

415 I think it well to keep the form 'Treator'

An Elegy upon Charles the First

When He did yield faster than You entreat
And more than modesty dares well repeat,
Yet not content with this, without all sense
Or of His honour or His conscience
Still you press'd on till you too late descried
'Twas now less safe to stay than be denied
For like a flood broke loose the armed rout
Then shut Him closer up and shut You out,
Who by just vengeance are since worned
By those hand wolves You for his ruin bred

430

Thus like two smoking firebrands You and They
Have in this smother chok'd the Kingdom's day
And as you rais'd them first, must share the guilt
With all the blood in those distractions spilt
For though with Sampson's foxes backward turn'd
(When he Philistia's fruitful harvest burn'd)

The face of your opinions stands averse
All your conclusions but one fire disperse
And every line which carries your designs
In the same centre of confusion joins

440

Though then the Independents end the work
'Tis known they took their platform from the Kirk
Though Pilate Bradshaw with his pack of Jews
God's High Vice-gerent at the bar accuse,
They but reviv'd the evidence and charge
Your poisonous Declarations laid at large,
Though they condemn'd or made his life their spoil
You were the setters fore'd him to the toil

450

For you whose fatal hand the warrant writ
The prisoner did for execution fit,
And if their axe invade the Regal throat
Remember you first murder'd Him by vote
Thus they receive your tennis at the bound
Take off that head which you had first un-crown'd
Which shows the texture of our mischief's clew
If ravel'd to the top begins in You

Who have for ever stain'd the brave intents
And credit of our English Parliaments
And in this one caus'd greater ills and more
Than all of theirs did good that went before

460

Yet have You kept your word against Ynur will,
Your King is great indeed and glorious still
And you have made Him so We must impute
That lustre which His sufferings contribute

430 Pointed, if slightly burlesque

432 hand wolves] A dog trained and on the leash was said to be in hand

438 Philistia] The letter here is slightly 'smashed' and the word might be Philistins or Philistias. It looks more like the former but the latter is better and is said to be clear in Mr Thorn Drury's copies

444 platform] This is interesting

Henry King

To your preposterous wisdoms, who have done
All your good deeds by contradiction
For as to work His peace you rais'd this strife,
And often shot at Him to save His life,
As you took from Him to increase His wealth,
And kept Him pris'ner to secure His health,
So in revenge of your dissembled spite,
In this last wrong you did Him greatest right,
And (cross to all You meant) by plucking down
Lifted Him up to His Eternal Crown

470

With this encircled in that radiant sphere,
Where thy black murderers must ne'er appear,
Thou from th'enthroned Martyrs' blood-stain'd line,
Dost in thy virtues bright example shine
And when thy darted beam from the moist sky
Nightly salutes thy grieving people's eye,
Thou like some warning light rais'd by our fears,
Shalt both provoke and still supply our tears,
Till the Great Prophet wak'd from his long sleep,
Again bids Sion for Josiah weep
That all successions by a firm decree
May teach their children to lament for Thee

480

Beyond these mournful rites there is no art
Or cost can Thee preserve Thy better part
Lives in despite of Death, and will endure
Kept safe in thy unpattern'd Portraiture
Which though in paper drawn by thine own hand,
Shall longer than Corinthian-marble stand,
Or iron sculptures There thy matchless pen
Speaks Thee the Best of Kings as Best of Men
Be this Thy Epitaph, for This alone
Deserves to carry Thy Inscription

490

And 'tis but modest Truth (so may I thrive
As not to please the best of thine alive,
Or flatter my Dead Master, here would I
Pay my last duty in a glorious lie)
In that admired piece the World may read
Thy virtues and misfortunes storied,
Which bear such curious mixture, men must doubt
Whether Thou wiser wert or more devout

500

There live, Blest Relic of a saint-like mind,
With honours endless, as Thy peace, enshrin'd,
Whilst we, divided by that bloody cloud,
Whose purple mists Thy murder'd body shroud,
Here stay behind at gaze apt for Thy sake
Unruly murmurs now 'gainst Heav'n to make,
Which binds us to live well, yet gives no fence
To guard her dearest sons from violence.

510

An Elegy upon Charles the First

But he whose trump proclaims, *Revenge is mine*
Bids us our sorrow by our hope confine
And reconcile our Reason to our Faith
Which in thy Ruin such conclusions hath
It dares conclude God does not keep His Word
If *Timur* dies in peace that slew his Lord

520

From my sad Retirement
March 11 1648

CAPO LUS STUART REX ANGLIAE SECUIFF CAPSUS¹
VITA CESSIT TRICESIMO IANUARII

Poems in Manuscript

A Second Elegy on the Countess of Leinster

SLEEP precious ashes in thy sacred urn
From Death and Grave till th' last trump sounds return
Meanwhile embalmd in Virtues Josephs Tomb
Wert fitter for thee than the Earths dark womb
Cease Friends to weep she's but asleep not dead —
Chang'd from her husbands to her mother's bed
Or from his bosom into Abrams rather
Where now she rests, Blest Soul in such a Father
Thus Death hath done his best and worst His best
In sending Virtue to her place of rest
His worst in leaving him as dead in life
Whose chiefest Joys were in his dearest Wife

10

Epigrams

I

Quid faciant leges ubi aola pecunia regnat? &c — PETRON ARBIT

To what serve Laws where only Money reigns?
Or where a poor mans cause no right obtains?
Even those that most austerity pretend
Hire out their tongues and words for profit lend
What's Judgement then, but public merchandise?
And the Court sits but to allow the price

¹ Orig Coesus.

A Second Elegy on the Countess of Leinster] Hannah found this in the Pickering MS immediately after¹ the printed one *v* *as pra* On what other grounds he assigned its subject I do not know but both as noted above have a most extraordinary effluence of capitals

Epigrams] This little bunch of epigrams is of no particular value but being so small may be given for completeness sake The first three Hannah found in both Pickering and Malone 22 MSS together with V which I suppose, shocked him so that he did not print it The *Pro captis lectoris* which is the best is in Malone only

Henry King

II.

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Paeto, &c.—MARTIAL

WHEN Arria to her Paetus had bequeath'd
The sword in her chaste bosom newly sheath'd,
Trust me (quoth she) My own wound feels no smart,
'Tis thine (My Paetus) grieves and kills my heart

III

Qui pelago credit, magno se faenore tollit, &c —PETRON ARBIT

HE whose advent'rous keel ploughs the rough seas,
Takes interest of fate for wealth's increase
He that in battle traffics, and pitch'd fields,
Reaps with his sword rich harvests, which war yields
Base parasites repose their drunken heads,
Laden with sleep and wine, on Tyrian beds,
And he that melts in Lust's adult'rous fire,
Gets both reward and pleasure for his hire
But Learning only, midst this wanton heat,
Hath (save itself) nothing to wear or eat,
Faintly exclaiming on the looser Times,
That value Wit and Arts below their crimes

IV

Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli

THE fate of books is diverse as man's sense
Two critics neer shar'd one intelligence

V.

I WOULD not in my love too soon prevail
An easy conquest makes the purchase stale ¹

¹ From a copy most kindly made for me by Mr Nichol Smith It is a harmless enough, and rather neat, translation of Petronius, *Nolo quod cupio, &c*

Blessed Spirit, thy infant breath

The following group of poems has been printed by Mr Mason the first as authentic the others as doubtful He points out that *The Complaint* and *On his Shadow* are autograph and written on the same sheet of paper as the lines *Upon the Untimely Death of J K* The text here printed has been supplied by Mr Percy Simpson from the original MSS and the few textual notes are his In view of the uncertainty of the bulk of the matter I [G S] have not thought it worth while to add any annotation of the more general kind In addition Mr Mason prints a translation of a Latin elegy on Dr Spenser President of Corpus Christi College Oxford the Latin text of this in Rawlinson MS D 912 fol 305 verso is in King's autograph but the translation is not and moreover it is so tinkered and changed as to suggest the efforts of a far from facile if very conscientious copyist This has not been printed and only the first of the following poems can with certainty be ascribed to King

Upon the Untimely Death of J K first born of HK

BLESSED Spirit thy infant breath
Fitter for the quire of saints
Than for mortals here beneath
Warbles joys but mine complaints—
Plaints that spring from that great loss
Of thy little self sad cross
Yet do I still repair thee by desire
Which warms my benumbed sense but like false fire

But with such delusive shapes
Still my pensive thoughts are eased
As birds bating at mock grapes
Are with empty error pleased
Yet I err not for decay
Hath but seized thy house of clay
For lo the lively image of each part
Makes deep impression on my waxy heart
Thus learn I to possess the thing I want
Having great store of thee and yet great scant.
Oh let me thus recall thee neer repine,
Since what is thy fate now must once be mine

10

20

The Complaint

FOND hapless man lost in thy vain desire
Thy lost desire
May now retire
She like a salamander in thy flame
Sports with Love's name
And lives the same
Unsing'd impenetrably cold

Upon the Untimely Death of J K &c] The text is taken from Rawlinson MS D 317 of the Bodleian fol 175 the monogram of the title was used by King An unsigned copy is in Harleian MS 6917 of the British Museum fol 96 verso-97 this omits but 18

The Complaint] The text is taken from Rawlinson Poet MS D 317 fol 161 where it is written without title or signature in King's autograph There is a copy in Harleian MS 6917 fol 97 entitled *The Complaint* 4 thy] the *Harleian MS*

Henry King

Sure, careless Boy, thou slep'st, and Death, instead
Of thine, conveyed
His dart of lead 10
This thou unluckily at her hast sent,
Who now is bent
Not to relent,
Though thou spend all thy shafts of gold
I prithee filch another fatal dart
And pierce my heart,
To ease this smart,
Strike all my senses dull Thy force devours
Me and my powers
In tedious hours, 20
And thy injustice I'll proclaim
Or use some art to cause her heat return,
Or whilst I burn
Make her my urn,
Where I may bury in a marble chest
All my unrest.
Thus her cold breast,
If it but lodge, will quench, my flame

On his Shadow

COME, my shadow, constant, true,
Stay, and do not fly me.
When I court thee or would sue,
Thou wilt not deny me.
Female loves I find unkind
And devoid of pity,
Therefore I have changed my mind
And to thee frame this ditty
Child of my body and that flame
From whence our light we borrow, 10
Thou continuest still the same
In my joy or sorrow
Though thou lov'st the sunshine best
Or enlightened places,
Yet thou dost not fly, but rest,
'Midst my black disgraces
Thou wouldst have all happy days
When thou art approaching,

21 King originally wrote 'And she thy weakness will proclaim', and then added the text as an afterthought 28 will] may *Harl*

On his Shadow] The text is taken from King's autograph in Rawlinson Poet D 317, fol 173-4 it has neither heading nor signature At line 25, the last on this page of the MS, the catchword reads 'Yet when', which is slightly more appropriate, but the text continues 'And when' There is a copy in Harleian MS 6917, fol 97 verso-98, entitled *On his Shadow* There are the following variants
8 frame] framed 11 still *om* 23 harbour'dst] harbour'st 26 By] At
49 so] thus 55 could] could not (but compare l 31) 64 would] could

On his Shadow

No cloud nor night to dim bright rays
By their sad encroaching 20
Let but glimmering lights appear
To banish night's obscuring
Thou wilt show thou harbourst near,
By my side enduring
And when thou art forced away
By the sun's declining
Thy length is doubled to repay
Thy absence whilst he's shining
As I flatter not thee fair
So thou art not fading, 30
Age nor sickness can impair
Thy hue by fierce invading
Let the purest varnished clay
Art can show, or Nature,
View the shades they cast, and they
Grow duskish like thy feature
Tis thy truth I most commend—
That thou art not fleeting
For, as I embrace my friend
So thou giv'st him greeting 40
If I strike or keep the peace
So thou seem'st to threaten
And single blows by thy increase
Leave my foe double beaten
As thou findest me walk or sit,
Standing or down lying
Thou dost all my postures hit,
Most apish in thy prying
When our actions so consent—
Expressions dumb but local— 50
Words are needless complement
Else I could wish thee vocal
Hadst thou but a soul with sense
And reason sympathising
Earth could match nor heaven dispense
A mate so far enticing
Nay when bedded in the dust
Mongst shades I have my biding
Tapers can see thy posthume trust
Within my vault residing 60
Had heaven so pliant women made
Or thou their souls couldst marry
I'd soon resolve to wed my shade
This love would neer miscarry
But they thy lightness only share
If shunned the more they follow
And to pursuers peevish are
As Daphne to Apollo

Henry King

Yet this experience thou hast taught
A she-friend and an honour
Like thee, nor that nor she is caught,
Unless I fall upon her

70

Wishes to my Son, John, For this new, and all succeeding years

January 1, 1630

If wishes may enrich my boy,
My Jack, that art thy father's joy,
They shall be showered upon thy head
As thick as manna, angel's bread,
And bread I wish thee—this short word
Will furnish both thy back and board,
Not Fortunatus' purse or cap
Nor Danae's gold-replenished lap
Can more supply thee but content
Is a large patrimony, sent
From him who did thy soul infuse
May'st thou this best endowment use
In any state, thy structure is
I see complete a frontispiece
Promising fair, may it ne'er be
Like Jesuit's volumes, where we see
Virtues and saints adorn the front,
Doctrines of devils follow on't
May a pure soul inhabit still
This well-mixed clay, and a straight will
Biassed by reason, that by grace
May gems of price maintain their place
In such a casket in that list
Chaste turquoise, sober amethyst
That sacred breastplate still surround
Urim and Thummim be there found,
Which for thy wearing I design,
That in thee King and Priest may join,
As 'twas thy grandsire's choice, and mine
May'st thou attain John the Divine
Chief of thy titles, though contempt
Now brand the clergy, be exempt,
I ever wish thee, from each vice
That may that calling scandalize

10

20

30

Wishes to my Son, John] This poem is preserved anonymously in Harleian MS 6917, foll 101 verso-102, and Mr Mason assigns it to Henry King. Lines 28-9 strongly support this attribution, but the date at the head of the poem is a serious difficulty, which can only be met by supposing the lines to have been addressed in 1630 to the son of a second marriage. l 40 refers to a living wife, who could not be the lady of *The Exequy*. King's authorship must therefore be regarded as doubtful

Wishes to my Son, John

Let not thy tongue with court oil flow
Nor supple language lay thee low
For thy preferment make God's cause
Thy pulpits task, not thine applause
May st thou both preach by line and life
That thou live well and chaste a wife

40

I wish thee such as is thy sire's
A lawful help gainst lustful fires
And though promotions often frown
On married brows yet lie not down
In single baudry impure monks
That banish wedlock, license punks
Peace I do wish thee from those wars
Which gownmen talk out at the bars
Four times a year I wish thee peace
Of conscience country and increase
In all that best of men commends
Favour with God good men thy friends
Last for a lasting legacy
I this bequeath when thou shalt die
Heaven's monarch bless mine eyes to see
My wishes crowned in crowning thee

50

A Contemplation upon Flowers

BRAVE flowers that I could gallant it like you
And be as little vain!
You come abroad and make a harmless show
And to your beds of earth again,
You are not proud you know your birth
For your embroidered garments are from earth
You do obey your months and times but I
Would have it ever spring
My fate would know no winter never die
Nor think of such a thing
Oh that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile and look as cheerfully as you!
Oh teach me to see death and not to fear
But rather to take truce
How often have I seen you at a bier
And there look fresh and spruce
You fragrant flowers then teach me that my breath
Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death

10

A Contemplation upon Flowers] Another very doubtful poem from Harleian MS 6917 fol 105 verso where it is attributed to H Kinge. Mr Mason points out in support of the attribution that this MS contains other poems of King and documents relating to his family but the poem can hardly be regarded as authenticated. It has however been quoted as King's in more than one anthology and it would probably be missed if omitted from an edition of King's poems.

P O E M S
A N D
S O N G S,

B Y
THOMAS FLATMAN

The Fourth Edition,
With many Additions and Amendments

Me quoque ratem
Dicunt Pastores, sed non Ego credulus illis Virgil

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the Ship in
St Paul's Church Yard 1686

INTRODUCTION TO THOMAS FLATMAN

FLATMAN has been condoled with on his name by Mr Bullen one of the few persons who have done him some justice in recent years¹ I should rather myself, for reasons which will be given presently condole with him on his date His father was probably Robert Flatman of Mendham Norfolk and it is supposed that the poet was born in London The date of his birth recorded here for the first time, was February 21 1635 about 5 29 in the morning So his horoscope preserved by Ashmole informs us When he was elected at Winchester on Michaelmas Day 1648 he was stated to be eleven years old—a slight miscalculation He himself in *The Retirement* written in 1665 correctly speaks of his thirty years He actually entered Winchester in September, 1649 He was transferred in the usual (when uninterrupted) course to New College Oxford he was admitted as a probationer on September 11, 1654 but seems not to have matriculated till July 25 1655, he became Fellow in 1656² There is no academic record it would seem of his ever having taken his degree though he is spoken of as A B of Oxford when by the Kings Letters he was made M A of St Catherine Hall Cambridge, in 1666 He went from Oxford to the Inner Temple in 1655 and was called to the Bar on May 11, 1662 Oldys has a half-satiric reference to his pleading³ He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in April 1668 In 167 he married his wife being favourably spoken of, and gossip—inevitable whether well founded or not—records that his Bachelors Song (*v inf*) was sung under his windows on the occasion by merry friends And he died in London on December 8 1688 Beyond these meagre details and a statement that he had property at Diss (the cure of Skelton and the home

¹ By judicious remarks in the preface to his *Musa Proterva* (London 1889 p viii) and by specimens both in that and in its companion *Spiculum Amatis*

² In Ashmole MS 436 at folio 50 Mr J K Fotheringham who has kindly deciphered the horoscope points out that there are some inaccuracies in the astrologer's computation which leave a doubt of a few minutes

³ Mr Ernest Barker Librarian of New College kindly gave Mr Simpson access to the College records to test the above dates and facts

⁴ Should Flatman for his Client strain the laws
The Pleader gives some colour to the cause
Should Critics censure what the Poet writ
The Pleader quits him at the Bar of wit

Thomas Flatman

of Maria Jolly), we know little about him directly or by external evidence. By that of his poems he must have been a friend of good men—Walton, Cotton, Edward Browne¹ (Sir Thomas's son), Faithorne the engraver, Oldham, and others. His miniature portraits are well spoken of,—one is in possession of the Duke of Buccleuch, seven are in the South Kensington Museum. That, however, which illustrates his *Poems* is from a painting by John Hayls, whom Pepys's Diary has made known to a wider circle than students of the History of English Painting.

Flatman was evidently a tolerable scholar, and his Latinity, of which several specimens will be found here, does no discredit to the Winchester and the New College of the time. When he began English verse-writing does not seem to be known, but it must have been pretty early. He does not appear to have hurried his Muse, but collected his poems first in 1674, issuing augmented editions, to the number of four in all, up to a time shortly before his death. Of these, the third (1682) and the fourth (1686) have a claim to be regarded as authoritative and are the basis of the present text. The 1682 edition, 'With Additions and Amendments', is better printed, and the 1686 which makes a modest attempt to outbid it 'With many Additions and Amendments'—is valuable for the supplementary poems.² His Pindaric epicedes on public men—Ossory, Rupert, the King, &c—for the most part appeared separately in folio, and in the earlier days of my preparation of this collection I gave myself a good deal of trouble in looking them up. Except the elegy on Ormond (1688) they were reprinted in these two editions. The last (1686) edition of the *Poems*, after some search, was procured for me. It seems to be much rarer than the third of 1682, which I have long possessed, and is not in the Bodleian. Additional poems, not included in the texts of 1682 and 1686, are added as a supplement. Three of these are taken from a transcript in Professor Firth's collection of an autograph MS. of Flatman which is now in America, the title is 'Miscellanies by Tho. Flatman, ex Interiōri Templo Londinī. Sic imperantibus fatis. Nov. 9, 1661, 13^o Caroli 2^o.' This contains in all twenty-three of the poems which have been collated for this reprint. An interesting feature of this manuscript is that it dates a number of the poems. Besides his poems, some pamphlets and Almanacks³ have been attributed to him on extremely doubtful evidence, or none at all. Except among his friends, it does not seem even in his

¹ Browne's diary (March, 1663-4) contains repeated mention of 'Mr Flatman, chirurgeon' of Norwich, who had been a great traveller. This is additional evidence of the connexion of the Flatmans with Norfolk.

² The publisher was Benjamin Tooke, whom Flatman in a letter of November 3, 1675, recommended to Sancroft if he wished to publish his Fifth of November sermon before the House of Commons (Tanner MS. A.11, fol. 181, in Bodley).

³ *V mf*, p. 360

Introduction

own time to have been the fashion to think much of his verse and a triplet of Rochester's dismissing him as an imitator of Cowley and a bad one, is usually quoted¹. Flatman's Pindarics are certainly his weakest poems. But Rochester for all his wit and wits was though an acute a very ill-natured critic we know that he thought Cowley himself out of date and (as his representatives in kind though not in gift would say to-day) early Caroline. Besides to dismiss a Pindaric poet of the Restoration as an imitator, and a bad imitator of Cowley is too obvious to be of much importance. I should certainly admit that the minor Pindaric—of which I have for my sins or as part of them probably read as much as any one living—is one of the most dismal departments of English verse. But Flatman's is by no means exceptionally bad and is at its best better than that of Oldham or of Otway or of Swift—men with whom he cannot compare as a man of letters generally. Let us come closer to him and to his work.

Hayls may not have been a great painter but he certainly seems to have had the knack of putting character in his portraits. Neither that of Pepys nor that of his wife is without it and that of Flatman has a great deal. It is what would be called I suppose by most superficial judges an ugly face—with a broad *retroussé* nose lips of the kind sometimes called sensual and a heavy (something of a double) chin. But the forehead is high the mouth smallish, and above all there are a pair of somewhat melancholy eyes which entirely rescue it from any charge of vulgarity though it is not exactly refined. It certainly suggests what is called in stock phrase an artistic temperament and it may not be too fanciful to see in it the kind of artistic temperament which aims higher than it can hit begins what it is unable to finish and never forgets the yew even among the roses. This complexion is of course in a way reflected in the very titles of the few things of Flatman known² to the few people who do know him—Death, A Thought of Death, 'A Doomsday Thought Nudus Redibo &c. But it is almost everywhere, and there is no affectation or *sensiblerie* about it. Flatman is not as Longfellow, picturesquely and perhaps Carlylesquely remarked of Matthiessen and Salis a gentleman who walks through life with a fine white cambric handkerchief pressed to his eyes. He can write battle songs and love songs and festive *gaillardises*

¹ Nor th t lo v drudge in sw ft Pindaric strains

Flatman who Cowley imitates with pains

And rides a jaded M s whpt with loose reins

Flatman who had no bad blood in him took a magnanimous revenge (v i f p 365)

² Four letters of Flatman are published in *Four Letters of Love Gillyard's and Suval Occasions By the Wits of the last and present Age* 1718 vol i pp 249 54

One of these is a letter to an unnamed patron sending his own portrait for the patron's collection as a foil to the rest

³ And that chiefly because Pope is supposed to have borrowed from them

Thomas Flatman

naturally enough. But the other vein is also natural, and perhaps more so. The funeral panegyric Odes which make a considerable feature of his works were, of course, almost part of the routine business of a professional poet in those times of patronage—one of his regular sources of revenue, in fives or tens or hundreds of guineas, according to his rank on Parnassus and the rank and liberality of his subject in Church or State or City. But Flatman at his best suffuses them with a grave interest in Death itself.

a touch now of Lucretius (who seems to have been a favourite of his), now of the Preacher—which is not in the least conventional. In this curious Second Caroline period of faint survivals of the Renaissance and complete abandonment of its traditions, Flatman's heritage appears to have been this sense of Death. A poet might have a worse portion.

In powers of expression he was not equally well apanaged, and it was unlucky for him that he fell in with the special period of popularity of that difficult and dangerous thing the Pindaric, and had enough of the older taste in him to attempt the short metaphysical lyric 'The Resolve', 'The Fatigue', 'The Indifferent'. For the first he carried guns hardly heavy enough, for the second his lyrical craft was hardly sufficiently swift and handy to catch every puff of spiritual wind. Yet it is mildly astonishing to find how often he comes near to success, and how near that approach sometimes is. How many poets have tried to put the thought of the first line of the first poem in the complete edition

No more!—Alas! that bitter word, *No more!*

and how many have put it more simply and passionately? The 'Morning Hymn' and 'Evening Anthem' have rather strangely missed (owing no doubt to that superficial connexion with Bishop Ken's which is noticed below) association with hundreds and thousands of very often inferior divine poems that have found home in collections. 'The Resolve' begins quite admirably, and only wanted a little more pains on the poet's part to go on as well. 'Love's Bravo' and 'The Expectation' and 'Fading Beauty' and 'The Slight' are very far indeed from being contemptible. The two *gaillardises*, the 'Bachelor' and the 'Cats', want very little to make them quite capital, and 'The Whim' is in the same case. 'The Advice' actually deserves that adjective, and not a few others will be found pointed out in the notes, while even his Pindarics (at least the earlier ones, for those written after Rochester's death more fully justify his censure than those he can have read) have fine lines and even fine passages.

It is no doubt rather unfortunate that Flatman should have left us so many Horatian translations. For the one thing needful—except in a very few pieces where Horace outgoes himself in massive splendour, and so can be outgone further by more of this, as in Dryden's magnificent version of

Introduction

Tyrrhena regum—the one thing needful in translating Horace is something of his well known and curious urbane elegance. And this was the very quality which perhaps no Restoration poet—certainly not Flatman—could give. The dash of vulgarity¹ which Mr Bullen has too truly stigmatized affects nearly all of them except when transported by passion (which is nowhere in Horace) or fighting hard in a mood of satiric controversy which is quite different from his pococurantism, or using a massive rhetoric which is equally absent from him. The consequence is that what Flatman gives us is not Horace at all, and is not good Flatman. The 'Canidia' pieces, as one would expect are about the best and they are not very good.

I own however and I am duly prepared to take the consequences of the confession that Flatman appeals to me though in a different way almost as much as any other of the constituents of this volume though certainly not so much as some of those of the other two. He had the pure misfortune—as the sternest critic must acknowledge it to have been—of being born too late for one period and too early for another. He could not give to his most serious things the brave translunary exaltations and excursions which came naturally to the men of a time just before his and he could not correct this want by the order and the sense the neatness and the finish which were born with the next generation. Death and A Thought of Death and the other things mentioned unfairly but inevitably remind us that we have left Donne and Crashaw Vaughan and even Herbert behind us. The Mistake and The Whim and many others remind us that we have not come to Prior. Yet others—which it were cruel to particularize and which he that reads will easily find for himself—display a lack of the purely lyrical power which among his own contemporaries Rochester and Sedley and Aphra Behn not to mention others possessed. Nor had he that gift of recognizing the eclipse of the Moon and utilizing the opportunities of the Earth which has made Dryden to competent and catholic tastes all but one of the greatest of English poets. But still he was a child of the Moon herself and he has the benefits which she never withholds from her children, though they may be accompanied by a disastrous influence. He was no doubt a minor poet in a time when minor poetry was exposed to special disadvantages. But with far less wit he was more of a poet than Cleveland with far less art he was perhaps as much of a poet as Stanley and I am not even sure that with weight for age in the due sense he was so very much less of a poet than King.

Flatman however is much less 'coarse' than most of his contemporaries. Putting a very few pieces aside (not themselves very shocking) he might almost challenge my Lord Roscommon for those 'spoiled bays' which his own supposed debtor Pope assigned and of which we are all so tired.

Thomas Flatman

And if those who think but little of these others as poets deem this scanty praise let us go further and say that he *is* a poet imperfect, disappointing as well as disappointed, only half aneiled with the sacred unction and houselled with the divine food—but a poet Which if any denies he may be ‘an excellent person’—as Praed or Praed’s Medora so finally puts it—but he does not know much, if indeed he knows anything, about poetry¹

¹ The Additional Poems (p 408 sq) I owe to Mr Percy Simpson, who collected them from their various sources, added variants throughout from the Firth MS, and gave some hints for correcting my own notes Mr G Thorn-Drury has again given his valuable help

TO HIS
G R A C E
THE
D U K E
OF
O R M O N D

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c

In humble acknowledgment of

HIS Princely Favours

These¹ POEMS are with all Dutiful
Respect

DEDICATED

By his GRACE's

Ever Oblig'd, and most
Obedient Servant,

Thomas Flatman

¹ So in 1682 where this Dedication first appeared 1686 with its usual carelessness
The which is most improbable

To the Reader.

WHEN I was prevail'd upon to make a Fourth Publication of these Poems with a great many Additions, it was told me, That without a Preface the Book would be unfashionable, Universal Custom had made it a Debt, and in this Age the Bill of Fare was as necessary as the Entertainment To be Civil therefore, and to Comply with Expectation, instead of an elaborate Harangue in Commendation of the Art in general, or what, and what Qualifications go to the making up of a Poet in particular, and without such artificial Imbellishments as use to be the Ornament of Prefaces, as Sayings of Philosophers, Ends of Verses, Greek, Latin, Hungarian, French, Welch, or Italian, Be it known unto the Reader, That in my poor Opinion Poetry has a very near Resemblance to the modern Experiment of the Ambling-Saddle, It's a good Invention for smoothing the Trott of Prose, That's the Mechanical use of it But Physically it gives present Ease to the Pains of the Mind, contracted by violent Surfeit of either good or bad Usage in the World To be serious, 'tis an Innocent Help to Sham a Man's time when it lies on his hands and his Fancy can relish nothing else I speak but my own Experience, when any Accident hath either pleas'd or vex'd me beyond my power of expressing either my Satisfaction or Indignation in downright Prose, I found it seasonable for Rhiming, and I believe from what follows it may be discern'd when 'twas Fair Weather, when Changeable, and when the Quicksilver fell down to Storm and Tempest As to the Measures observ'd by me, I always took a peculiar delight in the Pindarique strain, and that for two Reasons, First, it gave me a liberty now and then to correct the saucy forwardness

of a Rhime, and to lay it aside till I had a mind to admit it, And secondly, if my Sense fell at any time too short for my Stanza, (and it will often happen so in Versifying) I had then opportunity to fill it up with a Metaphor little to the purpose, and (upon occasion) to run that Metaphor stark mad into an Allegory, a practice very frequent and of admirable use amongst the Moderns, especially the Nobles of the Faculty But in good earnest, as to the Subjects, which came in my way to write upon, I must declare that I have chosen only such as might be treated within the Rules of Decency, and without offence either to Religion or good Manners The Caution I receiv'd (by Tradition) from the Incomparable Mr Cowley, and him I must ever acknowledge but to imitate, if any of the ensuing Copies may deserve the name of Good or Indifferent I have not vanity enough to prescribe how a Muse ought to be Courted, and I want leisure to borrow from some Treatises I have seen, which look like so many Academies of Complements for that purpose I have known a man, who when he was about to write would screw his face into more disguises than Scaramuccio, or a Quaker at a Meeting when his Turn came to mount, his breast heav'd, his hair stood on end, his eyes star'd, and the whole man was disorder'd, and truly when he had done, any body at first reading would conclude that at the time he made them he was possess'd with an evil Spirit Another that seem'd like Nostradamus (when the Whim took him in the head to Prophezie,) he sat upon his Divining Tripod, his elbow on his knee his Lamp by his side, all the avenues of light stopp'd, full of expectation when the little faint flames should steal in through a crevice of the

To the Reader] As in some other cases, I have thought it best to keep the original arrangement of capitals, type-differences &c, here The poems are printed, like the greater part of the collection, in modern form, but with no important alterations unnoticed

To the Reader

Shutlers This Gentleman indeed writ extreme Melancholy Madrigals I have had the happiness to hear of a Third too whose whole life was Poetical he was a Walking Poem and his way was this finding that the fall of the Leaf was already upon him and prudently foreseeing that in the Winter of his old Age he might possibly want Fodder he carry'd al ways about him one of Raimund Lullys Repositories a piece of Mathematical Paper and in what Company soever he came the Spoon was always ready for the Civet Cat nothing scap'd him that fell from a Wit At night his custom was to digest all that he had pirated that Day under proper Heads This was his Arsenal his inexhaustible Magazine so that upon occasion he had no more to do than to give a snap or t.a.a to his Nails a rub or two upon the sutures of his Head to turn over his Hint Book and the Matter was at hand his business (after that piece of Legerdemain) was only Tacking and Tagging I never saw but One of this Author's Compositions and really It troubled me because It put me in mind how much time I had mispent in Coffee Houses for there was nothing in It but what I could find a Father for

There Nay (with a little recollection) a man might name most of the Birds from whence he had pluckt his Feathers Some there are that Beseech Others that Hector their Muses Some that Diet their Pegasus give him his Heats and Ayrings for the Course Others that endeavour to stop up his broken wind with Medicinal Ale and Bisquet But these for the most part are men of Industry Rhiming is their proper Business they are fain to labour hard and use much Artifice for a poor Livelihood I wish em good Trading I profess I never had des gn to be incorporated into the Society my utmost End was merely for D version of my self and a few Friends whom I very well love and if the question should be ask'd why these Productions are expos'd I may truly say I could not help it One unlucky Copy like a Bell weather stole from me into the Common and the rest of the Flock took their opportunity to leave the Enclosure If I might be proud of any thing it should be the first Copy of the Book but therein I had the greatest advantage given me that any Noble Subject could afford And so much for Preface and Poetry till some very powerful Star shall over rule my present Resolution

On the Excellent Poems of my most Worthy Friend, Mr Thomas Flatman

YOU happy issue of a happy wit
As ever yet in charming numbers writ
Welcome into the light and may we be
Worthy so happy a posterity
We long have wish'd for something
excellent
But ne'er till now knew rightly what it
meant
For though we have been gratified tis
true
From several hands with things both
fine and new
The wits must pardon me if I profess
That till this time the over teeming
press
Neer set out Poesy in so true a
dress

Nor is it all to have a share of wit
There must be judgement too to
manage it
For Fancy's like a rough but ready
horse
Whose mouth is govern'd more by
skill than force
Wherein (my friend) you do a maistry
own
If not particular to you alone
Yet such at least as to all eyes declares
Your Pegasus the best performs his
airs
Your Muse can humour all her subjects
so
That as we read we do both feel and
know

You happy &c] 16 Cotton may have had several reasons for keeping the firm
ma: try — at a y rate it should certainly b k pt here though mastery with or with
out apostrophated e would fill the verse proper ly

Thomas Flatman

And the most firm impenetrable breast
With the same passion that you write's
 possest
Your lines are rules, which who shall
 well observe
Shall even in their errors praise
 deserve
The boiling youth, whose blood is all
 on fire,
Push'd on by vanity, and hot desire,
May learn such conduct here, men
 may approve
And not excuse, but even applaud his
 love
Ovid, who made an art of what to all
Is in itself but too too natural, 31
Had he but read your verse, might
 then have seen
The style of which his precepts should
 have been,
And (which it seems he knew not)
 learnt from thence
To reconcile frailty with innocence
The love *you* write virgins and boys
 may read,
And never be debauch'd but better
 bred,
For without love, beauty would bear
 no price,
And dullness, than desire's a greater
 vice
Your greater subjects with such force
 are writ 40
So full of sinewy strength, as well as
 wit,
That when you are *religious*, our divines
May emulate, but not reprove your
 lines

And when you reason, there the learned
 crew
May learn to speculate, and speak from
 you
You no profane, no obscene language
 use
To smut your paper, or defile your
 Muse
Your gayest things, as well express'd
 as meant,
Are equally both quaint and innocent
But your Pindaric Odes indeed are
 such 50
That Pindar's lyre from his own skilful
 touch
Ne'er yielded such an harmony, nor yet
Verse keep such time on so unequal
 feet
So by his own generous confession
Great Tasso by Guarini was outdone
And (which in copying seldom does
 befall)
The ectype's better than th' original
 But whilst your fame I labour to send
 forth,
By the ill-doing it I cloud your worth,
In something all mankind unhappy
 are, 60
And you as mortal too must have your
 share,
'Tis your misfortune to have found a
 friend,
Who hurts and injures where he would
 commend
But let this be your comfort, that your
 bays
Shall flourish green, maugre an ill-
 couch'd praise

CHARLES COTTON, Esq

To my Friend Mr Thomas Flatman, upon the Publication of his Poems

I

AS when a Prince his standard does
 erect,
And calls his subjects to the field,
From such as early take his side,
And readily obedience yield,

He is instructed where he may suspect,
And where he safely may confide
 So, mighty friend,
 That you may see
A perfect evidence of loyalty,
 No business I pretend, 10

50 'Pindarique' or 'Pindarigu' in the original throughout the volume

57 ectype] Not uncommon even later for 'copy'

This piece is in the original about half italics, which, for the most part, express no kind of emphasis. The next is almost entirely free from them, and the difference continues throughout the Commendatory Poems in such a fashion as to show that they were used on no principle at all. Flatman's own text has very few, outside of proper names

Commendatory Poems

From all th' incumbrances of human
life

From nourishing the sinful people
strife

And the increasing weaknesses of age

II

Domestic care the minds incurable
disease

I am resolv'd I will forget

Ah! could I hope the restless pain

Would now entirely cease

And never more return again

My thoughts I would in other order
set

By more than protestations I would
show

Not the sum total only of the debt

But the particulars of all I owe

III

This I would do but what will our
desire avail

When active heat and vigour fail?

Tis well thou hast more youthful
combatants than I

Right able to protect thy immortality
If envy should attack thy spotless
name

(And that attacks the best of things

And into rigid censure brings

The most undoubted registers of fame)

Their fond artillery let them dispense

Piercing wit and murdering eloquence

Noble conceit and manly sense

Charming numbers let 'em shine

And dazzle dead in every line

The most malicious of thy foes

Though Hell itself should offer to
oppose

I (thy decrepit subject) only can resign
The little life of art is left to ransom
thine

Fumbling's as bad in poetry

And as ridiculous as tis in gallantry

But if a dart I may prevent

Which at my friend's reputation was meant

Let them then direct at me

By dying in so just a war

I possibly may share

In thy infallible eternity

IV

But dearest friend

(Before it be too late)

Let us awhile expostulate

What heat of glory call'd you on

Your learned empire to extend

Beyond the limits of your own dominion?

(287)

At home you were already crown'd
with bays

Why foreign trophies do you seek to
raise?

Poets arcanas have of government
And tho' the homagers of your own
continent

Out of a sense of duty do submit

Yet public print a jealousy creates

And intimates a laid design

Unto the neighbouring potentates

Now into all your secret arts they
pry

And weigh each hint by rules of
policy

Offensive leagues they twine

In councils rotas and cabals they sit

Each petty burgesse thinks it fit

The Corporation should combine

Against the Universal Monarchy of
Wit

And straight declare for quite abjuring
it

V

Hence then must you prepare for an
invasion

Tho' not from such as are reclaim'd by
education

In the main points all European wits
agree

All allow order art and rules of
decency

And to be absolutely perfect ne'er was
yet

A beauty such or such a wit

I fear the Persian and the barbarous

A nation quite Antipodes to us

The infidel unletter'd crew (I mean)

Who call that only wit

Which is indeed but the reverse of it

Creatures in whom civility ne'er shone

But (unto Nature's contradiction)

It is their glory to be so obscene

You'd think the Legion of the unclean

Were from the swine (to which they
were condemn'd) releas'd,

And had these viler swine (than them)
possess'd

VI

If these should an advantage take

And on thy fame a depredation make

You must submit to the unhappiness

These are the common enemies of our
belief and art

And by hostility possess'd

The world's much greater part

Thomas Flatman

All things with them are measur'd by
success.
If the battle be not won,
If the author do not sell,
Into their dull capacities it will not
sink,
They cannot with deliberation think
How bravely the commander led them
on,

No nor wherein the book was written
well⁹⁹
When ('tis a thing impossible to do)
He cannot find his army courage (Sir),
nor you
Your readers, learning, wit, and judge-
ment too

ROBERT THOMPSON, LL D

To my Friend Mr. Thomas Flatman, on the Publishing of these his Poems

LET not (my friend) th' incredulous
sceptic man
Dispute what potent Art and Nature
can!
Let him believe, the birds that did
bemoan
The loss of Zeus's grapes in querulous
tone,
Were silenc'd by a painted dragon,
found
A *Telesme* to restrain their chatt'ring
sound,
And that one made a mistress could
enforce
A neighing sigh, ev'n from a stallion
horse!
Let old Timanthes now unveil the
face
Of his Atrides, thou'lt give sorrow
grace!¹⁰
Now may Parrhasius let his curtain
stand!
And great Protogenes take off his
hand!
For all that lying Greece and Latium
too
Have told us of, thou (only thou)
mak'st true
And all the miracles which they could
show,
Remain no longer faith, but science
now
Thou dost those things that no man
else durst do,

Thou paint'st the lightning, and the
thunder too!
The soul and voice!
Thou'lt make Turks, Jews, with
Romanists consent,²⁰
To break the second great Commande-
ment
And them persuade an adoration
giv'n
In picture, will as grateful be to Heav'n
As one in metre Th' art is in excess,
But yet thy ingenuity makes it less
With pen and pencil thou dost all out-
shine,
In speaking picture, Poesy divine
Poets, creators are! You made us know
Those are above, and dread those are
below,
But 'tis no wonder you such things can
dare,³⁰
That painter, poet, and a prophet
are
The stars themselves think it no scorn
to be
Plac'd, and directed in their way by
thee.
Thou know'st their virtue, and their
situation,
The fate of years, and every great
mutation,
With the same kindness let them look
on Earth,
As when they gave thee first thy happy
birth!

¹⁰³ I have not identified Robert Thompson, LL D, but I shall always think of him as author of some of the worst Pindaric of his time, which is saying a great deal
[Let not, &c] 6 The form *Telesme*, which may be allowed its italics, reproduces the
(late) Greek *τελεσμα*, instead of the Spanish-Arabic 'talisman'
²² giv'n] Orig 'giv'd', but correct in previous (1682) edition

Commendatory Poems

The sober Saturn aspects Cynthia
bright
Resigning hers to give us thy new
light 40
The gentle Venus rose with Mercury
(Presage of softness in thy Poesy)

And Inve and Mars in amicable Trine
Do still give spirit to thy polish'd line
Thou mayst do what thou wilt without
control
*Only thyself and Heav'n can paint thy
soul*

FRAN BARNARD M D

To his esteemed Friend Mr Thomas Flatman, Upon the Publishing of his Poems

YOUR Poems (friend) come on the
public stage
In a debauch'd and a censorious age
Where nothing now is counted standard
wit
But what's profane obscene or s
bad as it
For our great wits like gallants of the
times
(And such they are), court only those
loose rhymes
Which like their misses patch'd and
painted are
But scorn what virtuous is and truly
fair
Such as your Muse is who with careful
art
For all but such hath wisely fram'd a
part. 10
One while (methinks) under some
gloomy shade
I see the melancholy lover laid
I leasing himself in that his pensive fit
With what you have on such occasion
writ
Another while (methinks) I seem to
hear
Mongst those who sometimes will
unbend their care

And steal themselves out from the busy
throng
Your pleasant *Songs* in solemn consort
sung
Again (methinks) I see the grave
Divine
Lay by his other books to look on
thine 20
And from thy serious and divine
Retire
See what our duty is and his own
too
Yet worthy friend, you can't but
guess what doom
Is like to pass on what you've writ by
some
But there are others now your book
comes forth,
Who (I am sure) will prize it as tis
worth
Who know it fully fraught with staple
ware,
Such as the *Works* of the great Cowley
are
And mongst our rarest English poems
thine 9
Next unto his immortally shall shine

RICH NEWCOURT

39 Both editions have a comma at aspects which obscures the sense Aspect is made a transitive verb in the sense of the astrological substantive = arranges his situation in regard to the Moon so as to make her resign, &c 1686 To for The wrongly

46 It would be a shame to rob Francis Barnard of the italics which distinguish the entire line in the origin 1 He died on February 9 1698 and was buried at St Botolph's Bishopsgate

Your Poems &c] 14 i e no doubt *The Desperate Lover* (v inf p 336)

18 consort] As so often = concert

21 divine *Retire*] The poem to Sa croft (i f p 301)

31 Richard Newcourt is discoverable and throws a little more light on Flatman's c ele facq i tanc He was a topographer and drew a map of London published in 1658 by F Athorne the elder (v i f)

Thomas Flatman

To my Worthy Friend Mr. Thomas Flatman, Upon the Publishing of his Poems.

RUDE and unpolish'd as my lines can
be,
I must start forth into the world with
thee
That which, yet private, did my wonder
raise,
Now 'tis made public challenges my
praise
Such miracles thy charming verse can
do,
Where'er it goes, it draws me with
it too
This is a kind of birthday to thy
Muse!
Transported with delight I cannot
choose
But bid her *Welcome to the Light*,
and tell,
How much I value what is writ so well,
Tho' thou reap'st no advantage by my
rhyme,
More than a taper helps the day to
shine
Thus in dull pomp does th' empty
coach attend
To pay respect to some departed
friend!
The difference of regard in this does
lie,
That honours dust, mine that which
cannot die
For what can blast the labours of thy
pen,

While wit and virtue are allow'd by
men?
Thou entertain'st the world with such
a feast,
So cleanly and so elegantly drest, 20
So stor'd with laudable varieties
As may a modest appetite suffice,
Whoever is thy guest is sure to find
Something or other that may please
his mind
Sometimes in pious flames thy Muse
aspires
Her bosom warm'd with supernat'ral
fires,
In noble flights with Pindar, soars
above;
Dallies sometimes with not-indecent
love,
Thence down into the grave does
humbly creep,
And renders Death desirable as Sleep
The debonair, the melancholy here 31
Find matter for their mirth, ease for
their care
Since such provision's made for all
that come,
He must be squeamish that goes empty
home,
If these reflections cannot do him
good,
'Tis 'cause his stomach's vicious, not
the food

FRANCIS KNOLLYS, Esq

To the Author on his excellent Poems.

I
STRANGE magic of thy wit and style,
Which to their griefs mankind can
reconcile!
Whilst thy Philander's tuneful voice
we hear
Condoling our disastrous state,

Touch'd with a sense of our hard
fate,
We sigh perhaps, or drop a tear,
But he the mournful song so sweetly
sings,
That more of pleasure than regret it
brings

Rude and unpolish'd, &c] 4 public] Orig 'publique' So often 'Pindarique', and
sometimes '19'

37 This Knollys is again unknown to me

(290) .

Commendatory Poems

With such becoming grief
The Trojan chief 10
Troy's conflagration did relate,
Whilst even the sufferers in the fire drew
near
And with a greedy ear
Devoured the story of their own sub-
verted state.

II

Kind Heaven (as to her darling son) to
thee
A double portion did impart,
A gift of Painting and of Poesy,
But for thy rivals in the painter's art,
If well they represent, they can effect
No more nor can we more expect
But more than this thy happy pencils
give 21
Thy draughts are more than represen-
tative
For, if we'll credit our own eyes they
live!
Ah! worthy friend couldst thou main-
tain the state
Of what with so much ease thou dost
create
We might reflect on death with
scorn!
But pictures like th originals decay!
Of colours those consist, and these of
clay
Alike compos'd of dust, to dust alike
return!

III

Yet tis our happiness to see 30
Oblivion Death and adverse Destiny
Encounter'd vanquish'd, and dis-
arm'd by thee
For if thy pencils fail,
Change thy artillery
And thou art secure of victory
Employ thy quill and thou shalt still
prevail
The Grand Destroyer greedy Time,
reverses
Thy Fancy's imagery and spares
The meanest thing that bears
Th impression of thy pen 40
Tho coarse and cheap their natural
metal were
Stamp'd with thy verse he knows th
are sacred then,

42 th for they' is an instance good in its badness of the uglier apostrophation
63 strait] So *bold* edd but as often for *straight*!

75 Crown'd with no laurel wreath (as others are) should be a comfort to the poetaster
For Nahum had only to wait less than twenty years and he was crown'd in the very
lifetime of the dis-crown'd other! Dryden who wore the wreath at this time and who

(291)

He knows them by that character to be
Predestinate and set apart for immor-
tality

IV

If native lustre in thy themes appear
Improv'd by thee it shines more
clear
Or if thy subject's void of native light,
Thy Fancy need but dart a beam
To gild thy theme
And make the rude mass beautiful and
bright 50
Thou vary'st oft thy strains but still
Success attends each strain
Thy verse is always lofty as the hill
Or pleasant as the plain
How well thy Muse the Pastoral Son,
Improves!
Whose nymphs and swains are in their
loves
As innocent and yet as kind as doves
But most She moves our wonder and
delight
When She performs her loose Pindaric
flight
Oft to their outmost reach She will
extend 60
Her towering wings to soar on high
And then by just degrees descend
Oft in a swift strait course She glides
Obliquely oft the air divides
And oft with wanton play hangs hovering
in the sky

V

Whilst sense of duty into my artless
Muse
Th ambition would infuse
To mingle with those Nymphs that
homage pay
And wait on thine in her triumphant
way
Defect of merit checks her forward
pride 70
And makes her dread to approach thy
chariot side
For were at least a rude indecency
(If not profane) to appear
At this solemnity
Crown'd with no laurel wreath (as
others are)
But this we will presume to do
At distance to attend the show

U 2

Thomas Flatman

To my Worthy Friend Mr. Thomas Flatman, Upon the Publishing of his Poems.

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be,
I must start forth into the world with
thee.
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Now 'tis made public challenges my
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Such miracles thy charming verse can
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As innocent and yet as kind as doves
But most She moves our wonder and
delight
When She performs her loose Pindaric
flight
Oft to their outmost reach She will
extend 60
Her tow ring wings to soar on high
And then by just degrees descend
Oft in a swift strait course She glides
Obliquely oft the air divides
And oft with wanton play hangs hovering
in the sky

V

Whilst ense of duty into my artless
Muse
Th ambition would infuse
To mingle with those Nymphs that
homage pay,
And wait on thine in her triumphant
way
Defect of merit checks her forward
pride 70
And makes her dread t approach thy
chariot side
For twere at least a rude indecency
(If not profane) t appear
At this solemnity
Crown'd with no laurel wreath (as
others are),
But this we will presume to do
At distance to attend the show

Thomas Flatman

Officious to gather up
The scatter'd bays, if any drop
From others' temples, and with those
A plain plebeian coronet compose 8r
This, as your livery, she'd wear, to hide
Her nakedness, not gratify her pride !

Such was the verdant dress
Which the Offending Pair did frame
Of platted leaves, not to express
Their pride i'th' novel garb, but to
conceal their shame

N TATE

To my dear Friend Mr. Thomas Flatman,
Upon the Publication of his Poems.

PINDARIC ODE

I

WITHIN the haunted thicket, where
The feather'd choristers are met to
play,
And celebrate with voices clear,
And accents sweet, the praise of May
The ouzel, thrush, and speckled lark,
And Philomel, that loves the dawn and
dark
These (the inspired throng)
In numbers smooth and strong
Adorn their noble theme with an im-
mortal song,
While woods and vaults, the brook and
neighbouring hill, 10
Repeat the varied close and the melo-
dious trill

II

Here feast your ears, but let their eye
Wander, and see one of the lesser fry
Under a leaf, or on a dancing twig,
Ruffle his painted feathers, and look
big,
Perk up his tail, and hop between
The boughs, by moving, only to be
seen,
Perhaps his troubled breast he prunes,
As he doth meditate his tunes
At last (compos'd) his little head he
rears, 20
Towards (what he strives to imitate)
the spheres,
And chirping then begins his best,
Falls on to pipe among the rest,
Deeming that all's not worth a rush,
Without his whistle from the bush.

III.

Th' harmonious sound did reach my
ear,
That echo'd *thy* clear name,
Which all must know, who e'er did
hear
Of Cowley or Orinda's fame,
I heard the Genius, with surprising
grace, 30
Would visit us with his fair offspring,
gay
As is the morning spring in May,
But fairer much, and of immortal race

IV.

Delighted greatly, as I list'ning stood,
The sound came from each corner of
the wood,
It both the shrubs and cedars shak'd,
And my drowsy Muse awak'd,
Strange that the sound should be so
shrill,
That had its passage through a quill
Then I resolv'd *thy* praises to rehearse,
The wonders of *thy pen*, among the
crowd 41
Of thy learn'd friends that sing so
loud
But 'twas not to be sung, or reach'd in
verse
By my weak notes, scarce to be heard,
Or if they could, not worth regard,
Desisting therefore I must only send
My very kind well wishes to my friend
OCTAVIAN PULLEYN

meanwhile had done him the enormous honour of admitting him to collaboration in
Absalom and Achitophel Tate has other verses addressed to Flatman, see his *Poems*,
p 67

Within the haunted, &c] 9 theme] So spelt here, 'theam' elsewhere—a fresh pair
of instances from the same book of the absurdity of keeping bad spelling for its
own sake

48 Octavian Pulleyn was probably the son of Octavian Pulleyn, warden of the
Stationers' Company, he published Woodford's *Paraphrase of the Psalms*

Commendatory Poems

The following spirited preface and a prefatory poem were printed only in the *Poems and Songs* of 1674 they are worth preserving here

Advertisement to the Reader

By long Prescription time out of mind the next Lease to the Title Page claims an EPISTLE to the READER I had the Project once in my own thoughts too But the Market is so avominably forestall'd already with all manner of excuses for Printing that I could not possibly contrive one that would look any thing New And besides I never found amongst all the EPISTLES that I have read that the best Rethorick in em could perswade me to have a better opinion of the Books for Their sakes I am apt to believe the rest of Mankind much of my humour in this particular and therefore do here expose these few Results of my many Idle hours to the mercy of the wise World quite guiltless of Address or Ceremony And that Reader who will not believe I had some tolerable Reason for This Publication cannot give me much disturbance because I am sure he is not at all acquainted with

T F

April 10 1674

To his Worthy Friend Mr Thomas Flatman on the publishing of his Poems

I

I THINK thou art not well advised my
friend
To bring thy spritely Poems on the
stage
Now when the Muses empire s at an
end
And there s none left that feel poetic
rage
Now Cowley s dead the glory of the
age
And all the lesser singing birds are
starved ith cage

It

Nor was it well done to permit my bush
My holly bush to hang before thy wine
For friends applauses are not worth a
rush
And every fool can get a gilded sign
In troth I have no faculty at praise
My bush is very full of thorns though
it seems bays

III

When I would praise I cannot find a
rhyme
But if I have a just pretence to rail
They come in numerous throngs at any
time
Their everlasting fountains never fail
They come in troops and for employ
ment pray
If I have any wit it lies only that way

IV

But yet I ll try if thou wilt rid thy
mind
Of thoughts of rhyming and of writing
well
And bend thy studies to another kind —
I mean in craft and riches to excel
If thou desert thy friends and better
wine
And pay st no more attendance on the
needy Nine

V

Go and renounce thy wit and thy good
parts—
Wit and good parts, great enemies to
wealth —
And barter honesty for more thriving
arts
Prize gold before a good name ease
and health
Answer the Dog and Bottle and main
tain
There s great ease in a yoke and free-
dom in a chain

VI

I ll love thee now when this is done
I ll try
To sing thy praise and force my honest
Muse to lie

WALTER POPE

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POEMS.

On the Death of the Right Honourable Thomas Earl of Ossory.

PINDARIC ODE

Stanza I

No more!—Alas that bitter word, *No more!*
The Great, the Just, the Generous, the Kind;
The universal Darling of Mankind,
The noble OSSORY is now *No more!*

The mighty man is fall'n—
From Glory's lofty pinnacle,
Meanly like one of us, he fell,
Not in the hot pursuit of victory,
As gallant men would choose to die,
But tamely, like a poor plebeian, from his bed
To the dark grave a captive led,
Emasculating sighs, and groans around,
His friends in floods of sorrow drown'd,
His awful truncheon and bright arms laid by,
He bow'd his glorious head to Destiny

10

II

Celestial Powers! how unconcern'd you are!
No black eclipse or blazing star
Presag'd the death of this illustrious man,
No deluge, no, nor hurricane,
In her old wonted course Nature went on,
As if some common thing were done,
One single victim to Death's altar's come,
And not in Ossory an whole hecatomb
Yet, when the founder of old Rome expir'd,
When the Pellean youth resign'd his breath,
And when the great Dictator stoop'd to death,
Nature and all her faculties retir'd
Amaz'd she started when amaz'd she saw
The breaches of her ancient fundamental law,
Which kept the world in awe

20

30

On the Death of the Earl of Ossory] Thomas Butler (1634–80), by courtesy Earl of Ossory, though not exactly a Marcellus (for he was forty six when he died), holds a distinguished place among those who have died too soon. He was a soldier, a sailor, a statesman, if not an orator, an effective speaker, and though no milksop or 'good boy', one emphatically, 'of the right sort'. The excellent first line (see Introduction) is well supported by the whole opening quatrain, and it has been left, typographically, as it appears in the original. The rest may undergo the usual law. The poem was first issued in folio in 1681. 'be' was read for 'grow' in 163.

On the Death of the Earl of Ossory

For men less brave than him her very heart did ache,
The labouring Earth did quake
And trees their fix'd foundations did forsake,
Nature in some prodigious way
Gave notice of their fatal day
Those lesser griefs with pain she thus exprest,
This did confound and overwhelm her breast.

III

Shrink ye crown'd heads that think yourselves secure
And from your mould'ring thrones look down
Your greatness cannot long endure 40
The King of Terrors claims you for his own,
You are but tributaries to his dreadful crown
Renown'd, Serene, Imperial most August
Are only high and mighty epithets for dust.
In vain in vain so high
Our towering expectations fly
While th' blossoms of our hopes, so fresh so gay
Appear and promise fruit then fade away
From valiant Ossory's ever loyal hands 40
What did we not believe!
We dream'd of yet unconquer'd lands
He to his Prince could give,
And neighbouring crowns retrieve
I expected that he would in triumph come
Laden with spoils and Afric banners home,
As if an hero's years
Were as unbounded as our fond desires

IV

Lament, lament you that dare Honour love,
And court her at a noble rate 60
(Your prowess to approve)
That dare religiously upon her wait
And blush not to grow good when you grow great
Such mourners suit *His* virtue such *His* State
And you brave souls, who for your country's good
Did wondrous things in fields and seas of blood,
Lament th' undaunted chief that led you on,
Whose exemplary courage could inspire
The most degenerate heart with martial English fire
Your bleeding wounds who shall hereafter dress 60
With an indulgent tenderness,
Touch'd with a melting sympathy,
Who shall your wants supply
Since he your good Samaritan is gone?
O Charity! thou richest boon of Heaven
To man in pity given!

Thomas Flatman

(For when well-meaning mortals give,
The poor's and their own bowels they relieve,)
Thou mak'st us with alacrity to die,
Miss'd and bewail'd like thee, large-hearted Ossory

80

V

Arise, ye blest inhabitants above,
From your immortal seats arise,
And on our wonder, on our love
Gaze with astonish'd eyes
Arise! Arise! make room,
Th' exalted Shade is come
See where he comes! What princely port he bears!
How God-like he appears!
His shining temples round
With wreaths of everlasting laurels bound!
As from the bloody field of Mons he came,
Where he outfought th' hyperboles of Fame
See how the Guardian-Angel of our isle
Receives the deifi'd champion with a smile!
Welcome, the Guardian-Angel says,
Full of songs of joy and praise,
Welcome thou art to me,
And to these regions of serenity!
Welcome, the wingèd choir resounds,
While with loud *Euge's* all the sacred place abounds

90

100

To the Memory of the Incomparable Orinda

PINDARIC ODE

Stanza I

A LONG adieu to all that's bright,
Noble, or brave in woman-kind,
To all the wonders of their wit,
And trophies of their mind
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone
To th' altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown,
There's nought on earth, but ashes left behind,
E'er since th' amazing sound was spread,
Orinda's dead,
Every soft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford,
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to set the soul on wing,
No longer with this worthless world would stay

10

To the memory, &c] For 'Orinda', or Katharine Philips, see vol 1 This Pindaric
was first printed in her *Poems* of 1667 the chief variants are—58 blurs] crowns
71 While you securely sleep 75 Those useless things] Inglorious arms 77 can]
will 99 generous om 101 Neither the expense of blood nor sweat

To the Memory of the Incomparable Orinda

Thus when the death of the great Pan was told
Along the shore the dismal tidings roll'd,
The lesser Gods their sanes forsook,
Confounded with the mighty stroke
They could not overlive that fatal day,
But sigh'd and groan'd their gasping Oracles away

20

II

How rigid are the laws of Fate
And how severe that black decree!
No sublunary thing is free
But all must enter th' adamantin gate
Sooner or later must we come
To Nature's dark retiring room
And yet tis pity, is it not?
The learned as the fool should die,
One full as low, as t'other lie,
Together blended in the general lot!
Distinguish'd only from the common crowd
By an hing'd coffin or an holland shroud,
Though Fame and Honour speak them neer so loud
Alas Orinda! even thou,
Whose happy verse made others live
And certain immortality could give
Blasted are all thy blooming glories now
The laurel withers o'er thy brow
Methinks it should disturb thee to conceive
That when poor I this artless breath resign,
My dust should have as much of Poetry as thine!

30

40

III

Too soon we languish with desire
Of what we never could enough admire
On th' billows of this world sometimes we rise
So dangerously high,
We are to Heaven too nigh
When all in rage
(Grown hoary with one minutes age)
The very self same fickle wave
Which the entrancing prospect gave
Swoln to a mountain sinks into a grave
Too happy mortals if the Powers above
As merciful would be
And easy to preserve the thing we love
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our wearied eyes
They fix a flaming sword twixt us and Paradise!
A weeping evening blurs a smiling day,
Yet why should heads of gold have feet of clay?

50

Thomas Flatman

Why should the man that wav'd th' Almighty wand, 60
That led the murmuring crowd
By pillar and by cloud,
Shivering atop of aery Pisgah stand
Only to see, but never, never tread the Promis'd Land?

IV

Throw your swords and gauntlets by,
You daring Sons of War!
You cannot purchase ere you die
One honourable scar,
Since that fair hand that gilded all your bays,
That in heroic numbers wrote your praise, 70
That you might safely sleep in Honour's bed,
Itself, alas! is wither'd, cold, and dead
Cold and dead are all those charms
That burnish'd your victorious arms,
Those useless things hereafter must
Blush first in blood, and then in rust
No oil but that of her smooth words can serve
Weapon and warrior to preserve
Expect no more from this dull age
But folly or poetic rage, 80
Short-liv'd nothings of the stage,
Vented to-day, and cried to morrow down,
With her the soul of Poesie is gone,
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch as she has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little shining drops are flown,
Ere th' drowsy world perceiv'd that manna was come down

V

You of the sex that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come, 90
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by Orinda's tomb,
And leave your flattering glass at home
Within that marble mirror see,
How one day such as she
You must, and yet alas! can never be!
Think on the heights of that vast soul,
And then admire, and then condole
Think on the wonders of her generous pen,
'Twas she made Pompey truly great, 100
Neither the purchase of his sweat
Nor yet Cornelia's kindness made him live again
With envy think, when to the grave you go,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of virtuous woman was her due
(300)

When first I stept into th' alluring Maze

The Review

PINDARIC ODE to the Reverend Dr WILLIAM SANCROFT
now Lord Archbishop of Canterbury

Stan a I

WHEN first I stept into th' alluring maze
To tread this world's my tedious ways
Alas! I had nor guide, nor clue
No Ariadne lent her hand
Not one of Virtues guards did bid me stand
Or ask'd me what I meant to do
Or whither I would go
This labyrinth so pleasant did appear,
I lost myself with much content,
Infinite hazards underwent 10
Out straggled Homer's crafty wanderer
And ten years more than he in fruitless travels spent,
The one half of my life is gone
The shadow the meridian past,
Death's dismal evening drawing on
Which must with damps and mists be overcast
An evening that will surely come
'Tis time high time to give myself the welcome home

II

Had I but heartily believ'd
That all the Royal Preacher said was true 20
When first I enter'd on the stage
And Vanity so hotly did pursue
Convinc'd by his experience not my age
I had myself long since retriev'd
I should have let the curtain down
Before the Fools part had begun
But I throughout the tedious play have been
Concern'd in every busy scene,

The Review] Dated in the Firth MS December 17 1666 Entered in the Stationers Register on December 17 1673 as 'A poem or copy intitled the Review To the Reverend my honored friend Dr Wm Sancroft Deane of St Pauls A Pindarique Ode Similarly in the Firth MS *The Review* A Pindarique Ode To the Reverend my worthy friend Dr Wm Sancroft Dean of St Pauls the chief variants only are recorded The words now Lord Archbishop of Canterbury are added in the fourth edition In the earlier editions—even that of 1682 when Sancroft had been Primate for four years—the poem is addressed 't Dr W S The piece is a rather remarkable *Religio Laici* for the time and as anticipating Dryden's and has some though rather vague autobiographic interest It seems (*v* Commendatory Poems) to have attracted some attention as such

16 must] will MS

Thomas Flatman

Too too inquisitive I tried
Now this, anon another face,
And then a third, more odd, took place,
Was everything, but what I was.
Such was my Protean folly, such my pride,
Befool'd through all the tragic-comedy,
Where others met with hissing, to expect a *Plaudite*

30

III

I had a mind the Pastoral to prove,
Searching for happiness in Love,
And finding Venus painted with a Dove,
A little naked Boy hard by,
The Dove, which had no gall,
The Boy no dangerous arms at all,
They do thee wrong, great Love, said I,
Much wrong, great Love! scarce had I spoke
Ere into my unwary bosom came
An inextinguishable flame
From fair Amira's eyes the lightning broke,
That left me more than thunder-strook,
She carries tempest in that lovely name
Love's mighty and tumultuous pain
Disorders Nature like an hurricane
Yet couldn't I believe such storms could be,
When I launch'd forth to sea,
Promis'd myself a calm and easy way,
Though I had seen before
Piteous ruins on the shore,
And on the naked beach Leander breathless lay

40

50

IV

To extricate myself from Love
Which I could ill obey, but worse command,
I took my pencils in my hand,
With that artillery for conquest strove,
Like wise Pygmalion then did I
Myself design my deity,
Made my own saint, made my own shrine
If she did frown, one dash could make her smile,
All bickerings one easy stroke could reconcile,
Plato feign'd no idea so divine
Thus did I quiet many a froward day,
While in my eyes my soul did play,
Thus did the time, and thus myself beguile,

60

40 had] has MS, 1674-82
56 breathless] shipwreck'd MS

46 fair] my MS
64 could] should MS.

51 couldn't] did not MS

The Review

Till on a day but then I knew not why
 A tear fall'n from my eye,
 Wash'd out my saint my shrine my deity
 Prophetic chancel the lines are gone,
 And I must mourn o'er what I doted on
 I find even Giotto's circle has not all perfection

V

To Poetry I then inclin'd
 Verse that emancipates the mind,
 Verse that unbends the soul,
 That amulet of sickly fame
 Verse that from wind articulates a name 80
 Verse for both fortunes fit to smile and to condole
 Ere I had long the trial made
 A serious thought made me afraid
 For I had heard Parnassus sacred hill
 Was so prodigiously high
 Its barren top so near the sky,
 The ether there
 So very pure so subtil and so rare,
 'Twould a chameleon kill
 The beast that is all lungs and feeds on air 90
 Poets the higher up that hill they go
 Like pilgrims share the less of what's below
 Hence 'tis they ever go repining on
 And murmur more than their own Helicon
 I heard them curse their stars in ponderous rhymes
 And in grave numbers grumble at the times
 Yet where the illustrious Cowley led the way,
 I thought it great discretion there to go astray

VI

From liberal Arts to the litigious Law
 Obedience not ambition did me draw 100
 I look'd at awful quoir and scarlet gown
 Through others optics not my own
 Untie the Gordian knot that will,
 I see no rhetoric at all
 In them that learnedly can brawl
 And fill with mercenary breath the spacious hall,
 Let me be peaceable let me be still
 The solitary Tishbite heard the wind
 With strength and violence combin'd
 That rent the mountains and did make 110
 The solid Earth's foundations shake
 He saw the dreadful fire and heard the horrid noise
 But found what he expected in the *small still voice*

Thomas Flatman

VII.

Nor here did my unbridled fancy rest,
But I must try
A pitch more high,
To read the starry language of the East,
And with Chaldean curiosity
Presum'd to solve the riddles of the sky,
Impatient till I knew my doom, 120
Dejected till the good direction come,
I ripp'd up Fate's forbidden womb,
Nor would I stay till it brought forth
An easy and a natural birth,
But was solicitous to know
The yet misshapen embryo
(Preposterous crime!)
Without the formal midwif'ry of time
Fond man, as if too little grief were given
On Earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven! 130
Permits himself with fear to be unmann'd,
Belshazzar-like, grows wan and pale,
His very heart begins to fail,
Is frighted at that Writing of the Hand,
Which yet nor he, nor all his learn'd magicians understand

VIII

And now at last what's the result of all?
Should the strict audit come,
And for th' account too early call,
A num'rous heap of ciphers would be found the total sum
When incompassionate age shall plow 140
The delicate Amira's brow,
And draw his furrows deep and long,
What hardy youth is he
Will after that a reaper be,
Or sing the harvest song?
And what is verse, but an effeminate vent
Either of lust or discontent?
Colours will starve, and all their glories die,
Invented only to deceive the eye,
And he that wily Law does love 150
Much more of serpent has than dove,
There's nothing in Astrology,
But Delphic ambiguity,

114 seq It is well known that Astrology maintained its hold throughout the seven-
teenth century Dryden himself does not seem to have been by any means insensible
to its fascination, and Flatman—who, though a slightly younger man, represents an older
temper—may well have been a disciple of Lilly 135 he] we *MS* his] our *MS*
148 will] must *MS* starve] In its proper sense of 'perish'. *Italic in original*,
but, as has been pointed out, this type is used with such utter capriciousness that it
affords no evidence whether the term had any technical vogue among artists of the time

The Review

We are misguided in the dark and thus
 Each star becomes an *Ignis fatuus*
 Yet pardon me ye glorious Lamps of light
 'Twas one of you that led the way
 Dispell'd the gloomy night,
 Became a Phosphor to th Eternal Day
 And show'd the Magi where th Almighty Infant lay 160

IX

At length the doubtful victory's won
 It was a cunning ambushade
 The World for my felicities had laid
 Yet now at length the day's our own,
 Now conqueror like let us new laws set down
 Henceforth let all our love seraphic turn
 The spnghtly and the vigorous flame
 On th altar let it ever burn,
 And sacrifice its ancient name
 A tablet on my heart next I'll prepare 170
 Where I would draw the Holy Sepulchre,
 Behind it a soft landskip I would lay
 Of melancholy Golgotha!
 On th altar let me all my spoils lay down
 And if I had one, there I'd hang my laurel crown
 Give me the Pandects of the Law Divine
 Such was the Law made Moses face to shine
 Thus beyond Saturn's heavy orb I'll tower
 And laugh at his malicious power
 Raptur'd in contemplation thus I'll go 180
 Above unactive earth and leave the stars below

X

Toss'd on the wings of every wind,
 After these hovenngs to and fro
 (And still the waters higher grow)
 Not knowing where a resting place to find
 Whither for sanctuary should I go
 But Reverend Sir, to you?
 You that have triumph'd o'er th impetuous flood
 That Noah like in bad times durst be good,
 And the stiff torrent manfully withstood 190
 Can save me too,
 One that have long in fear of drowning bin,
 Surrounded by the rolling waves of sin,

159 Eternal] Immortal MS

168 let it] shall for MS

172 soft] fair MS

187 Sir] Friend 1674-82

189 A possible but not necessary reminiscence of Fuller's well known book *Good Thoughts for Bad Times*

193 the rolling waves] a cataclysm MS

Thomas Flatman

Do you but reach out a propitious hand
And charitably take me in,
I will not yet despair to see dry land
'Tis done,—and I no longer fluctuate,
I've made the Church my Ark, and Sion's Hill my Ararat

*To my Reverend Friend, Dr. Sam. Woodford, On his
Excellent Version of the Psalms.*

PINDARIC ODE

Stanza I

SEE (worthy friend) what I would do
(Whom neither Muse nor Art inspire),
That have no friend in all the sacred quire,
To show my kindness for your Book, and you,
Forc'd to disparage what I would admire,
Bold man, that dares attempt Pindaric now,
Since the great Pindar's greatest Son
From the ingrateful age is gone,
Cowley has bid th' ingrateful age adieu,
Apollo's rare Columbus, he
Found out new worlds of Poesy
He, like an eagle, soar'd aloft,
To seize his noble prey,
Yet as a dove's, his soul was soft,
Quiet as Night, but bright as Day
To Heaven in a fiery chariot he
Ascended by seraphic Poetry,
Yet which of us dull mortals since can find
Any inspiring mantle, that he left behind?

10

II

His powerful numbers might have done you right,
He could have spar'd you immortality,
Under that Chieftain's banners you might fight
Assur'd of laurels, and of victory
Over devouring Time and sword and fire
And Jove's important ire

20

To Dr Sam Woodford] First printed in *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David*,
1668 A MS version is in Rawlinson D 260 (fol 27) of the Bodleian Woodford
(1636-1700), though much forgotten now, must have been something more than an
ordinary person As such he might have been, as he was, a St Paul's boy and an
Oxford (Wadham) man, a member of the Inner Temple, an early F R S, and later
a Canon of Chichester and Winchester But as such merely he would hardly have been
in the Preface to his Paraphrases of the Canticles (*v inf*, p 366), the first, and for
a long time the only, 'ingoin'g' critic of Milton's blank verse He does not take quite the
right view of it, but it is noteworthy that he should have taken any view of an
intelligent character 12 soar'd] tow red MS 16 a om MS
18 'But which of us poor mortals' 1668, MS 20, 21, &c have] ha' 1668
25 ire] Dire MS, a word of which a unique instance in the sense of 'dire quality'
is quoted in the *NED* from Anthony a Wood The scribe may have misunderstood
'important' (= 'importunate')

To my Rev Friend, Dr Sam Woodford

My humble verse would better sing
 David the Shepherd than the King
 And yet methinks tis stately to be one
 (Though of the meaner sort)
 Of them that may approach a Princes throne,
 If twere but to be seen at Court.
 Such Sir, is my ambition for a name,
 Which I shall rather take from you than give,
 I or in your Book I cannot miss of fame
 But by contact shall live
 Thus on your chariot wheel shall I
 Ride safe, and look as big as Aesops fly
 Who from th Olympian Race new come,
 And now triumphantly flown home
 To's neighbours of the swarm thus proudly said
Don't you remember what a dust I made!

III

Where'er the Son of Jesses harp shall sound
 Or Israels sweetest songs be sung
 (Like Samsons lion sweet and strong)
 You and your happy Muse shall be renown'd,
 To whose kind hand the Son of Jesse owes
 His last deliverance from all his foes
 Blood thirsty Saul less barbarous than they
 His person only sought to kill
 These would his deathless poems slay,
 And sought immortal blood to spill
 To sing whose songs in Babylon would be
 A new Captivity
 Depos'd by these rebels you alone
 Restor'd the glorious David to his throne
 Long in disguise the royal Prophet lay
 Long from his own thoughts banish'd,
 Neer since his death till this illustrious day
 Was sceptre in his hand or crown plac'd on his head
 He seem'd as if at Gath he still had bin
 As once before proud Achish he appear'd,
 His face besmeard
 With spittle on his sacred beard
 A laughing stock to the insulting Philistine
 Drest in their rhymes he look'd as he were mad,
 In tissue you, and Tyrian purple have him clad

39 flown] got MS

41 This quaint anti-climax is one of the not very few indications which make of Flatman a sort of rough draft of Prior

42 seq Translations of the Psalms have been so numerous—and so bad—that it is difficult to know whether Flatman had any particular translator or translators in his mind while writing the last stanza. It may have been merely the usual Sternhold and Hopkins. At any rate I is own friend Tale did not join Brady in *lese polste* (as well as *lese* 103 std against the Son of Jesse) till thirty years after Woodford wrote and eight after Flatman's own death

55 Restor d] Restore MS

59 plac d] set MS

63 sacred om MS

Thomas Flatman

On the Death of the truly valiant George Duke of Albemarle.

PINDARIC ODE

Stanza I

Now blush thyself into confusion,
Ridiculous Mortality
With indignation to be trampled on
By them that court Eternity ;
Whose generous deeds and prosperous state
Seem poorly set within the reach of Fate,
Whose every trophy, and each laurel wreath
Depends upon a little breath ,
Confin'd within the narrow bounds of Time,
And of uncertain age, 10
With doubtful hazards they engage,
Thrown down, while victory bids them higher climb ,
Their glories are eclips'd by Death
Hard circumstances of illustrious men
Whom Nature (like the Scythian Prince) detains
Within the body's chains
(Nature, that rigorous Tamberlain)
Stout Bajazet disdain'd the barbarous rage
Of that insulting conqueror,
Bravely himself usurp'd his own expiring power, 20
By dashing out his brains against his iron cage.

II

But 'tis indecent to complain,
And wretched mortals curse their stars in vain,
In vain they waste their tears for them that die,
Themselves involv'd in the same destiny,
No more with sorrow let it then be said
The glorious Albemarle is dead.
Let what is said of him triumphant be,
Words as gay, as is his Fame,
And as manly as his name, 30
Words as ample as his praise,
And as verdant as his bays,
An *Epimicion*, not an Elegy
Yet why shouldst thou, ambitious Muse, believe
Thy gloomy verse can any splendours give,
Or make him one small moment longer live?

On the Death of the Duke of Albemarle] First printed in small folio in 1670 Monk
died that year There are some important variants, noted below.

On the Death of the Duke of Albemarle

Nothing but what is vulgar thou canst say,
Or misbecoming numbers sing,
What tribute to his memory canst thou pay,
Whose virtue sav'd a Crown and could oblige a King? 40

III

Many a year distressed Albion lay
By her unnatural offspring torn,
Once the World's terror then its scorn
At home a prison and abroad a prey
Her valiant Youth her valiant Youth did kill
And mutual blood did spill,
Usurpers then, and many a mushroom Peer
Within her palaces did domineer,
There did the vulture build his nest,
There the owls and satyrs rest 45
By *Zim* and *Ohim* all possess
Till England's Angel Guardian thou,
With pity and with anger mov'd
For Albion thy belov'd
(Olive-chaplets on thy brow),
With bloodless hands upheldst her drooping head,
And with thy trumpets call'dst her from the dead
Bright Phosphor to the rising Sun!
That Royal Lamp by thee did first appear
Usher'd into our happy hemisphere 50
O may it still shine bright and clear!
No cloud nor night approach it, but a constant noon!

IV

Nor thus did thy undaunted valour cease,
Or wither with unactive peace
Scarce were our civil broils allay'd
While yet the wound of an intestine war
Had left a tender scar
When of our new prosperities afraid,
Our jealous neighbours fatal arms prepare,
In floating groves the enemy drew near 55
Loud did the Belgian Lion roar,
Upon our coasts th' Armada did appear,
And boldly durst attempt our native shore

40 a Crown] three Realms 1670

47 The extreme rapidity of Monk's own transition from commonerhood to the highest rank in the peerage makes this allusion to Oliver's mock lords rather hazardous but after all Monk was a gentleman and had richly deserved it

49 vulture] bloody vulture 1670

51 *Zim* and *Ohim* are the original Hebrew for the 'wild beasts of the desert' and the doleful creatures who accompany owls and satyrs in Isaiah xiii: 21 (A V)

61 b ight] warm 1670

Thomas Flatman

Till his victorious squadrons check'd their pride,
And did in triumph o'er the Ocean ride
With thunder, lightning, and with clouds of smoke

He did their insolence restrain,
And gave his dreadful law to all the main,
Whose surly billows trembled when he spoke,
And put their willing necks under his yoke
This the stupendious vanquisher has done,
Whose high prerogative it was alone
To raise a ruin'd, and secure an envied throne

80

V

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,
From Heav'n a dreadful pestilence came down,
On every side did lamentations rise,

Baleful sigh, and heavy groan,
All was plaint, and all was moan!
The pious friend with trembling love,
Scarce had his latest kindness done,

90

In sealing up his dead friend's eyes,
Ere with his own surprising fate he strove,
And wanted one to close his own

Death's iron sceptre bore the sway
O'er our imperial Golgotha,
Yet he with kind, though unconcern'd eyes,
Durst stay and see those numerous tragedies

He in the field had seen Death's grisly shape,
Heard him in volleys talk aloud,
Beheld his grandeur in a glittering crowd,
And unamaz'd seen him in cannons gape
Ever unterrified his valour stood
Like some tall rock amidst a sea of blood
'Twas loyalty from sword and pest kept him alive,
The safest armour and the best preservative

100

VI

The flaming City next implor'd his aid,

And seasonably pray'd

His force against the Fire, whose arms the sea obey'd,
Wide did th' impetuous torrent spread,

After 1 75 ('ride') the following lines appeared in 1670

Under a gallant Admiral he fought,
York, whose success a taller Muse must sing,
Who so his country loved, that he forgot
He was the Brother of a King,
Whose daring courage might inspire
A meaner soul than his with martial fire

80 put] crouch'd

81 stupendious] These forms are always worth noting, when they occur

94 Death's iron sceptre bore the sway] With iron sceptre Death bore all the sway

96 unconcerned] undisturbed 97 tragedies] butcheries

98 shape] face 99 volleys] niter 104 kept] saved

107 And seasonably pray'd] Successfully it prayed

On the Death of the Duke of Albemarle

Then those goodly fabries fell, 110
 Temples themselves promiscuously there
 Dropp'd down and in the common ruin buried were
 The City turn'd into one Mongibel
 The haughty tyrant shook his curl'd head,
 His breath with vengeance black his face with fury red
 Then every cheek grew wan and pale
 Every heart did yield and fail
 Nought but thy presence could its power suppress
 Whose stronger light put out the less
 As London's noble structures rise, 120
 Together shall his memory grow
 To whom that beauteous town so much does owe
 London! joint Favourite with him thou wert
 As both possess'd a room within one heart,
 So now with thine indulgent Sovereign join
 Respect his great friend's ashes for he wept o'er thine

VII

Thus did the Duke perform his mighty stage
 Thus did that Atlas of our State
 With his prodigious acts amaze the age
 While worlds of wonders on his shoulders sate, 130
 Full of glories and of years
 He trod his shining and immortal way
 Whilst Albion compass'd with new floods of tears
 Besought his longer stay
 Profane that pen that dares describe thy bliss
 Or wote thine *Apotheosis*!
 Whom Heaven and thy Prince to pleasure prove,
 Entrusted with their armies and their love
 In other Courts tis dangerous to deserve,
 Thou didst a kind and grateful Master serve, 140
 Who to express his gratitude to thee
 Scorn'd those ill natur'd arts of policy
 Happy had Belisarius bin
 (Whose forward fortune was his sin)
 By many victories undone
 He had not liv'd neglected died obscure
 If for thy Prince those battles he had won
 Thy Prince magnificent above his Emperor

113 Mongibel] i.e. Etna

117 did yield and fail) began to fail

After 117 come the following lines

And had not our Anointed's flame

(From heaven tow'rd his subjects sent)

Outblazed the furious element

What could the furious element tame?

121 His] thy

with rise For its revived tranquillities.

124 possess'd] took up

133 flo ds] seas

135 Profane] Stuey

137 prove] strove (so also the texts of 1674 1676 1682)

Thomas Flatman

VIII

Among the Gods, those Gods that died like thee,
As great as theirs, and full of majesty, 110
Thy sacred dust shall sleep secure,
Thy monument as long as theirs endure.
There, free from envy, thou with them
Shalt have thy share of diadem,
Among their badges shall be set
Thy Garter and thy coronet,
Or (which is statelier) thou shalt have
A *Mausoleum* in thy Prince's breast,
There thine embalm'd name shall rest,
That sanctuary shall thee save 160
From the dishonours of a regal grave.
And every wondrous history,
Read by incredulous Posterity,
That writes of *him*, shall honourably mention *thee*,
Who by an humble loyalty hast shown,
How much sublimer gallantry and renown
'Tis to *restore*, than to *usurp* a Monarch's Crown

The Retirement

PINDARIC ODE MADE IN THE TIME OF THE GREAT SICKNISS, 1665

Stanza I.

IN the mild close of an hot summer's day,
When a cool breeze had fann'd the air,
And heaven's face look'd smooth and fair,
Lovely as sleeping infants be,
That in their slumber smiling he
Dandled on their mother's knee,
You hear no cry,
No harsh, nor inharmonious voice,
But all is innocence without a noise
When every sweet, which the sun's greedy ray 10
So lately from us drew,
Began to trickle down again in dew,
Weary, and faint, and full of thought,
Though for what cause I knew not well,
What I ail'd I could not tell,
I sate me down at an aged poplar's root,
Whose chiding leaves excepted and my breast,
All the impertinently busied world inclin'd to rest

161 a regal] the

The Retirement Exactly dated in the Firth MS, August 17, 1665 Stanza III, found in this MS, was cancelled in 1674, 1676, 1682, but restored in 1686 Stanzas IV and V appear as a separate poem entitled 'Upon the Plague' in Bodley Rawlinson MS D 260, fol 29 verso

The Retirement

II

I listned heedfully around
But not a whisper there was found 20
The murmuring brook hard by
As heavy and as dull as I
Seemd drowsily along to creep,
It ran with undiscover'd pace
And if a pebble stopp'd the lazy race
I was but as if it started in its sleep
Echo herself that ever lent an ear
To any piteous moan,
Wont to groan with them that groan,
Echo herself was speechless here 30
Thrice did I sigh thrice miserably cry
At me! the Nymph at me! would not reply,
Or churlish or she was asleep for company

III

There did I sit and sadly call to mind
Far and near all I could find
All the pleasures all the cares,
The jealousies the fears
All the incertainties of thirty years
From that most inauspicious hour
Which gave me breath 40
To that in which the fair Amira's power
First made me wish for death
And yet Amira's not unkind
She never gave me angry word
Never my mean address abhorr'd,
Beauteous her face beauteous her mind
Yet something dreadful in her eyes I saw
Which ever kept my faltering tongue in awe,
And gave my panting soul a law
So have I seen a modest beggar stand 50
Worn out with age and being oft denied
On his heart he laid his hand
And though he look'd as if he would have died
The needy wretch no alms did crave
He durst not ask for what he fear'd he should not have

IV

I thought on every pensive thing
That might my passion strongly move
That might the sweetest sadness bring,
Oft did I think on Death, and oft of Love
The triumphs of the little God, and that same ghastly King 60

~8 moan] tone *Firth MS* 1676 1682

Handison MSS

59 of Love] on Love *MSS*

57 strongly] deeply *Firth MS*

1674 1676

Thomas Flatman

The ghastly King, what has he done?
How his pale territories spread!
Strait scantlings now of consecrated ground
His swelling empire cannot bound,
But every day new colonies of dead
Enhance his conquests, and advance his throne.
The mighty City sav'd from storms of War,
Exempted from the crimson flood,
When all the land o'erflow'd with blood,
Stoops yet once more to a new conqueror
The City which so many rivals bred,
Sackcloth is on her loins, and ashes on her head

70

V.

When will the frowning Heav'n begin to smile?
Those pitchy clouds be overblown,
That hide the mighty town,
That I may see the mighty pile!
When will the angry Angel cease to slay,
And turn his brandish'd sword away
From that illustrious Golgotha,
London, the great Aeldama!
When will that stately landscape open lie,
The mist withdrawn that intercepts my eye!
That heap of Pyramids appear,
Which, now, too much like those of Egypt are
Eternal monuments of pride and sin,
Magnificent and tall without, but dead men's bones within

80

Translated out of a Part of Petronius Arbiter's Satyricon

I.

AFTER a blust'ring tedious night,
The wind's now hush'd and the black tempest o'er,
Which th' crazy vessel miserably tore,
Behold a lamentable sight!
Rolling far off, upon a briny wave,
Compassionate Philander spied
A floating carcase ride,
That seem'd to beg the kindness of a grave

66 advance] exalt MSS

71 rivals MSS rival 1682, 1686

73 begin to om MSS Rawlinson reads 'Heavens'

76 mighty] amazing mighty Rawlinson

77 angry om Rawlinson

85 Eternal] Vast Rawlinson

Petronius Arbiter's Satyricon] This translation-amplification of one of the most famous passages of the *Satyricon* is the piece referred to by Nahum Tate at the opening of his commendation (*sup*, p 290)

Part of Petronius Arbiter's Satyricon

II

Sad and concern'd Philander then
Weigh'd with himself the frail, uncertain state
Of silly, strangely disappointed men,
Whose projects are the sport of Fate
Perhaps (said he) this poor man's desolate wife
In a strange country far away,
Expects some happy day
Thus ghastly thing the comfort of her life

10

III

His son it may be dreads no harm
But kindly waits his father's coming home
Himself secure, he apprehends no storm
But fancies that he sees him come
Perhaps the good old man that kiss'd this son
And left a blessing on his head
His arms about him spread
Hopes yet to see him ere his glass be run

0

IV

These are the grand intrigues of Man
These his huge thoughts, and these his vast desires
Restless and swelling like the Ocean
From his birth till he expires
See where the naked, breathless body lies
To every puff of wind a slave,
At the beck of every wave
That once perhaps was fair, rich stout, and wise!

30

V

While thus Philander pensive said,
Touch'd only with a pity for mankind
At nearer view he thought he knew the dead,
And call'd the wretched man to mind
Alas said he art thou that angry thing
That with thy looks didst threaten death
Plagues and destruction breath
But two days since, little beneath a King!

40

VI

At me! where is thy fury now
Thine insolence and all thy boundless power,
O most ridiculously dreadful thou!
Expos'd for beasts and fishes to devour
Go sottish mortals let your breasts swell high,
All your designs laid deep as Hell
A small mischance can quell
Outwitted by the deeper plots of Destiny

Thomas Flatman

VII

This haughty lump a while before
Sooth'd up itself, perhaps with hopes of life, 50
What it would do, when it came safe on shore,
What for its son, what for its wife,
See where the man and all his politics lie.
Ye Gods! what gulfs are set between
What we have and what we ween,
Whilst lull'd in dreams of years to come, we die!

VIII

Nor are we hable alone
To misadventures on the merciless sea,
A thousand other things our Fate bring on, 50
And shipwreck'd everywhere we be
One in the tumult of a battle dies
Big with conceit of victory,
And routing th' enemy,
With garlands deck'd, himself the sacrifice

IX

Another, while he pays his vows
On bended knees, and Heaven with tears invokes,
With adorations as he humbly bows,
While with gums the altar smokes,
In th' presence of his God, the temple falls 70
And thus religious in vain
The flatter'd bigot slain,
Breathes out his last within the sacred walls

X

Another with gay trophies proud,
From his triumphant chariot overthrown,
Makes pastime for the gazers of the crowd,
That envied him his purchas'd crown
Some with full meals, and sparkling bowls of wine
(As if it made too long delay),
Spur on their fatal day,
Whilst others (needy souls) at theirs repine. 80

XI

Consider well, and every place
Offers a ready road to thy long home,
Sometimes with frowns, sometimes with smiling face
Th' ambassadors of Death do come.
By open force or secret ambuscade,
By unintelligible ways,
We end our anxious days,
And stock the large plantations of the Dead

88 A good line, if I mistake not There is no suggestion even of it in the original,
but, as often in Flatman, much of Sir Thomas Browne

Part of Petronius Arbiter's Satyricon

XII

But (some may say) tis very hard
With them whom heavy chance has cast away, 90
With no solemnities at all interr'd,
To roam unburied on the sea
No—tis all one where we receive our doom,
Since somewhere tis our certain lot
Our carcases must rot,
And they whom heaven covers need no tomb

A Thought of Death

WHEN on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish
Fainting gasping, trembling crying
Panting groaning speechless dying
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night
Oh tell me you
That have been long below
What shall I do!
What shall I think, when cruel Death appears 10
That may extenuate my fears!
Methinks I hear some gentle Spirit say,
Be not fearful come away!
Think with thyself that now thou shalt be free
And find thy long expected liberty,
Better thou mayst, but worse thou canst not be
Than in this vale of tears and misery
Like Caesar with assurance then come on
And unamaz'd attempt the laurel crown
That lies on th other side Death's Rubicon 20

Psalm xxxix Vers 4 5

Verse IV

LORD let me know the period of my age
The length of this my weary pilgrimage
How long this miserable life shall last
This life that stays so long yet flies so fast!

Verse V

Thou by a span measurst these days of mine
Eternity's the spacious bound of thine
Who shall compare his little span with thee,
With thine Incomprehensibility
Man born to trouble leaves this world with pain
His best estate is altogether vain 10

A Thought of Death } Flatman's best known if not his only known thing to most
people—the knowledge being due to Warton's suggestion of indebtedness to it on Pope's
part in his *Dying Christian*

Thomas Flatman

Hymn for the Morning

AWAKE, my soul! Awake, mine eyes!
Awake, my drowsy faculties,
Awake, and see the new born light
Spring from the darksome womb of Night!
Look up and see th' unwearied Sun,
Already hath his race begun
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky
Arise, my soul! and thou my voice
In songs of praise, early rejoice!
O Great Creator! Heavenly King!
Thy praises let me ever sing!
Thy power has made, Thy goodness kept
This fenceless body while I slept,
Yet one day more hast given me
From all the powers of darkness free
O keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure,
That when the last of all my days is come,
Cheerful and fearless I may wait my doom

10

20

Anthem for the Evening

SLEEP! downy sleep! come close my eyes,
Tir'd with beholding vanities!
Sweet slumbers come and chase away
The toils and follies of the day
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die
O Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of Angels round my bed,
Let not the Spirits of the air,
While I slumber, me ensnare,
But save Thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasp'd in Thine everlasting Arms

10

Hymn for the Morning] This Hymn will of course suggest Ken's infinitely better-known one to everybody. The facts are curious and not quite fully given in Mr Julian's invaluable *Dictionary of Hymnology*, where it is not mentioned that Ken and Flatman were both Winchester and New College men of almost exactly the same age and standing. Moreover, Sir Thomas Browne—also a Whilamist and their contemporary, though a senior—has another very similar composition—one of his rare exercises in verse—towards the end of *Religio Medici*. The triple connexion with Winchester, and with Latin hymns known to be in use there, is pretty striking, though the matter cannot be followed out here. It is enough to say that the resemblance is chiefly confined to the opening. In the *Evening* hymns of the two this resemblance is still slighter, though there are passages, naturally enough, that approach each other. Ken's hymns were not published till 1695, but in 1674, the very years of Flatman's original issue, they are palpably referred to in the future bishop's and actual prebendary's *Manual of Prayers for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College*. Browne's piece must be at least forty years older.

6 hath 1676, 1682 has 1686

Anthem for the Evening

Clouds and thick darkness is Thy Throne
Thy wonderful pavilion
Oh dart from thence a shining ray
And then my midnight shall be day!
Thus when the morn in crimson drest
Breaks through the windows of the East,
My hymns of thankful praises shall arise
Like incense or the morning sacrifice

c

Death

SONG

On the sad day
When friends shall shake their heads and say
Of miserable me,
Hark how he groans look how he pants for breath
See how he struggles with the pangs of Death!
When they shall say of these poor eyes
How hollow and how dim they be!
Mark how his breast does swell and rise
Against his potent Enemy!
When some old friend shall step to my bedside
Touch my chill face and thence shall gently slide
And when his next companions say
How does he do? what hopes? shall turn away
Answering only with a lift up hand,
Who can his fate withstand?
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before
Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more!

10

The Happy Man

PEACEFUL is he and most secure
Whose heart and actions all are pure
How smooth and pleasant is his way
Whilst Life's Meander slides away
If a fierce thunderbolt do fly
This man can unconcern'd lie
Knows tis not levell'd at his head
So neither noise nor flash can dread

Anthem for the Evening] 19 arise 1682 rise 1686

Death] This in my humble judgement is finer as it is certainly more original than the earlier thought on the same subject The copy in the Firth MS reads dear for poor (l 6) and hope (l 13) omits peevish in l 18 and notes that the Song was set to music by Captain Sylvanus Taylor

The Happy Man] In the Firth MS and dated December 27 1664
1 Peaceful] Happy MS 2 heart] life MS

Thomas Flatman

Though a swift whirlwind tear in sunder
Heav'n above him, or earth under, 10
Though the rocks on heaps do tumble,
Or the world to ashes crumble,
Though the stupendous mountains from on high
Drop down, and in their humble valleys lie,
Should the unruly Ocean roar,
And dash its foam against the shore,
He finds no tempest in his mind,
Fears no billow, feels no wind
All is serene, all quiet there,
There's not one blast of troubled air, 20
Old stars may fall, or new ones blaze,
Yet none of these his soul amaze,
Such is the man can smile at irksome death,
And with an easy sigh give up his breath.

On Mr Johnson's Several Shipwrecks

HE that has never yet acquainted been
With cruel Chance, nor Virtue naked seen,
Stripp'd from th' advantages (which vices wear)
Of happy, plausible, successful, fair,
Nor learnt how long the low'ring cloud may last,
Wherewith her beauteous face is overcast,
Till she her native glories does recover,
And shines more bright, after the storm is over,
To be inform'd, he need no further go,
Than this Divine Epitome of woe 10
In Johnson's Life and Writings he may find,
What Homer in his Odyssees design'd,
A virtuous man, by miserable fate,
Rend'red ten thousand ways unfortunate,
Sometimes within a leaking vessel tost,
All hopes of life and the lov'd shore quite lost,
While hidden sands, and every greedy wave
With horror gap'd themselves into a grave
Sometimes upon a rock with fury thrown,
Moaning himself, where none could hear his moan, 20
Sometimes cast out upon the barren sand,
Expos'd to th' mercy of a barbarous land
Such was the pious Johnson, till kind Heaven
A blessèd end to all his toils had given
To show that virtuous men, though they appear
But Fortune's sport, are Providence's care

13 Though] When MS

23 at] on MS

19 all quiet MS, 1674, 1676, 1682 and quiet 1686

24 give up] resign MS

On Mr Johnson's several Shipwrecks] First in *Deus Nobiscum. A Narrative of a Great Deliverance at Sea*, By William Johnson, D D, late Chaplain and Sub-Almoner to His Sacred Majesty, The Third Edition, Corrected, London, 1672, small octavo
These are some minor variants

Seest thou those Rays, the Light above them

An Explanation of an Emblem Engraven by V H

SEEST thou those Rays the Light bove them?
And that gay thing the Diadem?
The Wheel and Balance which are tied
To th Gold black Clouds on either side?
Seest thou the wingèd Trumpeters withal
That kick the World's blue tottering Ball?
The flying Globe the Glass thereon
Those fragments of a Skeleton?
The Bays the Palms the Fighting men
And written Scroll?—Come tell me then
Did thy oer-curious eye e'er see
An apter scheme of Misery?
What's all that Gold and sparkling Stones
To that bald Skull to those Cross Bones?
What mean those Blades (whom we adore)
To stain the Earth with purple gore?
Sack stately towns silk banners spread
Gallop their coursers o'er the dead?
Far more than this? and all to sway
But till those sands shall glide away
For when the bubble world shall fly
With stretch'd out plumes, when the brisk eye
Shall close with anguish sink with tears
And th angels trumpets pierce our ears
What's haughty man or those fine things
Which Heaven calls men though men style kings?
Vain World adieu! and farewell fond renown!
Give me the Glory that's above the Crown

10

10

For Thoughts

I

Thoughts! What are they?
They are my constant friends
Who when harsh Fate its dull brow bends
Uncloud me with a smiling ray
And in the depth of midnight force a day

II

When I retire and flee
The busy throngs of company
To hug myself in privacy
O the discourse! the pleasant talk
Twixt us (my thoughts) along a lonely walk!

10

Emblem engraven by V H] V or W[enceslas] H[ollar] I suppose
13 and sparkling 1674-82 and what those Sparkling 1686

15 Blades 1674-82 Braves 1686

Thoughts] Dated in the Firth MS May 3 1659

Thomas Flatman

III

You, like the stupefying wine
The dying malefactors sip
 With shivering lip,
T'abate the rigour of their doom,
By a less troublous cut to their long home,
Make me slight crosses, though they pil'd up lie,
All by th' enchantments of an ecstasy

IV

Do I desire to see
The Throne and Majesty
 Of that proud one,
Brother and Uncle to the Stars and Sun?
Those can conduct me where such toys reside,
And waft me 'cross the main, sans wind and tide

V.

Would I descry
Those radiant mansions 'bove the sky,
Invisible by mortal eye?
My *Thoughts*, my *Thoughts* can lay
A shining track thereto,
And nimbly fleeting go
Through all the eleven orbs can shove a way,
These too, like Jacob's Ladder, are
A most Angelic thoroughfare

VI

The wealth that shines
In th' Oriental mines,
Those sparkling gems which Nature keeps
Within her cabinets, the deeps,
 The verdant fields,
The rarities the rich World yields,
Rare structures, whose each gilded spire
Glimmers like lightning, which, while men admire,
They deem the neighbouring sky on fire,
These can I gaze upon, and glut mine eyes
With myriads of varieties
As on the front of Pisgah, I
Can th' Holy Land through these my optics spy

13 shivering] trembling MS
19 Majesty] awful Majestic MS
26 by] to MS
cas'ly MS
27 My *Thoughts*, my *Thoughts* can] My *Thoughts* can
29 fleeting] flitting MS
30 a way MS 'away' all editions
31 These too] My *Thoughts*] MS 1686 stupidly misprints 'two'
38 The] Those MS
39 Rare] Huge MS (cf 'rarities' 38)
40 Glimmers] Glisters MS, 1674, 1676
42 gaze glut] dwell tire MS
43 myriads] millions MS fancies 1676
17 th' enchantments] the magic MS
22 Those] These MS

For Thoughts

VII

Contemn we then
The peevish rage of men,
Whose violence neer can divorce
Our mutual amity
Or lay so damnd a curse
As *Non addresses* twist my thoughts and me
For though I sigh in irons they
Use their old freedom readily obey,
And when my bosom friends desert me stay

50

VIII

Come then my darlings I'll embrace
My privilege, make known
The high prerogative I own,
By making all allurements give you place
Whose sweet society to me
A sanctuary and a shield shall be
Gainst the full quivers of my Destiny

60

Against Thoughts

I

INTOLERABLE racks!
Distend my soul no more
Loud as the billows when they roar
More dreadful than the hideous thunder cracks
Foes inappeasable that slay
My best contents around me stand
Each like a Fury with a torch in hand
And fright me from the hopes of one good day

II

When I seclude myself and say
How frolic will I be
Unfetter'd from my company
I'll bathe me in felicity!
In come these guests
Which Harpy like defile my feasts
Oh the damnd dialogues the curs'd talk
Twixt us (my *Thoughts*) along a sullen walk

70

48 neer can] cannot MS
Against Thoughts] Entitled in the Firth MS *Thoughts the Answer to the other*
and dated May 18 1659 2 D st nd] O tear MS
4 More dreadful than] Less dreadful are MS 5 Foes inappeasable] Too cruel
en mes MS

Thomas Flatman

III.

You, like the poisonous wine
The gallants quaff
To make 'em laugh,
And yet at last endure 20
From thence the tortures of a calenture,
Fool me with feign'd refectiōns, till I lie
Stark raving in a Bedlam ecstasy

IV.

Do I dread
The starry Throne and Majesty
Of that high God,
Who batters kingdoms with an iron rod,
And makes the mountains stagger with a nod?
That sits upon the glorious Bow,
Smiling at changes here below 30
These goad me to his grand tribunal, where
They tell me I with horror must appear,
And antedate amazements by grim fear

V.

Would I descry
Those happy souls' blest mansions 'bove the sky,
Invisible by mortal eye,
And in a noble speculation trace
A journey to that shining place,
Can I afford a sigh or two,
Or breathe a wish that I might thither go 40
These chp my plumes, and chill my blazing love
That, O, I cannot, cannot soar above

VI.

The fire that shines
In subterranean mines,
The crystall'd streams,
The sulphur rocks that glow upon
The torrid banks of Phlegeton,
Those sooty fiends which Nature keeps,
Bolted and barr'd up in the deeps,
Black caves, wide chasms, which who see confess 50
Types of the pit, so deep, so bottomless!
These mysteries, though I fain would not behold,
You to my view unfold.

19 'em] them *MS.*

20 Yet thence at last procure *MS* Yet chance at last t' endure 1674

21 From thence the] The burning *MS*

22 refectiōns] reflections 1674

26 high] great *MS*

30 changes here] us poor things *MS.*

31 grand 1674-82, *MS* · great 1686.

orrid] burning *MS*

50 chasms] chasma's *MS.*

Against Thoughts

Like an old Roman criminal to the high
Tarpeian Hill you force me up that I
May so be hurried headlong down, and die.

VII

Mention not then

The strength and faculties of men,
Whose arts cannot expel
These anguishes this bosom Hell 60
When down my aching head I lay,
In hopes to slumber them away,
Perchance I do beguile
The tyranny awhile
One or two minutes then they throng again,
And reassault me with a trebled pain
Nay though I sob in fetters they
Spare me not then perplex me each sad day
And whom a very Turk would pity, slay

VIII

Hence hence my Jailors! *Thoughts* be gone, 70
Let my tranquillities alone
Shall I embrace
A crocodile or place
My choice affections on the fatal dart
That stabs me to the heart?
I hate your curst proximity
Worse than the venom'd arrows heads that be
Cramm'd in the quivers of my Destiny

A Dooms Day Thought

Anno 1659

Judgement! two syllables can make
The haughtiest son of Adam shake
Tis coming and 'twill surely come
The dawning to that Day of Doom,
O th morning blush of that dread day
When Heav'n and Earth shall steal away

54 old Roman criminal] adjudged offender 1674
56 headlong] headly 1674-82 58 and] nor MS
59 cannot] ne'er could MS 63 do] may MS 64 The] Their MS
65 throng] swarm MS 66 And reassault] Then they assault MS
67 sob] groan MS 68 each sad] every MS 70 *Thoughts* be] get ye US
75 D rected at my heart MS
The Fifth MS supplies very interesting evidence of Flatman's care in revision in
154 there is a curious reversion to the original and more effective reading
A Dooms-Day Thought] Thus the 1st of Flatman's three poems on the *Noctissima*
is perhaps not the worst except for those who hate conceits. It has a curious *gnuness*
though in manner it slightly resembles his friend Cotton's New Year poem so
highly and rightly praised by Lamb

Thomas Flatman

Shall in their pristine Chaos hide,
Rather than th' angry Judge abide.
'Tis not far off, methinks I see
Among the stars some dimmer be,
Some tremble, as their lamps did fear
A neighbouring extinguisher
The greater luminaries fail,
Their glories by eclipses veil,
Knowing ere long their borrow'd light
Must sink in th' Universal Night
When I behold a mist arise,
Straight to the same astonish'd eyes
Th' ascending clouds do represent
A scene of th' smoking firmament
Oft when I hear a blustering wind
With a tempestuous murmur join'd,
I fancy, Nature in this blast
Practises how to breathe her last,
Or sighs for poor Man's misery,
Or pants for fair Eternity

10

20

Go to the dull church-yard and see
Those hillocks of mortality,
Where proudest Man is only found
By a small swelling in the ground.
What crowds of carcasses are made
Slaves to the pickaxe and the spade!
Dig but a foot, or two, to make
A cold bed, for thy dead friend's sake,
'Tis odds but in that scantling room
Thou robb'st another of his tomb,
Or in thy delving smit'st upon
A shinbone, or a cranion.

30

When th' prison's full, what next can be
But the Grand Gaol-Delivery?
The Great Assize, when the pale clay
Shall gape, and render up its prey,
When from the dungeon of the grave
The meagre throng themselves shall heave,
Shake off their linen chains, and gaze
With wonder, when the world shall blaze
Then climb the mountains, scale the rocks,
Force op'n the deep's eternal locks,
Beseech the cliffs to lend an ear
Obdurate they, and will not hear
What? ne'er a cavern, ne'er a grot,
To cover from the common lot?
No quite forgotten hold, to lie
Obscur'd, and pass the reck'ning by?
No—There's a quick all-piercing Eye
Can through the Earth's dark centre pry,

40

50

A Dooms-Day Thought

Search into th bowels of the sea,
And comprehend Eternity

What shall we do then when the voice
Of the shrill trump with strong fierce noise
Shall pierce our ears and summon all
To th Universe wide Judgement Hall?
What shall we do? we cannot hide
Nor yet that scrutiny abide
When enlarg'd conscience loudly speaks
And all our bosom secrets breaks
When flames surround and greedy Hell
Gapes for a booty (*who can dwell*
With everlasting Burnings) when
Irrevocable words shall pass on men,
Poor naked men who sometimes thought
These fnghts perhaps would come to nought!
What shall we do! we cannot run
For refuge or the strict Judge shun
'Tis too late *then* to think what course to take
While we live here, we must provision make

60

60

Virtus sola manet, cactera mortis erunt

I

*Nunquam sitivi quae vehit aureo
Pactolus alveo flumina quo magis
Potatur Hermus tanto avarae
Mentis Hydrops sitibundus ardet*

II

*Frustrà caduci carceris incola
Molirer Arces quilibet angulus
Sat ossa post manes reponet
Exiguum satis est Sepulchrum*

III

*Nil stemma penso nil titulos moror
Cerasve aviti sanguinis indices
Sunt ista fatorum inque Lethes
Naufragium patientur undis*

10

IV

*Ergo in quieto pectoris ambitu
Quid mens anhelas fulgura gloriae
Laudésque inanes, et loquacem
Quae populi sedet ore famam?*

[*Virtus sola manet*] These Alcaics look like a college exercise in which kind there have been worse. The third lines as usual are the weakest parts. But the English is perhaps better. The decasyllabic quatrain though practised by Davies by Davenant and recently and best of all by Dryden in *Ann's Mirabilis* has qualities which it remained for Gray to bring out fully but which Flatman has not quite missed here. I wonder if Gray knew the piece, especially Stanza III?

Thomas Flatman

V.

*Letho superstes gloria, somni
Dulcedo vana est, fama malignior
Nil tangit umbras, nec feretrum
Ingreditur Popularis Aura.*

20,

VI.

*Mansura sector, sola sed invidi
Expers Sepulchri sidera trajicit,
Spernensque fatorum tumultus
Pellit humum generosa Virtus.*

VII

*Praeceptis novorum caetera mensium
Consumet aetas, seraque temporis
Delebit annosi vetustas
Utopicae nova Regna Lunae*

Translated.

I

I NEVER thirsted for the Golden Flood,
Which o'er Pactolus' wealthy sands does roll,
From whence the covetous mind receives no good,
But rather swells the dropsy of his soul

II

On palaces why should I set my mind,
Imprison'd in this body's mould'ring clay?
Ere long to poor six foot of earth confin'd,
Whose bones must crumble at the fatal day

III

Titles and pedigrees, what are they to me,
Or honour gain'd by our forefathers' toil,
The sport of Fate, whose gaudiest pageantry
Lethe will wash out, dark Oblivion soil?

10

IV

Why then, my soul, who fain wouldst be at ease,
Should the World's glory dazzle thy bright eye?
Thyself with vain applause why shouldst thou please,
Or dote on Fame, which fools may take from thee?

V.

Praise after death is but a pleasant dream,
The Dead fare ne'er the worse for ill report,
The Ghosts below know nothing of a name,
Nor ever popular caresses court.

20

Virtus sola manet—Translated

VI

Give me the lasting Good Virtue that flies
Above the clouds that tramples on dull earth
Exempt from Fate's tumultuous mutinies,
Virtue that cannot need a second birth

VII

All other things must bend their heads to Time
By ages mighty torrent borne away
Hereafter no more thought on than my rhyme
Or faery kingdoms in Utopia

Psalm xv Paraphrased

Verse I

Who shall approach the dread Jehovah's Throne
Or dwell within thy courts O Holy One!
That happy man whose feet shall tread the road
Up Sion's Hill that holy Hill of God!

Verse II

He that's devout and strict in all he does
That through the sinful world uprightly goes,
The desperate heights from whence the great ones fall
(Giddy with Fame) turn not his head at all
Stands firm on Honour's pinnacle, and so
Tears not the dreadful precipice below
Of Conscience not of Man he stands in awe
Just to observe each tittle of the Law!
His words and thoughts bear not a double part
His breast is open and he speaks his heart.

10

Verse III

He that reviles not or with cruel words
(Deadly as venom sharp as two-edg'd swords)
Murthers his friend's repute nor dares believe
That rumour which his neighbours soul may grieve
But with kind words embalms his bleeding Name,
Wipes off the rust, and polishes his fame

20

Verse IV

He in whose eyes the bravest sinners be
Extremely vile though robd in majesty
But if he spies a righteous man (though poor)
Him he can honour love admire adore
In Israel's humble plains had rather stay
Than in the tents of Kedar bear the sway

Thomas Flatman

He that severely keeps his sacred vow,
No mental reservation dares allow,
But what he swears, intends, will rather die,
Lose all he has, than tell a solemn lie

30

Verse V.

He that extorts not from the needy soul,
When laws his tyranny cannot control,
He whom a thousand empires cannot lure,
Against a guiltless person to conspire
He that has these perfections, needs no more,
What treasures can be added to his store?
The Pyramids shall turn to dust, to hide
Their own vast bulk, and haughty Founders' pride
Leviathan shall die within his deep,
The eyes of Heaven close in eternal sleep,
Confusion may o'erwhelm both sea and land,
Mountains may tumble down, but he shall stand

40

Job

FEW be the days that feeble man must breath,
Yet frequent troubles antedate his death
Gay like a flow'r he comes, which newly grown,
Fades of itself, or is untimely mown
Like a thin aery shadow does he fly,
Length'ning and short'ning still until he die
And does Jehovah think on such a one,
Does he behold him from his mighty Throne?
Will he contend with such a worthless thing,
Or dust and ashes into Judgement bring?

10

Unclean, unclean is man ev'n from the womb,
Unclean he falls into his drowsy tomb
Surely, he cannot answer God, nor be
Accounted pure, before such purity

Nudus Redibo.

NAKED I came, when I began to be
A man among the Sons of Misery,
Tender, unarm'd, helpless, and quite forlorn,
E'er since 'twas my hard fortune to be born,
And when the space of a few weary days
Shall be expir'd, then must I go my ways
Naked I shall return, and nothing have,
Nothing wherewith to bribe my hungry Grave

Job] In the Firth MS, which records that it was set by William Hawes
Nudus Redibo] In the Firth MS, and dated June 15, 1660 It was set by William
Gregory
4 hard fortune] misfortune MS 7 I shall] shall I MS

Nudus Redibo

Then what's the proudest Monarch's glittering robe
Or what's he more than I that rule the globe?
Since we must all without distinction die
And slumber both stark naked, he and I

10

An Elegy on the Earl of Sandwich

If there were aught in Verse at once could raise
Or tender pity or immortal praise
Thine obsequies brave Sandwich would require
Whatever would our nobler thoughts inspire
But since thou findest by thy unhappy fate
What 'tis to be unfortunately great
And purchase Honour at too dear a rate
The Muses best attempt however design'd
Cannot but prove impertinently kind
Thy glorious valour is a theme too high
For all the humble arts of Poesy
To side with chance and kingdoms overrun
Are little things ambitious men have done
But on a flaming ship thus to despise
That life which others did so highly prize
To fight with fire and struggle with a wave
And Neptune with unwearied arms outbrave
Are deeds surpassing fabulous chronicle
And which no future age shall parallel,
Leviathan himself's outdone by thee
Thou greater wonder of the deep than he
Nor could the deep thy mighty ashes hold
The deep that swallows diamonds and gold
Fame even thy sacred relics does pursue
Richer than all the treasures of Peru
While the kind sea thy breathless body brings
Safe to the bed of honour and of kings

0

20

glittering] pearly MS

Elegy on the Earl of Sandwich] Pepys's (the first) Earl who perished at the fight of Solebay in 1672. The duplication (see next piece) looks as if Flatman had had some personal connexion with him. At any rate there are expressions which are not the mere conventions of such writing. Line 6 and in fact the whole vigorous triplet in which it occurs must be connected with the nearly certain facts that Sandwich's advice would have prevented the most unfavourable of the conditions under which the English fought—that the Duke of York not only would not listen but hinted at cowardice on Sandwich's part—and that the Earl in consequence not only as Mr David Hannay (*A Short History of the Royal Navy* 1423) says fought the ship on this the last and most glorious day of his life with determined courage but refused to attempt to save his life by swimming when he was grappled by a fireship and burnt. Moreover the last lines express the fact that the body was only recovered after being washed ashore some days after the battle when it was duly buried in Westminster Abbey 'the bed of honour and of kings'

An Epitaph on the Earl of Sandwich.

HERE lies the dust of that illustrious man,
That triumph'd o'er the Ocean,
Who for his country nobly courted Death,
And dearly sold his glorious breath,
Or in a word, in this cold narrow grave
Sandwich the Good, the Great, the Brave
(Oh frail estate of sublunary things!),
Lies equal here with England's greatest kings

Pastoral.

I

At break of day poor Celadon
Hard by his sheepfolds walk'd alone,
His arms across, his head bow'd down,
His oaten pipe beside him thrown,
When Thirsis, hidden in a thicket by,
'Thus heard the discontented Shepherd cry.

II

What is it Celadon has done,
That all his happiness is gone!
The curtains of the dark are drawn,
And cheerful morn begins to dawn,
Yet in my breast 'tis ever dead of night,
That can admit no beam of pleasant light

10

III

You pretty lambs may leap and play
To welcome the new-kindled day,
Your shepherd harmless, as are you,
Why is he not as frolic too?
If such disturbance th' innocent attend,
How differs he from them that dare offend!

IV.

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live,
If I must die, why this reprieve?
If you would have me live, O why
Is it with me as those that die!
I faint, I gasp, I pant, my eyes are set,
My cheeks are pale, and I am living yet

20

Pastoral

V

Ye Gods! I never did withhold
The fattest lamb of all my fold
But on your altars laid it down
And with a garland did it crown
Is it in vain to make your altar smoke?
Is it all one, to please, and to provoke?

10

VI

Time was that I could sit and smile
Or with a dance the time beguile
My soul like that smooth lake was still
Bright as the sun behind yon hill
Like yonder stately mountain clear and high
Swift soft and gay as that same butterfly

VII

But now *within* there's Civil War
In arms my rebel passions are
Their old allegiance laid aside
The traitors now in triumph ride
That many-headed monster has thrown down
Its lawful monarch Reason from its throne.

4

VIII

See, unrelenting Sylvia see
All this, and more is long of thee
For ere I saw that charming face
Uninterrupted was my peace
Thy glorious beaming eyes have struck me blind
To my own soul the way I cannot find

IX

Yet is it not thy fault nor mine
Heaven is to blame that did not shine
Upon us both with equal rays—
It made thine bright mine gloomy days,
To Sylvia beauty gave and riches store
All Celadon's offence is he is poor

20

X

Unlucky stars poor shepherds have
Whose love is fickle Fortune's slave
Those golden days are out of date
When every turtle chose his mate
Cupid that mighty Prince then uncontrôld,
Now like a little negro's bought and sold

60

Pastoral] 36 that 1682 the 1636

Thomas Flatman

On the Death of Mr. Pelham Humfries.

Pastoral Song

DID you not hear the hideous groan,
The shrieks, and heavy moan
That spread themselves o'er all the pensive plain;
And rent the breast of many a tender swain?
'Twas for Amintas, dead and gone
Sing, ye forsaken shepherds, sing *His* praise
In careless melancholy lays,
Lend *Him* a little doleful breath
Poor Amintas! cruel Death!
'Twas *Thou* couldst make dead words to live, 10
Thou that dull numbers couldst inspire
With charming voice and tuneful lyre,
That life to all, but to *Thyself*, couldst give,
Why couldst *Thou* not *Thy* wondrous art bequeath?
Poor Amintas! cruel Death!
Sing, pious shepherds, while you may,
Before th' approaches of the Fatal Day
For you yourselves that sing this mournful song,
Alas! ere it be long,
Shall, like Amintas, breathless be, 20
Though more forgotten in the grave than *He*

The Mistake.

SONG

I HEARD a young lover in terrible pain,
From whence if he pleas'd, he might soon be releas'd,
He swore, and he vow'd again and again,
He could not outlive the turmoils of his breast,
But, alas, the young lover I found
Knew little how cold Love would prove under ground;
Why should I believe, prithee, Love, tell me why,
Where my own flesh and blood must give me the lie!
Let 'em rant while they will, and their destinies brave,
They'll find their flames vanish on this side the grave, 10
For though all addresses on purpose are made
To be *huddled to bed*, tisn't meant, *with a spade!*

On the Death of Mr. Pelham Humfries] Pelham Humfries or Humfrey died in the year (1674) of first publication of these Poems. He was a musician and gentleman of the Chapel Royal at least 1682, that 1686

I'll ne'er believe for Strephon's sake

The Incredible

SONG

I'll ne'er believe for Strephon's sake
That Love (whate'er its fond pretences be),
Is not a slave to mutability
The Moon and that alike of change partake
Tears are weak, and cannot bind
Vows alas! but empty wind
The greatest art that Nature gave
To th' amorous hypocrite to make him kind
Long ere he dies will take its leave
Had you but seen as I have done
Strephon's tears and heard his moan
How pale his cheek how dim his eye
As if with Chlons he resolv'd to die,
And when her spotless soul was fled
Heard his amazing praises of the dead,
Yet in a very little time address
His flame to another Shepherdess
In a few days giving his love the lie
You'd be as great an infidel as I

10

Weeping at Parting

SONG

I

Go gentle Oriana, go
Thou seest the Gods will have it so,
Alas! alas! tis much in vain
Of their ill usage to complain,
To curse them when we want relief
Lessens our courage not our grief
Dear Oriana, wipe thine eye
The time may come that thou and I
Shall meet again long long to prove
What vigour absence adds to love
Smile Oriana then and let me see
That look again, which stole my liberty

10

II

But say that Oriana die
(And that sad moment may be nigh)
The Gods that for a year can sever
If it please them can part us ever,
They that refresh, can make us weep,
And into Death can lengthen sleep

Weeping at Parting] In the Firth MS entitled 'To Oriana weeping at parting' and dated December 31 1664 Set by Mr Roger Hill In l 3 the MS reads but for much

Thomas Flatman

Kind Oriana, should I hear
The thing I so extremely fear,
'Twill not be strange, if it be said,
After a while, I too am dead
Weep, Oriana, weep, for who does know
Whether we e'er shall meet again below?

20

The Desperate Lover.

I

O MIGHTY King of Terrors, come!
Command thy slave to his long home
Great sanctuary Grave! to thee
In throngs the miserable flee,
Encircled in thy frozen arms,
They bid defiance to their harms,
Regardless of those pond'rous little things
That discompose th' uneasy heads of kings

II

In the cold earth the pris'ner lies
Ransom'd from all his miseries,
Himself forgotten, he forgets
His cruel creditors, and debts,
And there in everlasting peace
Contentions with their authors cease
A turf of grass or monument of stone
Umpires the petty competition

10

III.

The disappointed lover there,
Breathes not a sigh, nor sheds a tear,
With us (fond fools) he never shares
In sad perplexities and cares,
The willow near his tomb that grows
Revives his memory, not his woes,
Or rain, or shine, he is advanc'd above
Th' affronts of Heaven and stratagems of Love

20

IV.

Then, mighty King of Terrors, come,
Command thy slave to his long home
And thou, my friend, that lov'st me best,
Seal up these eyes that brake my rest,
Put out the lights, bespeak my knell,
And then eternally farewell
'Tis all th' amends our wretched Fates can give,
That none can force a desperate man to live

30

The Desperate Lover] 28 'brake', if right, must mean 'used to break' by making me behold 'Love or some other vanity'.

Adieu, fond World, and all thy wiles

The Fatigue

A SONG

ADIEU fond World and all thy wiles
Thy haughty frowns and treacherous smiles
They that behold thee with my eyes
Thy double dealing will despise
From thee, false World my deadly foe
Into some desert let me go,
Some gloomy melancholy cave,
Dark and silent as the grave
Let me withdraw, where I may be
From thine impertinences free
There when I hear the turtle groan
How sweetly would I make my moan !
Kind Philomel would teach me there
My sorrows pleasantly to bear
There could I correspond with none
But Heaven and my own breast alone

10

The Resolve

SONG

I

HAD Phyllis neither charms nor graces
More than the rest of women wear
Levell'd by Fate with common faces
Yet Damon could esteem her fair

II

Good natur'd Love can soon forgive
Those petty injuries of Time
And all th' affronts of years impute
To her misfortune not her crime

III

Wedlock puts Love upon the rack,
Makes it confess tis still the same
In icy age, as it appear'd
At first when all was lively flame

10

The Resolve] The superiority of the first stanza of this to the rest and the reason of that superiority (the double rhyme *graces* and *faces*) are both clear enough. But what is not clear is why Flatman—who if no great poet seems usually to have been at no loss for verse or rhyme—should have suddenly run dry of the latter in his first and third lines. If he had not been so stingy the piece might have been worth something. It is not quite worthless as it is.

Thomas Flatman

IV

If Hymen's slaves, whose ears are bored,
Thus constant by compulsion be,
Why should not choice endear us more
Than them their hard necessity?

V

Phyllis! 'tis true, thy glass does run,
But since mine too keeps equal pace,
My silver hairs may trouble thee,
As much as me thy ruin'd face

20

VI

Then let us constant be as Heaven,
Whose laws inviolable are,
Not like those rambling meteors there
That foretell ills, and disappear.

VII

So shall a pleasing calm attend
Our long uneasy destiny,
So shall our loves and lives expire,
From storms and tempests ever free

Love's Bravo

SONG

WHY should we murmur, why repine,
Phyllis, at thy fate, or mine?
Like pris'ners, why do we those fetters shake,
Which neither thou, nor I can break?
There is a better way to baffle Fate,
If mortals would but mind it,
And 'tis not hard to find it
Who would be happy, must be desperate,
He must despise those stars that fright
Only fools that dread the night,
Time and chance he must outbrave,
He that crouches is their slave
Thus the wise Pagans, ill at ease,
Bravely chastis'd their surly Deities

10

Why did I ever see those glorious eyes

The Expectation

SONG

I

Why did I ever see those glorious eyes
My famish'd soul to tantalize?
I hop'd for Heaven, which I had lately seen
But neer perceiv'd the gulf between
In vain for bliss did my presumptions seek,
My love so strong
I could not hold my tongue,
My heart so feeble that I durst not speak.

II

Yet why do I my constitution blame,
Since all my heart is out of frame?
'Twere better sure, my passion to appease
With hope to palliate my disease
And twill be something like tranquillity,
To hope for that
I must not compass yet
And make a virtue of necessity

10

Coridon Converted

SONG

I

WHEN Condon a slave did lie
Entangled in his Phyllis eye
How did he sigh! how did he groan!
How melancholy was his tone!
He told his story to the woods,
And wept his passion by the floods
Then Phyllis cruel Phyllis too to blame
Regarded not his sufferings nor his flame

The Expectation] In the Firth MS entitled 'Song' and dated July 11, 1671 It was set by Roger Hill The chief variants are —

5 presumptions] presumption 8 that] yet 14 hope for] think of
15 must not compass] may not purchase.

Coridon Converted] In the Firth MS entitled Song and dated April 29 1664 It was set by William Gregory The MS yields some important corrections — conquest' and 'passion in ll 13 14 for the plural of the printed texts and 'gentle Phyllis in l 15 for cruel Phyllis The plural woods and floods' perhaps account for the former variants the latter is evidently an attempt to adhere strictly to the refrain

Thomas Flatman

II

Then Coridon resolv'd no more
His mistress' mercy to implore,
How did he laugh, how did he sing!
How did he make the forest ring!
He told his conquest to the woods,
And drown'd his passion in the floods
Then Phyllis, gentle Phyllis, less severe,
Would have had him, but he would none of her

The Humourist

SONG.

I

GOOD faith! I never was but once so mad
To dote upon an idle woman's face,
And then, alas! my fortune was so bad
To see another chosen in my place,
And yet I courted her, I'm very sure,
With love as true as his was, and as pure

II

But if I ever be so fond again
To undertake the second part of love,
To reassume that most unmanlike pain,
Or after shipwreck do the ocean prove,
My mistress must be gentle, kind, and free,
Or I'll be as indifferent as she

Fading Beauty.

SONG.

I.

As poor Aurelia sate alone,
Hard by a rivulet's flow'ry side,
Envious at Nature's new-born pride,
Her slighted self she thus reflected on

II

Alas! that Nature should revive
These flowers, which after Winter's snow
Spring fresh again, and brighter show,
But for our fairer sex so ill contrive!

III.

Beauty, like theirs a short-liv'd thing,
On us in vain she did bestow,
Beauty that only once can grow,
An Autumn has, but knows no second Spring

The Humourist] In the Firth MS entitled 'Song', and dated April 29, 1664
was set by William Gregory In the MS the poem opens 'In faith'

Why dost thou all address deny?

A Dialogue

CLOPIS AND PARTHENISSA

C Why dost thou all address deny?

Hard hearted Parthenissa why?

See how the trembling lovers come

That from thy lips expect their doom

P Cloris! I hate them all, they know

Nay I have often told them so,

Their silly politics abhorrd

I scorn to make my slave my lord

C But Strephon's eyes proclaim his love

Too brave, tyrannical to prove.

I Ah Cloris! when we lose our power

We must obey the conqueror

C Yet where a gentle Prince bears sway

It is no bondage to obey

P But if like Nero for awhile,

With arts of kindness he beguile,

How shall the tyrant be withstood

When he has writ his laws in blood!

C Love Parthenissa, all commands

It fetters kings in charming hands

Mars yields his arms to Cupid's darts,

And Beauty softens savage hearts.

Chorus

If nothing else can pull the Tyrant down

Kill him with kindness, and the day's your own

A Dialogue

ORPHEUS AND LURIDICE.

Orpheus

LURIDICE, my fur my fair Luridice!

My love my joy, my life if so thou be

In Pluto's kingdom answer me, appear

And come to thy poo Orpheus.

Eur Oh I hear

I hear dear Orpheus, but I cannot come

Beyond the bounds of dull Lysium

I cannot

Orph And why wilt thou not draw near?

Is there within these courts a shade so dear

As he that calls thee?

1 Dialogue } 22 And] But 1674
A Dialogue } Dated in the Firth MS September 15 1663 it was set to music by
W Gregory

Thomas Flatman

Eur. No, there cannot be

A thing so lovely in mine eyes as thee 10
Orph Why comes not then Eurydice?
Eur The Fates,
The Fates forbid, and these eternal gates,
Never unbarr'd to let a pris'ner go,
Deny me passage, nay, grim Cerberus too
Stands at the door
Orph But cannot then
They that o'er Lethe go, return again?
Eur Never, oh never!
Orph. Sure they may, let's try
If Art can null the Laws of Destiny
My lays compacted Thebes, made every tree
Loosen its roots to caper, come let's see 20
What thou and I can do
Chor Perchance the throng
Of Ghosts may be enchanted with a song,
And mov'd to pity
Eur Hark! the hinges move,
The gate's unbarr'd I come, I come, my Love!
Chorus amborum
'Twas Music, only Music, could unspell
Helpless, undone Eurydice from Hell

The Bachelor's Song

LIKE a dog with a bottle, fast ty'd to his tail,
Like vermin in a trap, or a thief in a jail,
 Like a Tory in a bog,
 Or an ape with a clog
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty lose
 For a Matrimony noose,
And sells himself into captivity

The dog he does howl, when his bottle does jog,
The vermin, the thief, and the Tory in vain 10
Of the trap, of the jail, of the quagmire complain
But well fare poor Pug! for he plays with his clog,

The Bachelor's Song] In the Firth MS entitled 'Song', and dated 1670 See Introduction for the rather obvious legend connected with this profane doggerel As proof of its popularity it may be noted that versions of it appear in the *Windsor Drollery*, 1672, and the *Westminster Drollery*, 1691, in the latter there are also *The Bachelors Satyr Related* and *A Reply to The Bachelors Satyr Related* These unauthorized versions have a number of minor variants

3 Like] Or like 1674-82 'Tory' in the original, not the transferred sense, which latter Flatman seems himself to have well deserved

5 Such is the] Even such is a MS might go] may be MS 9 his] the 1686
10 and] om MS 11 quagmire] bog do MS

The Bachelor's Song

And though he would be rid on t rather than his life
Yet he lugs it and he hugs it, as a man does his wife

The Second Part

SONG

How happy a thing were a wedding
And a bedding
If a man might purchase a wife
For a twelvemonth and a day,
But to live with her all a man's life
For ever and for ay,
Till she grow as grey as a cat
Good faith Mr Parson I thank you for that

An Appeal to Cats in the business of Love

A SONG

YE Cats that at midnight spit love at each other
Who best feel the pangs of a passionate lover
I appeal to your scratches and your tattered fur
If the business of Love be no more than to purr
Old Lady Grimalkin with her gooseberry eyes
Knew something when a kitten for why she was wise
You find by experience the love fit s soon oer
Puss! Puss! lasts not long but turns to *Cat whore!*
Men ride many miles
Cats tread many tiles
Both hazard their necks in the fray
Only Cats when they fall
From a house or a wall
Keep their feet mount their tails and away!

Advice to an Old Man of sixty three about to Marry a Girl of sixteen

SONG

I

Now fie upon him! what is Man
Whose life at best is but a span?
When to an inch it dwindles down
Ice in his bones snow on his crown

An appeal to Cats] Added in 1686 It is a pity we do not possess the tune to which Mr Humfries or somebody else most probably set this lively fantasy It is quite in the style of Dr Blow Humfries's friend and colleague

Advice to an Old Man] In the Firth MS entitled Song and dated 1671 This was set by R Hill In l 9 the MS reads imagination s in l 11 them for those in l 18 r bands In Rawlinson MS D 460 fol 36 verso) the chief variant is che t for sheet in l 19

Thomas Flatman

That he within his crazy brain
Kind thoughts of Love should entertain,
That he, when harvest comes, should plow,
And when 'tis time to reap, go sow,
Who, in imagination only strong,
'Though twice a child, can never twice grow young 10

II

Nature did those design for fools,
That sue for work, yet have no tools
What fellow-feeling can there be
In such a strange disparity?
Old age mistakes the youthful breast,
Love dwells not there, but Interest
Alas, good man! take thy repose,
Get ribband for thy thumbs and toes
Provide thee flannel, and a sheet of lead,
Think on thy Coffin, not thy Bridal Bed 20

The Slight.

SONG.

I

I DID but crave that I might kiss,
If not her lip, at least her hand,
The coolest Lover's frequent bliss,
And rude is she that will withstand
That inoffensive liberty
She (would you think it?) in a fume
Turn'd her about and left the room,
Not she, she vow'd, not she

II

Well, Chariessa, then said I,
If it must thus for ever be, 10
I can renounce my slavery,
And since you will not, can be free
Many a time she made me die,
Yet (would you think 't?) I lov'd the more,
But I'll not take 't as heretofore,
Not I, I'll vow, not I

The Slight] In the Firth MS, a first draft dated August, 1666, and recorded as having been set to music by Sylvanus Taylor. The variants are important —
3 frequent] hourly 4, 5 Which at his wish he may command, Nay, often takes the liberty. The copy in Rawlinson MS D 260 (fol 27 verso) has the same readings
(344)

Had I but known some years ago

The Penitent

SONG

I

HAD I but known some years ago
What wretched lovers undergo
The tempests and the storms that rise
From their Belovèd's dangerous eyes
With how much torment they endure
That ague and that calenture,
Long since I had my error seen
Long since repented of my sin
Too late the soldier dreads the trumpet's sound
That newly has receiv'd his mortal wound

10

II

But so adventurous was I
My fortunes all alone to try
Needs must I kiss the burning light
Because it shined because 'twas bright
My heart with youthful heat on fire
I thought some God did me inspire,
And that blind zeal emboldned me
To attempt Althea's Deity
Surely those happy Powers that dwell above,
Or never courted or enjoy'd their love

0

The Defiance

SONG

I,

BE not too proud imperious Dame
Your charms are transitory things
May melt while you at Heaven am,
Like Icarus's waxen wings,
And you a part in his misfortunes bear,
Drown'd in a briny Ocean of despair

II

You think your beauties are above
The Poet's brain and Painter's hand
As if upon the Throne of Love
You only should the world command
Yet know though you presume your title true
There are pretenders that will rival you

10

The Penitent] In the Firth MS entitled *Song* and dated 1671 It was set by
Roger Hill 9 dreads] loathes MS 15 heart] breast MS 18 The
1 enc if any to the classical story of Althea is so confused and muddled that
perhaps there is none See *The Survey* below
The Defiance] 5 misfortunes 1682 misfortune 1686
(34)

Thomas Flatman

III

There's an experienc'd rebel, Time,
And in his squadron's Poverty,
There's Age that brings along with him
A terrible artillery
And if against all these thou keep'st thy crown,
Th' usurper Death will make thee lay it down

The Surrender

SONG.

I YIELD, I yield! Divine Althaea, see
How prostrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my captivity,
So weak am I, so mighty thou!
Not long ago I could defy,
Arm'd with wine and company,
Beauty's whole artillery
Quite vanquish'd now by thy miraculous charms,
Here, fair Althaea, take my arms,
For sure he cannot be of human race,
That can resist so bright, so sweet a face.

The Whim.

SONG

I

WHY so serious, why so grave?
Man of business, why so muddy?
Thyself from Chance thou canst not save
With all thy care and study
Look merrily then, and take thy repose;
For 'tis to no purpose to look so forlorn,
Since the World was as bad before thou wert born,
And when it will mend who knows?
And a thousand year hence 'tis all one,
If thou lay'st on a dunghill, or sat'st on a throne

10

II

To be troubled, to be sad,
Carking mortal, 'tis a folly,
For a pound of Pleasure's not so bad
As an ounce of Melancholy

¹⁴ 'squadron's' is not apostrophated in original, but the practice in this respect is so loose as to be of no value The plural would make sense, of course.

The Whim

Since all our lives long we travel towards Death
Let us rest us sometimes and bair by the way
'Tis but dying at last, in our race let us stay,
And we shan't be so soon out of breath

Sit the comedy out, and that done,
When the play's at an end, let the curtain fall down

20

The Renegado

SONG

I

REMOVED from fair Urania's eyes
Into a village far away
Iond Astrophil began to say
Thy charms Urania, I despise
Go bid some other shepherd for thee die
That never understood thy tyranny

II

Returned at length the amorous swain,
Soon as he saw his deity,
Ador'd again and bow'd his knee
Became her slave, and wore her chain
The Needle thus that motionless did lie
Trembles and moves when the lov'd Loadstone's nigh

10

Phyllis withdrawn

I

I DID but see her and she's snatch'd away
I find I did but happy seem,
So small a while did my contentments stay,
As short and pleasant as a dream
Yet such are all our satisfactions here
They raise our hopes and then they disappear

II

Ill natur'd Stars that evermore conspire
To quench poor Strephon's flame
To stop the progress of his swift desire
And leave him but an ætry name,
Why art thou doom'd (of no pretences proud)
Ixion like thus to embrace a cloud?

10

The Renegado] In the Firth MS entitled 'Song' and dated 1671 Set by Roger Hill

Phyllis withdrawn] The first stanza is a good example of the purely haphazard character of typographical peculiarities at the time. There is not a capital in the original though in that original elsewhere one would find Contentments Dream Satisfactions and 'Hopes, if not others as well

Thomas Flatman

III

Yet why should Strephon murmur, why complain,
Or envy Phyllis her delight,
Why should her pleasures be to him a pain,
Easier perhaps out of his sight?
No, Strephon, no! If Phyllis happy be,
'Thou shouldst rejoice, whate'er becomes of thee.

IV

Amidst the charming glories of the spring
In pleasant fields and goodly bowers,
Indulgent Nature seems concern'd to bring
All that may bless her innocent hours,
While thy disastrous Fate has tied thee down
To all the noise and tumult of the Town

V

Strephon that for himself expects no good
To Phyllis wishes everywhere
A long serenity without a cloud,
Sweet as these smiles of th' infant year
May Halcyons in her bosom build their nest,
Whatever storms shall discompose my breast.

The Malecontent

SONG

PHYLLIS, O Phyllis! Thou art fondly vain,
My wavering thoughts thus to molest,
Why should my pleasure be the only pain,
That must torment my easy breast?
If with Prometheus I had stolen fire,
Fire from above,
As scorching, and as bright, as that of Love,
I might deserve Jove's ire,
A vulture then might on my liver feed.
But now eternally I bleed,
And yet on Thee, on Thee lies all the blame,
Who freely gav'st the fuel and the flame

The Indifferent

SONG.

PRITHEE confess for my sake and your own,
Am I the man or no?
If I am he, thou canst not do't too soon,
If not, thou canst not be too slow

The Malecontent] 5 'Stoll n' in original, though the valued 'en' is indispensable for the metre

The Indifferent

If Woman cannot love Man's folly's great
Your sex with so much zeal to treat
But if we freely proffer to pursue
Our tender thoughts and spotless love
Which nothing shall remove,
And you despise all this pray what are you?

The Harbour

SONG

O TEDIOUS hopes! when will the storm be o'er!
When will the beaten vessel reach the shore!
Long have I striv'n with blustering winds and tides
Clouds o'er my head, waves on my sides!
Which in my dark adventures high did swell
While Heaven was black as Hell
O Love tempestuous Love yet, yet at last
Let me my anchor cast,
And for the troubles I have undergone
O bring me to a port which I may call my own

10

The Unconcerned

SONG

Now that the world is all in amaze,
Drums and trumpets rending heav'ns
Wounds a bleeding mortals dying
Widows and orphans piteously crying,
Armies marching towns in a blaze
Kingdoms and states at sixes and sevens
What should an honest fellow do
Whose courage and fortunes run equally low!
Let him live say I till his glass be run,
As easily as he may,
Let the wine and the sand of his glass flow together
For life's but a winter's day
Alas! from sun to sun
The time's very short very dirty the weather
And we silently creep away
Let him nothing do he could wish undone,
And keep himself safe from the noise of gun

10

Thomas Flatman

The Immovable

SONG

I

WHAT though the sky be clouded o'er,
And Heav'n's influence smile no more?
Though tempests rise, and earthquakes make
The giddy World's foundation shake?
A gallant breast contemns the feeble blow
Of angry Gods, and scorns what Fate can do

II

What if alarums sounded be,
And we must face our enemy,
If cannons bellow out a death,
Or trumpets woo away our breath!
'Tis brave amidst the glittering throng to die,
Nay, Samson-like, to fall with company

10

III

Then let the swordman domineer,
I can nor pike nor musket fear;
Clog me with chains, your envies tire,
For when I will, I can expire,
And when the puling fit of Life is gone,
The worst that cruel man can do, is done

The Wish

SONG

I

NOT to the hills where cedars move
Their cloudy head, not to the grove
Of myrtles in th' Elysian shade,
Nor Tempe which the poets made;
Not on the spicy mountains play,
Or travel to Arabia
I am not at the careful Throne,
Which Fortune's darlings sit upon;
No, no, the best this fickle world can give,
Has but a little, little time to live

10

The Wish] Entitled 'A Wish' in the Firth MS, and dated September 10, 1659. It was set by Captain Taylor. The chief variants are 'clouds' for 'stars' in l 15, and 'the sun' for 'Phoebus' in l 16

The Wish

II

But let me soar, O let me fly
Beyond poor Earth's benighted eye
Beyond the pitch swift eagles tower,
Above the reach of human power,
Above the stars above the way,
Whence Phoebus darts his piercing ray
O let me tread those Courts that are
So bright so pure so blest, so fair,
As neither thou nor I must ever know
On Earth—tis thither, thither would I go

20

The Cordial In the year 1657

SONG

I

DID you hear of the News (O the News) how it thunders !
Do but see, how the block headed multitude wonders !
One fumes and stamps, and stares to think upon
What others wish as fast Confusion
One swears w' are gone another just agoing
While a third sits and cnes
Till his half blinded eyes
Call him pitiful rogue for so doing
Let the tone be what twill that the mighty ones utter
Let the cause be what twill why the poorer sort mutter
I care not what your State confounders do
Nor what the stout repiners undergo,
I cannot whine at any alterations
Let the Swede beat the Dane,
Or be beaten again
What am I in the crowd of the Nations?

10

II

What care I if the North and South Poles come together,
If the Turk or the Pope's Antichristian, or neither
If fine Astraea be (as Naso said)
From mortals in a peevish fancy fled
Rome when twas all on fire, her people mourning
Twas an Emperor could stand
With his harp in his hand,
Sing and play while the city was burning

20

Celadon on Delia singing

O DELIA! for I know 'tis she
It must be she for nothing less could move
My tuneless heart than something from above
I hate all earthly harmony

Thomas Flatman

Hark, hark, ye Nymphs, and Satyrs all around!
Hark, how the baffled Echo faints, see how she dies,
Look how the wingèd choir all gasping lies

At the melodious sound,

See, while she sings

How they droop and hang their wings!

10

Angelic Delia, sing no more,

Thy song's too great for mortal ear;

Thy charming notes we can no longer bear

O then in pity to the World give o'er,

And leave us stupid as we were before

Fair Delia, take the fatal choice,

Or veil thy beauty, or suppress thy Voice

His passion thus poor Celadon betray'd,
When first he saw, when first he heard the lovely Maid

The Advice.

SONG

I

POOR Celia once was very fair,

A quick bewitching eye she had,

Most neatly look'd her braided hair,

Her dainty cheeks would make you mad,

Upon her lip did all the Graces play,

And on her breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.

II

Then many a doting lover came

From seventeen till twenty-one,

Each told her of his mighty flame,

But she, forsooth, affected none

10

One was not handsome, t'other was not fine,

This of tobacco smelt, and that of wine.

III

But t'other day 't was my fate

To walk along that way alone,

I saw no coach before her gate,

But at the door I heard her moan

She dropt a tear, and sighing, seem'd to say,

Young ladies, marry, marry while you may!

The Advice] In the Firth MS, where it is dated December 22, 1664, and recorded to have been set by Roger Hill, and in Rawlinson MS D 260 (fol 28) of the Bodleian. The variants are trivial. Found also in the *Westminster Drollery*, 1671, and the *Windsor Drollery*, 1672. the latter reads 'lock'd' for 'look'd' in l. 3. In l. 9 1682 reads 'her' for 'his'.

In that small inch of time I stole, to look

*To Mr Sam Austin of Wadham Coll Oxon
On his most unintelligible Poems*

SIR

In that small inch of time I stole to look
On th obscure depths of your mysterious book
(Heav'n bless my eyesight!) what strains did I see!
What stereopegetetic Poetry!
What hieroglyphic words what [riddles] all
In letters more than cabalistical!
We with our fingers may your verses scan
But all our noddles understand them can
No more than read that dungfork pothook hand
That in Queen's College Library does stand

10

To Mr Sam Austin Samuel Austin the younger (his father of the same name was a respectable divine and a writer of sacred vers of the preceding generation) was a Wadham man a temporary of Flims and a common Oxford butt for conceited affectation His *Pægyric on the Restatio* appeared in 1661 and contained a statement that the author intended a large book of poems according as they find acceptance He had taken his degree five years earlier and his poetry probably in MS had been so afterwards made the subject of one of the liveliest and naughtiest of Oxford skits *Laps on Parassus* (London 1658) where some of Austin's own lucubrations and more parodies and lampoons on him appear—side noted with quaint and scandalous *adter ana* Flatman himself contributed among others some kitchen Latin leonines

O decus Anglorum! vates famose tuorum
Cujus pars nona facit Oxensford Helicon

&c sometimes dropping into a sort of Macaronic or at least mongrel dialect

Haec ratio non est—quid rides!—my meaning is honest

The elder Samuel Austin a Cornishman of Exeter was a very serious person who wrote and after difficulties got published in 169 *Austin's Urania or the Heavenly Muse* with the most unreasonable motto *Aut perlegas aut non legas*—rendered

Whatever thou be whose eye do chance to fall
Upon this Book read all or none at all

For a considerable time I obeyed the second part of this injunction only

Napæon Parassus has some important variants and some corrections of the present text Omitting minor changes these are—

2 obscure] bstruse 5 what all] what riddles all (Clearly the right text
After 16 is the couplet

There were Philosophers content to be
Renowned and famous in obscurity

Line 18 has a marginal note on scower — But when he does so he verifies the Proverb viz *Ætiopem la at*

Lines 29 30 read

O were your verses stolen that so we might
Hurry in good time to see them come to light

After line 36 is the couplet

I hope some wit when he your honour hears
Will praise your mother's eyes turpentine tears

In line 42 is printed everlasting with the note [g]aufertur in fine per Apocopen
4 The blessed word stero (it should be stero or stereo) pegetetic (a rather erratic compound of στερεω) is very likely Austin's own foolishly put together
[The Devil's handwriting in Queen's College Library at Oxford Note original]
This interesting autograph till preserved and a photograph of it may be seen in Mr Andrew Clark's *Anthony a Wood's Life and Times* 1498 (Oxford Historical Society)

The cutting hanger of your Wit I can't see,
 For that same scabbard that conceals your Fancy.
 Thus a black velvet casket hides a jewel,
 And a dark woodhouse, wholesome winter fuel,
 Thus John Tradeskin starves our greedy eyes,
 By boxing up his new-found rarities,
 We dread Actaeon's fate, dare not look on,
 When you do scower your skin in Helicon,
 We cannot (Lynceus-like) see through the wall
 Of your strong-mortar'd Poems, nor can all 20
 The small shot of our brains make one hole in
 The bulwark of your book, that fort to win
 Open your meaning's door, O do not lock it!
 Undo the buttons of your smaller pocket,
 And charitably spend those angels there,
 Let them enrich and actuate our sphere
 Take off our bongraces, and shine upon us,
 Though your resplendent beams should chance to tan us
 Had you but stol'n your verses, then we might
 Hope in good time they would have come to light, 30
 And felt I not a strange poetic heat
 Flaming within, which reading makes me sweat,
 Vulcan should take 'em, and I'd not exempt 'em,
 Because they're things *Quibus lumen ademptum*
 I thought to have commended something there,
 But all exceeds my commendations far
 I can say nothing, but stand still, and stare,
 And cry, O wondrous, strange, profound, and rare
 Vast Wits must fathom you better than thus,
 You merit more than our praise as for us 40
 The beetles of our rhymes shall drive full fast in,
 The wedges of your worth to everlasting,
 My much Apocalyptic friend *Sam Austin*

*To my ingenious Friend Mr William Faithorne on
 his Book of Drawing, Etching, and Graving*

SHOULD I attempt an elegy, or frame
 A paper-structure to secure thy name,
 The lightning of one censure, one stern frown
 Might quickly hazard that, and thy renown

¹⁵ John Tradeskin] John Tradescant the second (1608-1662), original collector of the Ashmolean Museum

²⁷ bongraces] Sun-bonnets

To my Ingenious Friend Mr William Faithorne] The elder Faithorne (*v sup*, p 278) The younger, his son and namesake, was but eighteen when Flatman first published The lines first appeared in *The Art of Graving and Etching* Published by Will^m Faithorne And Sold at his Shop next to y^e Signe of y^e Drake without Temple Barre, 1662

¹ 'elegy' is no doubt here merely an equivalent for 'eulogy', and rather from *eloge* than *elogium* But it is a pity that it has not been kept in English as an equivalent for the Latin

To my ingenious Friend Mr W Faithorne

But this thy book prevents that fruitless pain
One line speaks purer thee than my best strain
Tho e mysteries (once like the spiteful mould
Which bars the greedy Spaniard from his gold)
Thou dost unfold in every friendly page
Kind to the present and succeeding age
That hand, whose curious art prolongs the date
Of frail mortality and baffles Fate
With brass and steel, can surely potent be
To rear a lasting monument for thee
For my part I prefer (to guard the dead)
A copper plate beyond a sheet of lead
So long as brass so long as books endure
So long as neat wrought pieces thourt secure
A [*Faithorne sculpsit*] is a charm can save
From dull oblivion and a gaping grave

10

20

On the Commentaries of Messire Blaise de Montluc

To the Worthy Translator
CHARLES COTTON Esq

HE that would aptly write of warlike men
Should make his ink of blood a sword his pen,
At least he must their memories abuse
Who writes with less than Maro's mighty Muse
All Sir that I could say of this great theme
(The brave Montluc) would lessen his esteem
Whose laurels too much native verdure have
To need the praises vulgar epigrams crave
His own bold hand what it durst write durst do
Grappled with enemies and oblivion too
Hew'd his own monument and grav'd thereon
Its deep and durable inscription
To you Sir whom the valiant Author owes
His second life and conquest o'er his foes—
Ill natur'd foes Time and Detraction—
What is a stranger's contribution!
Who has not such a share of vanity
To dream that one who with such industry
Obliges all the world can be oblig'd by me

10

5 that fruitless] my slender 1662 Other important variants are —
Lines 9 10 read —

Thine ingenuity reveals and so
By making plain, thou dost illustrious grow

14 lasting] stately

On the Commentaries of Messire Blaise de Montluc] Cotton's translation of the
admirable Gascon appeared in the same year (1674) with Flatman's *Poems*

Thomas Flatman

A Character of a Belly-God

CATIUS AND HORACE

HORACE

Whence, Brother Catius, and whither bound so fast?

CA. O, Sir, you must excuse me, I'm in haste,
I dine with my (Lord Mayor) and can't allow
Time for our eating directory now
Though I must needs confess, I think my rules
Would prove Pythagoras and Plato fools

HOR *Grave Sir, I must acknowledge, 'tis a crime
To interrupt at such a nick of time,
I'll stay a little, Sir, it is no sin,
You're to say Grace ere dinner can begin,
Since you at food such virtuosos are,
Some precepts to an hungry poet spare*

10

CA I grant you, Sir, next pleasure ta'en in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of repeating,
I still have kitchen systems in my mind,
And from my stomach's fumes a brain well lin'd

HOR *Whence, pray, Sir, learnt you those ingenuous arts,
From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?*

CA No names, Sir (I beseech you), that's foul play,
We ne'er name authors, only what they say

20

1 'For eggs choose long, the round are out of fashion,
'Unsavory and distasteful to the nation
'E'er since the brooding Rump, they're addle too,
'In the long egg lies Cock-a-doodle-doo

2 'Choose coleworts planted on a soil that's dry,
'Even they are worse for th' wetting (verily)

3 'If friend from far shall come to visit, then
'Say thou wouldst treat the wight with mortal hen,
'Don't thou forthwith pluck off the cackling head,
'And impale corpse on spit as soon as dead,

30

'For so she will be tough beyond all measure,
'And friend shall make a trouble of a pleasure
'Steep'd in good wine let her her life surrender,
'O then she'll eat most admirably tender

4 'Mushrooms that grow in meadows are the best,
'For aught I know, there's poison in the rest.

5 'He that would many happy summers see,
'Let him eat mulberries fresh off the tree,
'Gather'd before the sun's too high, for these
'Shall hurt his stomach less than Cheshire cheese

40

6 'Aufidius (had you done so 't had undone ye)
'Sweet'ned his morning's draughts of sack with honey,

³ I had struck out the brackets, but replaced them For some obsolete uses of the mark see Mr Percy Simpson's *Shakespearian Punctuation*, pp 94-5

A Character of a Belly-God

- But he did ill to empty veins to give
Corroding potion for a lenitive
- 7 If any man to drink do thee inveigle in
First wet thy whistle with some good metheglin
- 8 If thou art bound and in continual doubt
Thou shalt get in no more till some get out,
The mussel or the cockle will unlock
Thy body's trunk and give a vent to noek. 50
Some say that sorrel steep'd in wine will do,
But to be sure, put in some aloes too
- 9 All shell fish (with the growing Moon increast)
Are ever when she fills her orb the best
But for brave oysters Sir exceeding rare
'They are not to be met with everywhere.
Your Wall fleet oysters no man will prefer
Before the juicy grass green Colchester
Hungerford crawfish match me if you can
'There's no such crawlers in the Ocean 60
- 10 Next for your suppers, you (it may be) think
There goes no more to t, but just eat and drink
But let me tell you, Sir and tell you plain
To dress em well requires a man of brain
His palate must be quick and smart, and strong
For sauce a very critic in the tongue.
- 11 He that pays dear for fish nay though the best
May please his fishmonger more than his guest,
If he be ignorant what sauce is proper
There's Machiavel in th *menage* of a supper 70
- 12 For swines flesh give me that of the wild boar
Pursu'd and hunted all the forest o'er
He to the liberal oak neer quits his love
'And when he finds no acorns grunts at Jove
'The Hampshire hog with perse and whey that's fed
'Styd up is neither good alive nor dead
- 13 'The tendrils of the vine are salads good
'If when they are in season understood
- 14 'If ervants to thy board a rabbit bring
'Be wise and in the first place carve a wing 80
- 15 'When fish and fowl are right and at just age,
'A feeder's curiosity t assuage
'If any ask who found the mystery
'Let him inquire no further I am he
- 16 Some fancy bread out of the oven hot
Variety's the glutton's happiest lot

57 W ll fleet 1674-82 Wain fleet 1686 Wainfleet is in Lincolnshire famous as the birthplace of the founder of M gda len Coll ge Oxford I never heard Wainfleet oysters specially quoted but if Walter White in his *Eastern E gland* (ii 10) may be trusted the place was not so very long ago excellent for cockles

60 The ocean crawlers are at any rate bigger than those of the Kennet

75 6 This is a libel.

Thomas Flatman

- 17 'It's not enough the wine you have be pure,
'But of your oil as well you ought be sure
- 18 'If any fault be in the generous wine,
'Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine, 90
'But never strain't, nor let it pass through linnen,
'Wine will be worse for that, as well as women
- 19 'The vintner that of Malaga and Sherry
'With damn'd ingredients patcht up Canary,
'With segregative things, as pigeons' eggs,
'Straight purifies, and takes away the dregs
- 20 'An o'er-charg'd stomach roasted shrimps will ease,
'The cure by lettuce is worse than the disease
- 21 'To quicken appetite it will behove ye
'To feed courageously on good anchovy 100
- 22 'Westphalia ham, and the Bologna sausage,
'For second or third course will clear a passage,
'But lettuce after meals' lie on't, the glutton
'Had better feed upon Ram-alley mutton
- 23 'Twere worth one's while in palace or in cottage,
'Right well to know the sundry sorts of pottage,
'There is your French pottage, Nativity broth,
'Yet that of Fetter-lane exceeds them both,
'About a limb of a departed tup
'There may you see the green herbs boiling up, 110
'And fat abundance o'er the furnace float,
'Resembling whale oil in a Greenland boat
- 24 'The Kentish pippin's best, I dare be bold,
'That ever blue-cap costard-monger sold
- 25 'Of grapes, I like the raisins of the sun
'I was the first immortal glory won,
'By mincing pickled herrings with these raisin
'And apples, 'twas I set the world a-gazing,
'When once they tasted of this *Hogan* fish,
'Pepper and salt enamelling the dish 120
26. 'Tis ill to purchase great fish with great matter,
'And then to serve it up in scanty platter,
'Nor is it less unseemly, some believe,
'From boy with greasy fist drink to receive,
'But the cup foul within's enough to make
'A squeamish creature puke and turn up stomach

104 Ram-alley] The constantly cited street of coarse cook-shops

107 'Nativity' is no doubt 'Christmas', as in 'Nativity-pie' The reference is to 'plum-broth', the old Christmas dish, made of beef, prunes, raisins, currants, white bread, spices, wine, and sugar

114 It would be a pity not to keep the form 'costard-monger'

119 '*Hogan*' of course = 'Dutch' This, the only positive *recapitulation* in the poem would be a sort of salmagundy—not bad, but rather coarse, like most of the cookery of the time Flatman, had he cared, might evidently have anticipated the earlier Dr (not Bishop) King, who published his ingenious *Art of Cookery* in prose and verse (to be found in the ninth volume of Chalmers) some thirty years later

125-6 If 'within's' be extended to 'within is' we shall have in 'to-make' a pleasant Hudibrastic rhyme to 'stomach', which otherwise comes in but ill

A Character of a Belly-God

- 27 Then brooms and napkins and the Flanders tile
 These must be had too or the feast you spoil
 'Things little thought on and not very dear
 And yet how much they cost one in a year! 130
- 28 'Wouldst thou rub alabaster with hands sable
 'Or spread a diaper cloth on dirty table?
More cost more worship Come be à la mode
 'Embellish treat, as thou would do an ode
- HOR *O learnèd Sir how greedily I hear
 This elegant Diatribe of good cheer!
 Now by all that's good by all provant you love,
 By sturdy Chine of Beef and mighty Jove,
 I do conjure thy gravity let me see
 The man that made thee thus Discovery 140
 For he that sees th Original's more happy
 Than him that draws by an illfavour'd Copy
 O bring me to the man I so admire!
 The Flint from whence brake forth these sparks of fire
 What satisfaction would the Vision bring?
 If sweet the stream, much sweeter is the spring*

The Disappointed

PINDARIC ODE.

Stan a I

OFT have I ponder'd in my pensive heart
 When even from myself I've stoln away
 And heavily consider'd many a day
 The cause of all my anguish and my smart
 Sometimes besides a shady grove
 (As dark as were my thoughts as close as was my Love)
 Dejected have I walk'd alone
 Acquainting scarce myself with my own morn
 Once I resolv'd undauntedly to hear
 What twas my passions had to say 10
 To find the reason of that uproar there
 And calmly if I could to end the fray
 No sooner was my resolution known
 But I was all confusion
 Fierce Anger flattering Hope and black Despair
 Bloody Revenge and most ignoble Fear,
 Now altogether clamorous were
 My breast a perfect chaos grown

1 7 What the special use of Dutch tiles was I can only guess. For tankard stands?
 141-2 The plagiarism hunters may if they like accuse Sam Weller of stealing from
 Fltman when he observed 'I'm very gl'd I've seen the 'riginal cos it's a gratifyin
 sort of thing and eases one's mind so much

The Disappointed] In 1674 and in Contents of 1686 *The Disappointment*

Thomas Flatman

A mass of nameless things together hurl'd,
Like th' formless embryo of the unborn world, 20
Just as it's rousing from eternal night,
Before the great Creator said, *Let there be Light*

II

Thrice happy then are beasts, said I,
That underneath these pleasant coverts lie,
They only sleep, and eat, and drink,
They never meditate, nor think,
Or if they do, have not th' unhappy art
To vent the overflowings of their heart,
They without trouble live, without disorder die, 30
Regardless of Eternity
I said, I would like them be wise,
And not perplex myself in vain,
Nor bite th' uneasy chain,
No, no, said I, I will Philosophise!
And all th' ill-natur'd World despise
But when I had reflected long,
And with deliberation thought
How few have practis'd what they gravely taught,
(Tho' 'tis but folly to complain)
I judg'd it worth a generous disdain, 40
And brave defiance in Pindaric song

On Mrs E Montague's Blushing in the Cross-Bath

A TRANSLATION

I

AMIDST the Nymphs (the glory of the flood)
Thus once the beauteous Aegle stood,
So sweet a tincture ere the Sun appears,
The bashful ruddy morning wears
Thus through a crystal wave the coral glows,
And such a blush sits on the virgin rose

21 as] at 1674 27 unhappy] happy 1682 29 without disorder die, 1682

On Mrs E Montague, &c] Thus, though I do not know exactly who the lady was, may be taken with the Sandwich epicedes as evidence of Flatman's acquaintance with the Montague family. It is odd that Pepys does not mention him, especially as he does record buying the 'Montelion' Almanack for 1661, which has been attributed to our poet. The Cross-Bath is of course the famous one at Bath itself, which was then the most fashionable, and was visited and used by Pepys himself. It is now 'drawn to the dregs of a democracy'—a cheap public swimming-bath, at a penny entrance or twopence with towel. Flatman's comparison of a blushing cheek to a judge on the bench is worthy of Cleveland, or even of Benlowes. But the extravagance was doubtless, in part at least, conscious

On Mrs E Montague's Blushing, etc

II

Ye envied waters that with safety may
Around her snowy bosom play,
Cherish with gentle heat that noble breast
Which so much innocence has blest
Such innocence as hitherto ne'er knew
What mischief Venus or her son could do

10

Then from this hallow'd place
Let the profane and wanton eye withdraw
For Virtue clad in scarlet strikes an awe
From the tribunal of a lovely face

Il Infido

I BREATHE, tis true wretch that I am tis true
But if to live be only not to die,
If nothing in that bubble, Life be gay
But all t a tear must melt away,
Let fools and Stoics be cajold say I
Thou that lik'st Ease and Love like me
When once the world says Farewell both, to thee
What hast thou more to do
Than in disdain to say, Thou foolish world, adieu!

II

There was a time fool that I was! when I
Believ'd there might be something here below
A seeming cordial to my drooping heart
That might allay my bitter smart
I call'd it *Friend* —but O th inconstancy
Of human things! I tried it long
Its love was fervent and I fancied, strong
But now I plainly see
Or tis withdrawn or else twas all hypocrisy

10

III

I saw thy much-estranged eyes, I saw
False Musidore thy formal alter'd face,
When thou betray'dst my seeming happiness
And coldly tookst my kind address
But know that I will live, for in thy place
Heaven has provided for me now
A constant friend that dares not break a vow
That friend will I embrace
And never more my overweening love misplace
(361)

20

Thomas Flatman

Il Immaturo.

I PITAPH

BRAVE Youth, whose too too hasty fate
His glories did anticipate,
Whose active soul had laid the great design
To emulate those Heroes of his line !
He show'd the world how great a man
Might be contracted to a span ,
How soon our teeming expectations fail,
How little tears and wishes can prevail
Could life hold out with these supplies
He'd liv'd still in his parents' eyes,
And this cold stone had ne'er said, *Here he lies*

10

On Mrs. Dove, Wife to the Reverend Dr Henry Dove

I PITAPH

'Tis thus and thus farewell to all
Vain mortals do perfection call ,
To Beauty, Goodness, Modesty,
Sweet temper, and true Piety
The rest an Angel's pen must tell
Long, long, beloved Dust, farewell
Those blessings which we highest prize
Are soonest ravish'd from our eyes

Lucretius.

*Sed jam nec Domus accipiet te laeta, nec Uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Praeripere, et tacula pectus dulcedine tangant*

Paraphrased.

WHEN thou shalt leave this miserable life,
Farewell thy house, farewell thy charming wife,
Farewell for ever to thy soul's delight,
Quite blotted out in everlasting night !
No more thy pretty darling babes shall greet thee
By thy kind name, nor strive who first shall meet thee
Their kisses with a secret pleasure shall not move thee !
For who shall say to thy dead clay, I love thee ?

O, Mrs Dove, &c] Dr Henry Dove was a divine of some mark, chaplain (it must have been rather in the Vicar of Bray line) to Charles, James, and William, Arch-deacon of Richmond, and a strongly recommended candidate for the Mastership of Trinity, when young John Montague, Lord Sandwich's son, got it—*une natalum*, apparently, as he had previously got his M A degree

Thus from a foreign clime rich merchants come

On the Eminent Dr Edward Browne's Travels

THUS from a foreign clime rich merchants come,
And thus unlade their rarities at home
Thus undergo an acceptable toil
With treasures to enrich their native soil
They for themselves for others you unfold
A cargo swoln with diamonds and gold
With indefatigable travels they
The trading world the learn'd you survey,
And for renown with great Columbus vie,
In subterranean cosmography

10

On Poverty

I

O POVERTY! thou great and wise man's school!
Mistress of Arts! and scandal to the fool!
Heav'n's sacred badge which th' heroes heretofore
(Bright caravans of saints and martyrs) wore!
To th' Host Triumphant valiant souls are sent
From those we call the ragged regiment
Sure guide to everlasting peace above
Thou dost th' impediments remove
Th' unnecessary loads of wealth and state
Which make men swell too big for the strait gate

10

II

Thou happy port! where we from storms are free,
And need not fear (false world!) thy piracy
Hither for ease and shelter did retire
The busy Charles and wearied Casimire
Abjurd their thrones and made a solemn vow
Their radiant heads to thee should ever bow
Why should thy tents so terrible appear
Where monarchs reformadoes were?
Why should men call that state of life forlorn
Which God approves of, and which kings have borne?

20

III

Mad Luxury! what do thy vassals reap
From a life's long debauch but late to weep!
What the curs'd miser who would fain ape thee
And wear thy livery Great Poverty!

O: Dr Edward Browne's Travels] Edw rd Browne Sr Thomas's eldest son
ret rned in 1673 from five y ars wandering and Flatm n must have written on some
of his papers *H Travels* were first printed in 168

O: Poverty] 14 Charles] Of course Charles the Fifth Casimire] John Casimir of
Poland who had abd cat d in 1668 and di d in 1672

18 Reformadoes] Lit officers of a disbanded company, who reta ned their rank and
received half pay

Thomas Flatman

The prudent wretch for future ages cares,
And hoards up sins for his impatient heirs !
Full little does he think the time will come
When he is gone to his long home,
The prodigal youth for whom he took such pains
Shall be thy slave, and wear thy loathèd chains

30

IV.

Fair handmaid to Devotion, by whose aid
Our souls are all disrob'd, all naked laid,
In thy true mirror men themselves do see
Just what they are, not what they seem to be
The flattering world misrepresents our face,
And cheats us with a magnifying-glass,
Our meanness nothing else does truly show,
But only Death, but only thou,
Who teach our minds above this Earth to fly,
And pant, and breathe for immortality

40

Urania to her Friend Parthenissa

A DREAM

In a soft vision of the night,
My Fancy represented to my sight
A goodly gentle shade,
Methought it mov'd with a majestic grace,
But the surprising sweetness of its face
Made me amaz'd, made me afraid
I found a secret shivering in my heart,
Such as friends feel that meet or part
Approaching nearer with a timorous eye,
Is then my Parthenissa dead, said I ?
Ah Parthenissa ! if thou yet are kind,
As kind as when, like me, thou mortal wert,
When thou and I had equal share in either's heart,
How canst thou bear that I am left behind !
Dear Parthenissa ! O those pleasant hours,
That blest our innocent amours !
When in the common treasury of one breast,
All that was thine or mine did rest
Dear Parthenissa ! Friend ! what shall I say ?
Ah speak to thy Urania !
Oh envious Death ! nothing but thee I fear'd,
No other rival could estrange
Her soul from mine or make a change
Scarce had I spoke my passionate fears,
And overwhelm'd myself in tears
But Parthenissa smil'd, and then she disappear'd

10

20

31-40 A stanza added in 1686

As on his death-bed gasping Strephon lay

On the Death of the Earl of Rochester

PASTORAL

I

As on his death bed gasping Strephon lay
Strephon the wonder of the plains
The noblest of th' Arcadian swains
Strephon the bold the witty, and the gay
With many a sigh and many a tear he said
Remember me ye Shepherds when I'm dead

II

Ye trifling glories of this world adieu
And vain applauses of the age
For when we quit this earthly stage
Believe me shepherds for I tell you true
Those pleasures which from virtuous deeds we have
Procure the sweetest slumbers in the grave

III

Then since your fatal hour must surely come
Surely your heads lie low as mine,
Your bright meridian sun decline
Beseech the mighty Pan to guard you home
If to Elysium you would happy fly
I live not like Strephon but like Strephon die

In obitum illustrissimi ingeniosissimique Joannis Comitis Roffensis

Carmen Pastorale Versu Leonino redditum

I

*Lecto prostratus Strephon moribundus
Plantierum Strephon decus
Princeps curantium pecus
Audax facetus Strephon et jucundus
Iugens pastoribus sic est affatus
Memimini me cum migratus*

On the Death of the Earl of Rochester] Flatman it will be observed makes no reference to Burnet's notorious publication as to Rochester's death-bed repentance. As to the Latin version he strains the term *leonine* which ought properly to be used only of lines correctly metred or intended for metre but rhymed at middle and end (He had actually written such a *stroph* p. 353). But these verses added in 1686 are not uninteresting examples of Latin metred on English principles and rhymed in stanzas of the same class as Sir F. Hynastor's *Troilus* though in different form.

MS versions are in Bodley in Aubrey MS 6 fol 56 (with the variant head in l 14) and a worthless copy in MS Add B 105 fol 19

Thomas Flatman

II.

*Honores mundi fuitiles valete,
Plaudite ævi et fucata,
Mortali scenâ nam mutatâ,
Fidem veriloquo adhibete,
Voluptas profluens ex virtute
Solâ obdormiscit cum salute.*

10

III

*Cum nulla in mortem sit medela,
In terram capita cuncta incurvabunt,
Soles micantes declinabunt,
Pan supplicetor pro tutelâ
Beatorum ut recipiant chori
Strephon non doceat vivere sed mori*

On Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase on the Canticles

I

WELL! since it must be, so let it be,
For what do resolutions signify,
When we are urg'd to write by destiny?

II

I had resolv'd, nay, and I almost swore,
My bedrid Muse should walk abroad no more
Alas! 'tis more than time that I give o'er

III

In the recesses of a private breast
I thought to entertain your charming guest,
And never to have boasted of my feast

IV

But see, my friend, when through the world you go,
My lackey-verse must shadow-like pursue,
Thin and obscure, to make a foil for you

10

V

'Tis true, you cannot need my feeble praise,
A lasting monument to your name to raise,
Well known in Heav'n by your angelic lays

VI

There in indelible characters they are writ,
Where no pretended heights will easy sit,
But those of serious consecrated wit

On Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase] See above, p 306 These lines appeared before
A Paraphrase upon the Canticles, 1679, and were headed 'To my dear Old Friend, the
Reverend Dr Samuel Woodford, On his Sacred Poems'

On Dr Woodford's Paraphrase on the Canticles

VII

By immaterial defecated Love
Your soul its heavenly origin does approve 20
And in least dangerous raptures soars above

VIII

How could I wish dear friend! unsaid agen
(For once I rank'd myself with tuneful men)
Whatever dropp'd from my unhallow'd pen!

IX

The trifling rage of youthful heat once past
Who is not troubled for his wit misplac'd!
All pleasant follies breed regret at last

X

While reverend Donnes and noble Herbert's flame
A glorious immortality shall claim
In the most durable records of Fame 30

XI

Our modish rhymes like culinary fire
Unctuous and earthy shall in smoke expire,
In odorous clouds your incense shall aspire

XII

Let th Pagan world your pious verse defy
Yet shall they envy when they come to die
Your wiser projects on eternity

Laodamia to Protesilaus

ONE OF OVID'S EPISTLES TRANSLATED

THE ARGUMENT

Protesilaus lying wounded at Aulis in the Grecian fleet desir'd for the Trojan war his wife Laodamia send this following Epistle to him:

HEALTH to the gentle man of war and may
What Laodamia sends the Gods convey
The wind that still in Aulis holds my dear
Why was it not so cross to keep him here?
Let the wind raise an hurricane at sea
Were he but safe and warm ashore with me
Ten thousand kisses I had more to give him
Ten thousand cautions and soft words to leave him
In haste he left me summon'd by the wind
(The wind to barbarous mariners only kind) 10
The seaman's pleasure is the lover's pain
(Protesilaus from my bosom ta'en!)

21 approve 1679 1682 prove 1686

25-7 Referring to the comic touches noted above

Thomas Flatman

As from my faltering tongue half speeches fell,
Scarce could I speak that wounding word *Farewell*,
A merry gale (at sea they call it so)
Fill'd every sail with joy, my breast with woe,
There went my dear Protesilaus
While I could see thee, full of eager pain,
My greedy eyes epicuris'd on thine,
When thee no more, but thy spread sails I view, 20
I look'd, and look'd, till I had lost them too,
But when nor thee, nor them I could descry,
And all was sea that came within my eye,
They say (for I have quite forgot), they say
I straight grew pale, and fainted quite away,
Compassionate Iphiclus, and the good old man,
My mother too to my assistance ran,
In haste cold water on my face they threw,
And brought me to myself with much ado
They meant it well, 'to me it seem'd not so, 30
Much kinder had they been to let me go,
My anguish with my soul together came,
And in my heart burst out the former flame
Since which, my uncomb'd locks unheeded flow,
Undrest, forlorn, I care not how I go,
Inspir'd with wine, thus Bacchus' frolic rout
Stagger'd of old, and straggled all about
Put on, put on, the happy ladies say,
Thy royal robes, fair Laodamia
Alas! before Troy's walls my dear does lie, 40
What pleasure can I take in Tyrian dye?
Shall curls adorn my head, an helmet thine?
I in bright tissues, thou in armour shine?
Rather with studied negligence I'll be
As ill, if not disguis'd worse than thee
O Paris! rais'd by ruins! mayst thou prove
As fatal in thy war, as in thy love!
O that the Grecian Dame had been less fair,
Or thou less lovely hadst appear'd to her!
O Menelaus! timely cease to strive, 50
With how much blood wilt thou thy loss retrieve?
From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
And bring my dear, laden with laurels, home
But my heart fails me, when I think of war,
The sad reflection costs me many a tear
I tremble when I hear the very name
Of every place where thou shalt fight for fame,
Besides, th' adventurous ravisher well knew
The safest arts his villany to pursue,
In noble dress he did her heart surprise, 60
With gold he dazzled her unguarded eyes,
He back'd his rape with ships and arm'd men,
(368)

Laodamia to Protesilaus

Thus storm'd thus took the beauteous fortress in
Against the power of Love and force of arms
There's no security in the brightest charms

Hector I fear much do I Hector fear
A man (they say) experienced in war
My dear if thou hast any love for me
Of that same Hector prithee mindful be
Fly him be sure and every other foe
Lest each of them should prove an Hector too
Remember when for fight thou shalt prepare
Thy Laodamia charg'd thee Have a care
For what wounds thou receiv'st are giv'n to her
If by thy valour Troy must ruin'd be
May not the ruin leave one scar on thee,
Sharer in th' honour from the danger free!
Let Menelaus fight and force his way
Through the false ravishers troops t' his Helena
Great be his victory as his cause is good
May he swim to her in his enemies blood
Thy case is different—Mayst thou live to see
(Dearest) no other combatant but me!

70

80

Ye generous Trojans turn your swords away
From his dear breast find out a nobler prey
Why should you harmless Laodamia slay?
My poor good natur'd man did never know
What 'tis to fight or how to face a foe
Yet in Love's field what wonders can he do!
Great is his prowess and his fortune too,
Let them go fight who know not how to woo

90

Now I must own I fear'd to let thee go
My trembling lips had almost told thee so
When from thy father's house thou didst withdraw
Thy fatal stumble at the door I saw
I saw it sigh'd and pray'd the sign might be
Of thy return a happy prophecy!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my fear
Be not too brave,—Remember—Have a care
And all my dreads will vanish into air

100

Among the Grecians some one must be found
That first shall set his foot on Trojan ground
Unhappy she that shall his loss bewail
Grant O ye Gods thy courage then may fail

Of all the ships be thine the very last
Thou the last man that lands, there needs no baste
To meet a potent and a treacherous foe
Thou'lt land I fear too soon tho' neer so slow
At thy return ply every sail and oar
And nimbly leap on thy deserted shore

110

All the day long and all the lonely night
Black thoughts of thee my anxious soul affright

Thomas Flatman

Darkness, to other women's pleasures kind,
Augments, like Hell, the torments of my mind
I court e'en dreams, on my forsaken bed
False joys must serve, since all my true are fled
What's that same airy phantom so like thee!
What wailings do I hear, what paleness see?
I wake, and hug myself, 'tis but a dream
The Grecian altars know I feed their flame,
The want of hallow'd wine my tears supply,
Which make the sacred fire burn bright and high

120

When shall I clasp thee in these arms of mine,
These longing arms, and he dissolv'd in thine?
When shall I have thee by thyself alone,
To learn the wondrous actions thou hast done?
Which when in rapturous words thou hast begun
With many and many a kiss, prithee tell on,
Such interruptions grateful pauses are,
A kiss in story's but an halt in war

130

But, when I think of Troy, of winds and waves,
I fear the pleasant dream my hope deceives
Contrary winds in port detain thee too,
In spite of wind and tide why wouldst thou go?
Thus, to thy country thou wouldst hardly come,
In spite of wind and tide thou went'st from home
To his own city Neptune stops the way,
Revere the omen, and the Gods obey
Return, ye furious Grecians, homeward fly,
Your stay is not of Chance, but Destiny
How can your arms expect desir'd success,
That thus contend for an adulteress?

140

But, let not me forespeak you, no,—set sail,
And Heav'n befriend you with a prosperous gale!

Ye Trojans! with regret methinks I see
Your first encounter with your enemy,
I see fair Helen put on all her charms,
To buckle on her lusty bridegroom's arms,
She gives him arms, and kisses she receives,
(I hate the transports each to other gives)
She leads him forth, and she commands him come
Safely victorious, and triumphant home,
And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
But diligently do whate'er she say
Now he returns! see with what amorous speed
She takes the pond'rous helmet from his head,
And courts the weary champion to her bed

150

We women, too too credulous, alas!

Think what we fear will surely come to pass
Yet, while before the leaguer thou dost lie,
Thy picture is some pleasure to my eye,

160

129 grateful] graceful 1682

Laodamia to Protesilaus

That I caress in words most kind and free
And lodge it on my breast as I would thee.
There must be something in it more than Art
'Twere very thee could it thy mind impart,
I kiss the pretty Idol and complain
As if (like thee) twould answer me again
By thy return by thy dear self I swear,
By our Love's vows, which most religious are
By thy belovèd head and those gray hairs
Which time may on it snow in future years
I come where'er thy Fate shall bid thee go
Eternal partner of thy weal and woe
So thou but live, tho' all the Gods say No
Farewell—but prithee very careful be
Of thy belovèd Self (I mean) of me

1,0

To the Excellent Master of Music, Signor Pietro Reggio on His Book of Songs

Tho' to advance thy fame, full well I know
How very little my dull pen can do
Yet, with all deference I gladly wait,
Enthron'd amongst th' attendants on thy state
Thus when Arion by his friends betray'd
Upon his understanding Dolphin play'd
The scaly people their resentments show'd
By pleas'd levoltos on the wond'ring flood
Great Artist! thou deserv'st our loudest praise
From th' garland to the meanest branch of bays
For poets can but *Say*, thou mak'st them *Sing*
And th' embryo-words dost to perfection bring,
By us the Muse conceives but when that's done
Thy midwifery makes fit to see the Sun
Our naked lines drest and adorn'd by thee
Assume a beauty pomp and bravery,
So awful and majestic they appear
They need not blush to reach a Prince's ear
Princes tho' to poor poets seldom kind
Their numbers turn'd to air with pleasure mind.
Studied and labour'd tho' our poems be,
Alas! they die unheeded without thee
Whose art can make our breathless labours live,
Spirit and everlasting vigour give
Whether we write of *Heroes and of Kings*,
In Mighty Numbers Mighty Things

10

20

To Signor Pietro Reggio] First printed in *Songs of Signor Pietro Reggio* folio undated (but issued in 1680) Shadwell and Ayres also contributed to it. It had an engraved title page of Arion on a Dolphin (cf l 5) and was dedicated to the king (cf l 18)

8 Levoltos 1682 levaltoes 1686—both variants of the form lavolta'

Thomas Flatman

Or in a humble Ode express our sense
Of th' happy state of ease and innocence,
A country life where the contented swain
Hugs his dear peace, and does a crown disdain;
Thy dext'rous notes with all our thoughts comply,
Can creep on Earth, can up to Heaven fly,
In heights and cadences, so sweet, so strong,
They suit a shepherd's reed, an angel's tongue
But who can comprehend
The raptures of thy voice, and miracles of thy hand?

Epitaph on the Incomparable Sir John King in the Temple-Church.

*Hæc juxta jacet
Johannes King Miles,
Serenissimo Carolo Secundo
In Legibus Angliæ Consultus,
Illustrissimo Jacobo Duci Eboracensi
Sollicitator Generalis*

*Qualis, Quantusve sis, Lector,
Profundum obstupesces,
Labia digitis comprime,
Oculos lachrymis suffunde
En! ad pedes tuos
Artis et Naturæ suprema Conamina,
Fatorum Ludibria!
Non ita pridem
Erat Iste Pulvis omnifariam Doctus,
Musarum Gazophylacium,
Eloquentiam calluit, claram, puram, innocuam,
Legibus suæ Patriæ erat instructissimus,
Suis charus, Principibus gratus, Omnibus urbanus,
Sui sæculi
Ornamentum illustre, Desiderium irreparabile
Hinc disce Lector,
Quantilla Mortalitatis Gloria
Splendidissimis decoratae Dolibus*

*Dulcem soporem agite
Dilecti, Eruditi, Beati Cineres!*

Obiit Junii 29, 1677
Aetat 38

Epitaph on the Incomparable Sir John King] This 'incomparable' was an Etonian and a Cambridge (Queens' College) man, who became K C and Attorney-General to the Duke of York

A first draft is in the Ashmole MS 826 (fol 50) of the Bodleian Ll 1-6 are at the end of the epitaph, and add a touch of bathos—'Et Interioris Templi Socius'—and the date—'Obiit tercio Calendarum Julii, Anno Æræ Christianæ', 1677, Ætatis 38' In l 8 the reading is 'obmutesce' The 1682 has the simple heading 'In the Temple Church', and reads 'decorata' in l 24.

Unhappy Muse! employed so oft

On the Death of my dear Brother Mr Richard Flatman

PINDARIC ODE

Stan a I

UNHAPPY Muse! employ'd so oft
On melancholy thoughts of Death
What hast thou left so tender and so soft
As thy poor master fain would breath
O'er this lamented hearse?
No usual flight of fancy can become
My sorrows o'er a brother's tomb
O that I could be elegant in tears
That with conceptions not unworthy thee
Great as thy merit, vigorous as thy years
I might convey thy elegy
To th grief and envy of posterity!
A gentler youth neer crown'd his parents cares
Or added ampler joy to their grey hairs
Kind to his friends to his relations dear
Easy to all—Alas! what is there here
For man to set his heart upon
Since what we dote on most is soonest gone?
At me! I've lost a sweet companion
A friend a brother all in one!

10

0

II

How did it chill my soul to see thee lie
Struggling with pangs in thy last agony!
When with a manly courage thou didst brave
Approaching Death and with a steady mind
(Ever averse to be confin'd)
Didst triumph o'er the Grave
Thou mad'st no womanish moan,
But scorn'dst to give one groan
He that begs pity is afraid to die,
Only the brave despise their destiny
But when I call to mind how thy kind eyes
Were passionately fix'd on mine
How when thy faltering tongue gave o'er
And I could hear thy pleasing voice no more
How when I laid my cheek to thine
Kiss'd thy pale lips and press'd thy trembling hand
Thou in return smil'dst gently in my face
And hugg'dst me with a close embrace,
I am amaz'd I am unmann'd

30

On the death of Mr Richard Flatman } I know nothing of Richard Flatman
would seem to have been a younger brother 4 breath] Cf p 315 note
19 Al 1682—a form found on p 313 l 32 and p 315 l 41 Ah 1686

He

Thomas Flatman

Something extremely kind I fain would say,
But through the tumult of my breast,
With too officious love oppress,
I find my feeble words can never force their way

III.

Belov'd youth! What shall I do!
Once my delight, my torment now!
How immaturely art thou snatch'd away!
But Heaven shines on thee with many a glorious ray
Of an unclouded and immortal day,
Whilst I lie grovelling here below
In a dark stormy night
The blust'ring storm of Life with thee is o'er,
For thou art landed on that happy shore,
Where thou canst hope or fear no more,
Thence with compassion thou shalt see
The plagues, the wars, the fires, the scarcity,
The devastations of an enemy,
From which thy early fate has set thee free,
For when thou went'st to thy long home,
Thou wert exempt from all the ills to come,
And shalt hereafter be
Spectator only of the tragedy
Acted on frail mortality
So some one lucky mariner
From shipwreck sav'd by a propitious star,
Advanc'd upon a neighb'ring rock looks down,
And sees far off his old companions drown

IV

There in a state of perfect ease,
Of never interrupted happiness,
Thy large illuminated mind
Shall matter of eternal wonder find,
There dost thou clearly see how, and from whence
The stars communicate their influence,
The methods of th' Almighty Architect,
How He consulted with Himself alone
To lay the wondrous corner-stone,
When He this goodly fabric did erect
There, thou dost understand
The motions of the secret hand,
That guides th' invisible wheel,
Which here, we ne'er shall know, but ever feel,
There Providence, the vain man's laughing-stock,
The miserable good-man's stumbling-block,
Unfolds the puzzling riddle to thy eyes,
And its own wise contrivance justifies
What timorous man wouldn't be pleas'd to die,
To make so noble a discovery?

On the Death of my dear Brother, etc

V

And must I take my solemn leave
Till time shall be no more!
Can neither sighs nor tears nor prayers retrieve
One cheerful hour!
Must one unlucky moment sever
Us and our hopes, us and our joys for ever!—
Is this cold clod of Earth that endeared thing
I lately did my Brother call?
Are these the artful fingers that might vie
With all the sons of harmony
And overpower them all!
Is this the studious comprehensive head
With curious arts so richly furnished!
Alas! thou and thy glories all are gone
Buried in darkness and oblivion
'Tis so—and I must follow thee
Yet but a little while and I shall see thee
Yet but a little while I shall be with thee
Then some kind friend perhaps may drop one tear for me

Coridon on the death of his dear Alexis *ob Jan 28 1682*

PASTORAL SONG Set by Dr BLOW

ALEXIS! dear Alexis! lovely boy!
O my Damon! O Palaemon! snatch'd away,
To some far distant region gone
Has left the miserable Coridon
Bereft of all his comforts all alone!
Have you not seen my gentle lad
Whom every swain did love
Cheerful when every swain was sad,
Beneath the melancholy grove?

[*Coridon &c*] This and the following poems (pp 375 407) were added in the collected edition of 1686 Alexis is no doubt the Thomas Flatman whose epitaph by his father is printed on p 414 This and the following poem were sent to Sancroft with the accompanying letter preserved in Tanner MS xxxiv (fol 235) of the Bodleian —
My Lord

The first Page of the enclosed Paper is the result of his Majesty and yo^r Grace's Commaunds & the Second of my owne uneasy thoughts on the Death of my beloved Child who carried yo^r Grace's blessing with him into the other World The severity of the Weather has delay'd Both much longer than became the bounden Duty of
My Lord

Yo^r Grace's most obedient Servant
& meanest Kinsman

THOMAS FLATMAN

January 9
1682
The autograph copies of the two poems are in Tanner MS 306 folios 391 and 392
The variants in this poem are —11 Broke] Sprung 13 His (ye) 'Tis He 19 shall] can
After the poem Flatman has quoted 'Immodicus brevis est aetas & rara Senectus

Thomas Flatman

His face was beauteous as the dawn of day, 10
Broke through the gloomy shades of night
O my anguish! my delight!
Him (ye kind shepherds) I bewail,
Till my eyes and heart shall fail
'Tis *He* that's landed on that distant shore,
And you and I shall see him here no more
Return, Alexis! O return!
Return, return, in vain I cry,
Poor Coridon shall never cease to mourn
'Tis too untimely, cruel destiny 20
Farewell for ever, charming boy!
And with *Thee*, all the transports of my joy!
Ye powers above, why should I longer live,
To waste a few uncomfortable years,
To drown myself in tears,
For what my sighs and pray'rs can ne'er retrieve?

A Song on New-Year's-day before the King, Car 2

Set by DR BLOW 1682

My trembling song! awake! arise!
And early tell thy tuneful tale,
Tell thy great Master, that the Night is gone,
The feeble phantoms disappear,
And now the New-Year's welcome Sun
O'erspreads the eastern skies,
He smiles on every hill, he smiles on every vale
His glories fill our hemisphere,
Tell Him Apollo greets Him well,
And with his fellow Wanderers agrees 10
To reward all His labours, and lengthen His days,
In spite of the politic follies of Hell,
And vain contrivance of the destinies
Tell Him, a Crown of Thorns no more
Shall His sacred temples gore,
For all the rigours of His life are o'er
Wondrous Prince! design'd to show
What noble minds can bravely undergo,
You are our wonder, you our love,
Earth from beneath, Heaven from above, 20

A Song] 10 'Wanderers' after 'Apollo' may give a moment's pause Then one translates the English into Greek and the Greek into English, obtaining 'Planets' and 'Sun'

13 Not in the early autograph copy sent to Sancroft (see previous poem)

14 A little risky in its loyalty Expressions in the piece suggest the Rye-House Plot and its failure, but this was in the March *after* New-Year's Day, 1682

16 all] now *MS* life] Fate *MS*

A Song on New-Year's-day before the King

Call loud for songs of triumph and of praise
Their voices and their souls they raise
 To IAEAN do we sing
Long live long live the King!
Rise mighty Monarch and ascend the Throne
 Tis yet once more your own
For Lucifer and all his legions are oerthrown
Son of the Morning first born Son of Light
 How wert thou tumbled headlong down
Into the dungeons of eternal night!
While th loyal stars of the celestial quire
 Surrounded with immortal beams
Mingle their unpolluted flames
 Their just Creator to admire
With awful reverence they adore Him
Cover their faces and fall down before Him,
 And night and day for ever sing
Hosannah, Hallelujah to th Almighty King!

30

On the King's return to White hall after his Summer's Progress 1684

SONG Set to MR HENRY PURCELL.

FROM those serene and rapturous joys
A country life alone can give
Exempt from tumult and from noise
Where Kings forget the troubles of their reigns
And are almost as happy as their humble swains
 By feeling that *they* live
Behold th indulgent Prince is come
To view the conquests of His mercy shown
To the new Proselytes of His mighty town
And men and angels bid Him welcome home
Not with an helmet or a glittering spear
 Does He appear
He boast[s] no trophies of a cruel conqueror
Brought back in triumph from a bloody war,
 But with an olive branch adorn'd
As once the long expected Dove return'd
 Welcome as soft refreshing show'rs
That raise the sickly heads of drooping flow'rs
 Welcome as early beams of light
 To the benighted traveller
When he descries bright Phosphorus from afar,
And all his fears are put to flight
Welcome more welcome does He come
Than life to Lazarus from his drowsy tomb

10

20

23 And IO PAEAN jointly sing MS 32 immortal] augmented US

Thomas Flatman

When in his winding-sheet, at his new birth,
The strange surprising word was said—Come forth!
Nor does the Sun more comfort bring,
When he turns Winter into Spring,
Than the blest advent of a peaceful King

Chorus

With trumpets and shouts we receive the World's Wonder, 30
And let the clouds echo His welcome with thunder,
Such a thunder as applauded what mortals had done,
When they fix'd on His brows His Imperial Crown.

To Mr Isaac Walton, on his Publication of *Thealma*

LONG had the bright *Thealma* lain obscure,
Her beauteous charms that might the world allure,
Lay like rough diamonds, in the mine, unknown,
By all the sons of folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely face,
And gave her vigour to exert her rays
Happy old man, whose worth all mankind knows,
Except thyself, who charitably shows
The ready road to Virtue and to Praise,
The way to many long and happy days, 10
The noble art of generous Piety,
And how to compass an Euthanasy!
Hence did he learn the skill of living well,
The bright *Thealma* was his oracle,
Inspir'd by Her, he knows no anxious cares
In near a century of happy years,
Easy he lives, and easy shall he lie
On the soft bosom of Eternity
As long as Spenser's noble flames shall burn,
And deep devotion shall attend his urn, 20
As long as Chalkhill's venerable name
With humble emulation shall enflame
Posterity, and fill the rolls of fame,
Your memory shall ever be secure,
And long beyond our short-liv'd praise endure,
As Phidias in Minerva's shield did live,
And shar'd that immortality he alone could give

To Mr Isaac Walton] For *Thealma* [and *Clearchus*] itself, and the problems attending it, see vol II

7 Walton published the poem in his ninetieth year and died soon after

19 Chalkhill was, said Izaak, an 'acquaintant' of Spenser

My dear Castara, t'other day

Pastoral Dialogue

CASTARA AND PARTHENIA

Parthenia

My dear Castara t'other day
I heard an ancient shepherd say
Alas for me! my time draws nigh
And shortly, shortly I must die!
What meant the man? for lo! apace
Torrents of tears ran down his face

Castara

Poor harmless maid! why wouldst thou know
What, known must needs create thee woe?
'Twill cloud the sunshine of thy days
And in thy soul such trouble raise
Thoult grieve and tremble and complain,
And say that all thy beauty's vain

10

Parthenia

Ah me! sure 'tis some dreadful thing
That can so great disorder bring
Yet tell me prithee tell me do
For tis some ease the worst to know

Castara

To die Parthenia, is to quit
The World and the Sun's glorious light
To leave our flocks and fields for ever
To part and never meet again O never!
After that cruel hideous hour
Thou and I shall sing no more
In the cold Earth they will thee lay
And what thou dotst on shall be clay

20

Parthenia

Alas! why will they use me so
A virgin that no evil do?

Castara

Roses wither turtles die
Fair and kind as thou and I

Chorus amb

Then since tis appointed to the dust we must go
Let us innocently live and virtuously do
Let us love let us sing tis no matter tis all one
If our lamps be extinguish'd at midnight or noon
(379)

30

Thomas Flatman

Castabella Going to Sea.

SONG. Set by MR JAMES HART.

I

HARK, hark! methinks I hear the seamen call,
The boist'rous seamen say,
Bright Castabella, come away!
The wind sits fair, the vessel's stout and tall,
Bright Castabella, come away!
For Time and Tide can never stay

II

Our mighty Master Neptune calls aloud,
The Zephyrs gently blow,
The Tritons cry, You are too slow,
For every Sea-nymph of the glittering crowd
Has garlands ready to throw down
When you ascend your wat'ry throne

10

III

See, see! she comes, she comes, and now adieu!
Let's bid adieu to shore,
And to all we fear'd before,
O Castabella! we depend on you,
On you our better fortunes lay,
Whose eyes and voice the winds and seas obey

On the Death of my worthy friend Mr John Oldham

PINDARIC PASTORAL ODE

Stanza I

UNDOUBTEDLY 'tis thy peculiar fate,
Ah miserable Astragon!
Thou art condemn'd alone
To bear the burthen of a wretched life,
Still in this howling wilderness to roam,
Whilst all thy bosom friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below

Castabella Going to Sea] There was a Philip Hart in the next generation who was a composer, and perhaps James was his father, for the less reputed and more professional arts like music, painting, engraving, dancing, &c tended to be hereditary in those days

17 Byron might have alleged Flatman's practice, in the same context of sea piece, for the too celebrated 'There let him lay' But the correct use is possible

On the Death of Mr John Oldham] Oldham died in 1683

Alexis seems to be Richard Flatman, Oldham Menalcas, the poet himself
Astragon It is curious that the printers—and perhaps even the writers—of this time

On the Death of Mr John Oldham

Thy dear Alexis wouldn't stay
 Joy of thy life and pleasure of thine eyes
 Dear Alexis went away 10
 With an invincible surprise
 Th' angelic youth early disliked this state
 And innocently yielded to his fate,
 Never did soul of a celestial birth
 Inform a purer piece of earth
 O! that twere not in vain
 To wish what's past might be retriev'd again!
 Thy dotage thy Alexis then
 Had answer'd all thy vows and prayers
 And crown'd with pregnant joys thy silver hairs 20
 Lov'd to this day amongst the living sons of men

II

And thou my friend hast left me too
 Menalcas! poor Menalcas! even thou!
 Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke
 In the records of her eternal book
 Whose disregarded worth ages to come
 Shall wail with indignation o'er thy tomb
 Worthy wert thou to live as long as Vice
 Should need a satire that the frantic age
 Might tremble at the lash of thy poetic rage 30
 In untutor'd world in after times
 May live uncensur'd for their crimes
 Freed from the dreads of thy reforming pen
 Turn to old Chaos once again
 Of all th' instructive bards whose more than Theban lyre
 Could salvage souls with manly thoughts inspire
 Menalcas worthy was to live
 Tell me ye mournful swains
 Say you his fellow shepherds that survive
 Has my ador'd Menalcas left behind 40
 On all these pensive plains
 A gentler shepherd with a braver mind?
 Which of you all did more majestic show
 Or wore the garland on a sweeter brow?

III

But wayward Astragon resolves no more
 The death of his Menalcas to deplore
 The place to which he wisely is withdrawn
 Is altogether blest

were so besotted with apostrophation as even to use it when the full value is
 metrically necessary as here it wouldn't which must be wouldn't to scan

These lines were first printed before *Remains of Mr John Oldham* 11 *Verse as it*
Prose 1684 The chief variations are

8 wouldn't) would not 12 angelic] Angel like 13 innocently yielded]
 cheerfully submitted 29 satire] In original as often Satyr

Thomas Flatman

There, no clouds o'erwhelm his breast,
 No midnight cares shall break his rest, 50
 For all is everlasting cheerful dawn
 The Poets' charming bliss,
 Perfect ease and sweet recess,
 There shall he long possess.
 The treacherous world no more shall him deceive,
 Of hope and fortune he has taken leave,
 And now in mighty triumph does he reign
 O'er the unthinking rabble's spite
 (His head adorn'd with beams of light)
 And the dull wealthy fool's disdain 60
 Thrice happy he, that dies the Muses' friend,
 He needs no obelisk, no pyramid
 His sacred dust to hide,
 He needs not for his memory to provide,
 For well he knows his praise can never end

On Sir John Micklethwaite's Monument

in S Botolphs-Aldersgate-Church, London

M S

*Hic juxta spe plenâ resurgendi situm est
 Depositum mortale*

*JOANNIS MICKLETHWAITE Equitis,
 Serenissimo Principi Carolo II a Medicinâ,
 Qui cum primis solertissimus, fidissimus, felicissimus,
 In Collegio Medicorum Londinensium
 Lustrum integrum et quod excurrit
 Praesidis Provinciam dignissimè ornavit
 Et tandem emenso actatis tranquillae stadio, 10
 Pietate sincerâ,
 Inconcussâ vitae integritate,
 Benignâ morum suavitatem,
 Sparsâ passim Philanthropiâ
 Spectabilis,
 Miserorum Asylum,
 Maritus optimus,*

50 shall] can

Lines 52 and 54 form one long line, followed by 53, which reads 'soft recess
 lines 58 and 59 are transposed

65 For well he knows] For he might well foresee

On Sir John Micklethwaite's Monument, &c] Micklethwaite (1612-82) was President
 of the College of Physicians 1676-81 (*lustrum integrum*)

8 *Et quod excurrit* is a technical Latin phrase in scientific post-classical writers for
 'and more', 'above'

10 *emenso . . stadio*] The exact threescore years and ten

On Sir John Micklethwaite's Monument

Parens indulgentissimus
Suorum luctus
Bonorum omnium Amor et Deliciae
Septuagenarius senex,
Coelo maturus,
Fato non invitus cessit
IV kal Augusti Anno salutis MDCLXXXII
Caetera loquantur
Languentium deploranda suspiria
Viduarum ac Orphanorum
Propter amissum Patronum profundi genitus
Pauperumque,
Nudorum jam atque esurientium
Importuna Viscera
Monumenta hoc nitidius longe perenniora
Maerens posuit pietissima Conjux

20

30

M S

Hec juxta jacet

THOMAS ROCK Armig Salopiensis

Vita functus Januari 3 Aetat 62 1678

En Lector!

Cinerem non vulgarem
Virum vere magnum
Si prisca fides pietasque primæva,
Si amicitiae foedera strictissima
Si pectus candidum et sincerum,
Ac integerrima Vita,
Virum vere magnum constare poterint
En hominem Cordatum!
Calamitosæ Majestatis
(Furente nuptera perduellium rabie)
Strenuum assertorem
Obstinatum Vindicem!
En animæ generosæ quantillum Ergastulum!
O charum Deo Depositum!
Vestrum undequaquam Inopes
Vestrum quocunque Viri præstantiores
Dolorem inconsolabilem
Desiderium in omne ævum irreparabile!

10

o

33 p ent ssima] The usual form for inscriptions, though puss mus (in spite of Cero s condemnation) was used elsewhere

Thomas Rock] I know not Thomas Rock Esq His Royalism (ll 10-13) was befitting a Salopian

Thomas Flatman

On the Death of the Illustrious Prince Rupert

PINDARIC ODE.

Stanza I

MAN surely is not what he seems to be,
Surely ourselves we overrate,
Forgetting that like other creatures, we
Must bend our heads to Fate
Lord of the whole Creation, MAN
(How big the title shows!)
Trifles away a few uncertain years,
Cheated with hopes, and rack'd with fears,
Through all Life's little span,
Then down to silence and to darkness goes,
And when we die, the crowd that trembling stood
Erewhile struck with the terror of a nod,
Shake off their wonted reverence with their chains,
And at their pleasure use our poor remains
Ah, mighty Prince!
Whom lavish Nature and industrious Art
Had fitted for immortal Fame,
Their utmost bounty could no more impart,
How comes it that thy venerable name
Should be submitted to my theme?
Unkindly baulk'd by the prime skilful men,
Abandon'd to be sullied by so mean a pen!
Tell me, ye skilful men, if you have read
In all the fair memorials of the Dead,
A name so formidably great,
So full of wonders, and unenvi'd love,
In which all virtues and all graces strove,
So terrible, and yet so sweet,
Show me a star in Honour's firmament,
(Of the first magnitude let it be)
That from the darkness of this World made free,
A brighter lustre to this World has lent
Ye men of reading, show me one
That shines with such a beam as His
Rupert's a constellation
Outvies Arctuius, and the Pleiades

10

20

30

On the Death of Prince Rupert] First printed in folio, 1683, there are two trivial changes in the text—'Blest Martyr baptized', l 87, and 'Diadems', l 128. That both the English and the Latin of these poems are Flatman's, despite the *Authore Anonymo* of the latter, is a conclusion which I shall give up at once on production of any positive evidence to the contrary, but shall hold meanwhile. Rupert's love for the Arts would of itself attract Flatman, and he hints at this in ll 16 and 65.

21 The 'prime skilfulness' may glance at Dryden—there were few others who were primely skilful at funeral odes or any other in 1682. But Rupert had kept aloof from Court for years.

On the Death of Prince Rupert

And if the Julian Star of old outshone
The lesser fires as much as them the Moon
Postenty perhaps will wonder why

An hero more divine than he
Should leave (after his Apotheosis)
No gleam of light in all the Galaxy
Bright as the Sun in the full blaze of noon

49

III

How shall my trembling Muse thy praise rehearse?
Thy praise too lofty ev'n for Pindar's verse!

Whence shall she take her daring flight

That she may soar aloft

In numbers masculine and soft

In numbers adequate

To thy renown's celestial height!

If from thy noble pedigree

The royal blood that sparkled in thy veins

A low plebeian eulogy disdains

And he blasphemes that meanly writes of thee

If from thy martial deeds she boldly rise

And sing thy valiant infancy

Rebellious Britain after felt full well

Thou from thy cradle wert a miracle

Swaddled in armour drums appeas'd thy cries

And the shrill trumpet sung thy lullabies

The babe Alcides thus gave early proof

In the first dawning of his youth

When with his tender hand the snakes he slew

What monsters in his riper years he would subdue

59

69

IV

Great Prince in whom Mars and Minerva join'd

Their last efforts to frame a mighty mind

A pattern for brave men to come design'd

How did the rebel troops before thee fly!

How of thy genius stand in awe!

When from the sulphurous cloud

Thou in thunder gav'st aloud

Thy dreadful law

To the presumptuous enemy

In vain their traitorous ensigns they display'd

In vain they fought in vain they pray'd,

At thy victorious arms dismay'd

Till Providence for causes yet unknown

Causes mysterious and deep

Conniv'd awhile as if asleep

And seem'd its dear Anointed to disown

89

74 6 Orig 'displaid and dismayd but not 'pra d
(385) c c

III

Thomas Flatman

The prosperous villany triumph'd o'er the Crown,
And hurl'd the best of monarchs from his Throne
O tell it not in Gath, nor Ascalon!
The best of monarchs fell by impious power,
Th' unspotted Victim for the guilty bled
He bow'd, he fell, there where he bow'd he fell down dead,
Baptiz'd Blest Martyr in his sacred gore

V.

Nor could those tempests in the giddy State,
O mighty Prince, thy loyalty abate
Though put to flight, thou fought'st the Parthian way, 90
And still the same appear'dst to be
Among the beasts and scaly fry,
A Behemoth on land and a Leviathan at sea,
Still wert thou brave, still wert thou good,
Still firm to thy allegiance stood
Amidst the foamings of the popular flood
(Cato with such a constancy of mind,
Espous'd that cause which all his Gods declin'd)
Till gentler stars amar'd to see
Thy matchless and undaunted bravery, 100
Blush'd and brought back the murdered Father's Son,
Lest thou shouldst plant him in th' Imperial Throne,
Thou with thy single hand alone
He that forgets the glories of that day,
When CHARLES the Merciful return'd,
Ne'er felt the transports of glad Sion's Joy,
When she had long in dust and ashes mourn'd
He never understood with what surprise
She open'd her astonish'd eyes
To see the goodly fabric of the second Temple rise 110

VI

When CHARLES the Merciful his entrance made
The day was all around serene,
Not one ill-boding cloud was seen
To cast a gloomy shade
On the triumphal cavalcade
In that, his first, and happy scene,

90-4 A rather ingenious handling of those adventurous and almost heroic cruises of Rupert's with the remnant of the Royalist fleet which some have unkindly (and in strictness quite unjustifiably) called 'buccaneering' or 'piratical'

111-29 One would have expected, instead of the banal laudation of Charles, something about Rupert's share in the Dutch wars, and his occupations in chemistry, engraving, &c But there was perhaps some ox on Flatman's tongue (for the Prince had not been fortunate at the last in fight), and, besides, all these later poems show a want of the spirit and the verve which is by no means wanting in the earlier The words to Woodford (*v sup*, p 367) were rather too well justified

On the Death of Prince Rupert

The Powrs above foretold his halcyon reign
In which, like them he evermore should prove
The kindest methods of Almighty Love
And when black crimes his justice should constrain 130
His pious breast should share the criminals pain
Fierce as the Lion can he be and gentle as the Dove
Here stop my Muse—the rest let Angels sing
Some of those Angels who with constant care
To His Pavilion near attendants are
A life guard giv'n him by th Omnipotent King
Th Omnipotent King whose character he bears
Whose diadem on Earth he wears,
And may he wear it long for many many years

VII

And now (illustrious Ghost!) what shall we say? 10
What tribute to thy precious memory pay?
Thy death confounds and strikes all sorrows dumb
Kingdoms and empires make their moan
Rescud by thee from desolation,
In pilgrimage hereafter shall they come
And make their offerings before thy tomb
Great Prince so fear'd abroad and so ador'd at home
Joves Bird that durst of late confront the Sun
And in the wanton German banners play'd
Now hangs her wing and droops her head, 140
Now recollects the battles thou hast won
And calls too late to thee for aid
All Christendom deplores the loss
Whilst bloody Mahomet like a whirlwind flies
And insolently braves the ill befriended cross
Europe in blood, and in confusion lies
Thou in an easy good old age
Remov'd from this tumultuous stage
Sleepst unconcern'd at all its rage
Secure of Fame and from Detraction free 150
He that to greater happiness would attain
Or towards Heavn would swifter fly
Must be much more than mortal man
And never condescend to die

Dec 13 1682

Thomas Flatman

Poema in Obitum Illustrissimi Principis Ruperti

Latine Redditum

Non carmine Pindarico (ut illud) sed, (ut vocatur,)

Lapidario

(Quod est medium inter Oratoriam et Poesin)

Vide sis Emanuelem Thesaurum, in Patriarchis

AUTHORE ANONYMO

I

*Proculdubio non sumus quod videmur,
Et nosmet ipsos aequo plus aestimamus,
Oblii quod, veluti Creatis omnibus,
Et nobis etiam Fato succumbendum
Homo, totius Terrarum Orbis Dominus,
(Heu quam superbe, quam fastuose sonat!)
Paucos et incertos illudit annos,
Nunc spe deceptus, nunc metu cruciatus,
Per angustum Vitae curriculum,
Tandem ad taciturnas labitur Tenebras
Et quando morimur, quam cito Turba tremula,
Jaundudum Nutus terrore percita,
Venerationem solitam (cum Catenis) exiunt
Et ad libitum despectas tractant Reliquias
Potentissime Princeps!
Quem prodiga Natura, et Ars industria
Ad celebritatem immortalem adaptâssent,
Cui plus addere non valuit ipsius ultima Benignitas,
Unde venit quod Nomen tuum Venerandum
Thematî meo prostitueretur?
Per Viros Doctiores ingrâte neglectum,
Et indoctâ meâ Musâ delineari relictum!*

10

20

II.

*Dicite mihi, Viri peritiores, si legistis
In pulchris Mortuorum Catalogis
Nomen adeo formidatè Magnum,
Tantis Mirâchis et inaemulo amore refertum,
In quo omnes Charites & Virtutes concertârunt
Adeo terribile, et adeo dulce Nomen
Ostendite mihi Stellam in Firmamento Honoris
(Sit etiam Primæ Magnitudinis)
Quae a tenebris hujus Mundi crepta
Majorem Mundo fulgorem praestitit,*

30

Poema in Obitum, &c] Heading 'Vide sis' = *vide, si vis Emanuel, &c*] Pepys read his 'new Emanuel Thesaurus [*Tesausfro*] Patriarchae' on Jan 23, 1668. It was a genealogy of Christ and a very popular book
22 *delineari*] *deliniri* in the text 'Fidelitâti' in l 95 should be the ablative. In 63 'teneribus manibus' was probably a printer's blunder, but the author must be credited with such erroneous forms as 'sentivit' and 'lugisset'

Poema in Obitum, etc

O Viri eruditi astendite mihi unam,
Quae tum splendida Radio effulget
Auspertus est Constellatio—
Praelucens Arcturum et Pleiades
Et si olim Stella Juliana praefulsit
Ignes riuores quantum illos Luna
Posteritas forsitan mirabitur, quare
Hic illo multa Diviniar
Nullum (post ejus Apotheosin)
In Galixii jubar relinqueret
Sole clarius Meridionali

40

III

Qua facta Musa mea tremens laudes tuas recitabit?
Laudes tuas etiam Perdari Carmine excelsiores!
Unde volatum sumet audacem
Ut in altum sublevetur
In Numeris Masculis et Blandis,
In numeris adaequatis
Coelesti Famae tuae sublimitati?
Si a Nobili tua Genealogia
Sanguis Regalis in Versis tuis scintillans
Humilem et Plebeiam dedignatur Eulogiam
(Nam de Te modice loquens Blasphemat)
Si a claris Hellicis facinoribus incipiet
Et Virilia incunabula decantet
Rebellis jamdudum sentit Britannia,
Quantis Mirardis Cunae tuae claruere
Loricis fasciatus Tympana lachrymas demulserunt
Et Tubarum clangores saninum allicierunt
Sic olim Alcides praematurum dedit specimen
In primo Infantiae Diluculo
Angues teneris collidens manibus
Qualia in aetate prorecta superaret Monstra

0

60

IV

Auguste Princeps in quo Mars et Minerva suas
Vires contulere ingentem formare Animum
Praeclaris I asteris in I xenplar desinatum
Quoties Turmae Rebelles coram te profugerunt
Geni tui Numine terrefactae?
Cum de Nube Sulphurea
Fulminibus dedisti sonaris
Leges tuas tremendas
Perduellibus insolentibus
Frustra vexilla explicarunt perfida
Frustra pugnarunt frustra fuderunt preces
Armis tuis Victricibus attonitae

0

Thomas Flatman

*Donec Superi, causis adhuc incognitis,
Causis secretis et profundis
Connivere paulisper, quasi obdormientes,
Et peramatum Christum suum dereliquisse videbantur* 80
*In Coronam triumphavit prosperum Nefas
Et Regum optimum a Solio deturbavit,
Ne annuntius hoc in Gath aut Ascalon,
Monarcharum optimus impiâ vi corruit,
Immaculata Victima pro Sontibus fudit sanguinem,
Inclinavit se, cecidit, ubi inclinaverat cecidit mortuus
Martyr beatus in Sacro suo Cruore Baptisatus.*

V

*Nec valuerunt Turbines in Anarchiâ istâ vertiginosâ,
Invictè Princeps, fidelitatem tuam vibrare,
Nam retrocedens pugnasti more Parthico,* 90
*Et semper Idem remansisti,
Inter pecora, et pisces squamosas,
In terrâ Behemoth, in mari Leviathan
Infractus adhuc et adhuc Bonus
Fidelitati firmiter perseverasti
Inter fremitus Fluctuum Popularium
Sic olim Cato pari animi constantiâ
Causam desponsavit, quam Diu omnes repudiârunt
Donec Plantae benigniores, stupentes aspicere
Imparilem et imparidam tuam fortitudinem,* 100
*Erubuerunt, et Percussî Patris filium reduxerunt,
Ne tu illum in Solio Imperiali collocares,
Tu unicâ tuâ manu solus
Qui Solis istius splendor es oblitus fuerit
Quo Clementissimus rediit Carolus,
Nunquam sentivit laetae Sionis gaudia
Cum diu pulvere et cineribus lugisset,
Nunquam intellexit quali Raptu
Oculos extollebat attonitos
Templi Secundi Structuram nascentem videns* 110

VI.

*Cum Carolus Clemens introitum fecit
Coelum erat undique serenum,
Nulla male-ominosa Nubes apparuit
Umbram dare tenebricosam,
In Equitatum istum Triumphalem.
In illa primâ et felici Scenâ
Praedixere Superi Regimen ejus Halcyoneum
In quo sicut illi, in aeternum probaret
Benignissimas Methodos praepotentis Amoris
Et cum magna flagitia Vindictam ejus provocarent,* 120
*Pectus ejus humanius Rei compateretur poenas
Ut Leo ferox, mitis ut Columba*

Poema in Obitum, etc

*Hic sileat Musa—quod reliquum est Angeli praedicent
Angeli isti qui assiduâ curâ
Tentorio ejus quam proxime inserviunt
Somatophylaces a Rege Omnipotente delegati
A Rege Omnipotente cujus Majestatem praefert
Cujus in terra gerit Diadema
Et diu gerat per multos multos annos*

VII

*Quid autem (Illustris Anima) quid dicemus?
Quale Tributum Piae tuae Memoriae solvemus?
Mors tua obtundit et mutum reddit Dolorem
Regna et Imperia lugubres planctus faciunt
Ab extrema Ruina per te redempta
Posthac è lonœ Peregrinantes venient
Et ad Tumulum tuum Oblationes tribuent
O Magne Princeps foris verende et domi venerate!
Jouis Ales qui dudum Solem tentare ausus est
Et in mollibus Germanorum luit vexillis
Nunc alas demittit et caput declinat
Nunc repetit Victorias a Te potitas
Et sero nimis tuum implorat auxilium
Orbis Christianus deplorat Damnum
Dum truculentus Mahomet Turbans instar volat
Et impotenter bacchatur in male sustentatam Crucem
Sanguine et ruina volutans Europa jacet
Tu in tranquilla et plena senectute
Semotus a tumultuoso Mundi Theatro
Rabiosa eius insania intactus dormis
Famae securus et ab omni obtreptione liber
Qui amphorem attineret felicitatem
Vel usque ad Coelos ocyus volaret
Oportet esse plusquam Mortalem
Nec unquam prorsus dignari mori*

*On the much lamented Death of our late Sovereign Lord
King Charles II of Blessed Memory*

A PINDARIC ODE

Stan a I

ALAS! Why are we tempted to complain
That Heav'n is deaf to all our cries!
Regardless of poor mortals' miseries!
And all our fervent prayers devoutly vain!

O: the Death of King Charles II.] First printed in folio in 1685
(391)

Thomas Flatman

'Tis hard to think th' immortal Powers attend
Human affairs, who ravish from our sight
The Man, on whom such blessings did depend,
Heav'n's and mankind's delight!
The Man! O that opprobrious word, *The Man*!
Whose measure of duration's but a span, 10
Some other name at Babel should have been contriv'd
(By all the vulgar World t' have been receiv'd),
A word as near as could be to Divinity,
Appropriate to Crown'd Heads, who never ought to die,
Some signal word that should imply
All but the scandal of mortality
'Tis fit, we little lumps of crawling Earth,
Deriv'd from a plebeian birth,
Such as our frail forefathers were,
Should to our primitive dust repair, 20
But Princes (like the wondrous Enoch) should be free
From Death's unbounded tyranny,
And when their godlike race is run,
And nothing glorious left undone,
Never submit to Fate, but only disappear

II

But, since th' eternal Law will have it so,
That Monarchs prove at last but finer clay,
What can their humble vassals do?
What reverence, what devotion can we pay,
When these, our earthly Gods, are snatch'd away? 30
Yes, we can mourn, Yes, we can beat our breast,
Yes, we can call to mind those happy days
Of pleasure, and of rest,
When CHARLES the Merciful did reign,
That Golden Age, when void of cares,
All the long summer's day,
We atoms in his beams might sport and play
Yes, we can teach our children to bewail
His fatal loss, when we shall fail,
And make babes learn in after days 40
The pretty way of stammering out his praise,
His merited praise, which shall in every age
With all advantage flame
In spite of furies or infernal rage,
And imp the wings, and stretch the lungs of Fame

25 Browning somewhere in a letter laughs at this line, in the form 'Kings do not die, they only disappear', which is neither Flatman's nor Waller's, from whom he borrowed the notion, nor Oldham's, who has it likewise, though both these have the 'disappear'. The thought is not foolish: it means, 'their names and works live after them'. But Browning's knowledge of Flatman, as of other out-of-the-ways, is interesting. He might have made him a 'Person of Importance'.

On the Death of King Charles II

III

Excellent Prince whom every mouth did bless
And every bended knee adore
On whom we gaz'd with ecstasy of joy
(A vision which did satisfy, but never cloy)
From whom we dated all our happiness
And from above could ask no more,
Our gladsome cup was fill'd till it ran o'er
Our land (like Eden) flourish'd in his time
Defended by an Angels Sword
A terror twas to those abroad
But all was Paradise to those within
Nor could th Old Serpent's stratagem
Ever supplant his well watch'd diadem
Excellent Prince, of whom we once did say
With a triumphant noise
In one united voice
On that stupendious day
Long live Long live the King!
And songs of IO PALAN sing
How shall we bear this tragical surprise
Now we must change *Long live* for *Here he lies?*

IV

Have you forgot? (but who can him forget?)
You watchful Spirits that preside
O'er subjunry things
Who when you look beneath do oft denide
Not without cause some other petty Kings
Have you forgot the greatness of his mind
The bravery of his elevated soul
(But he had still a Goshen there)
When darkest cares around his Royal heart did wind
As waves about a steady rock do roll
With what disdain he view'd
The fury of the giddy multitude
And bare the Cross with more than manly fortitude
As he had learn'd in sacred lore
His mighty Master had done long before?
And you must ever own
(Or else you very little know
Of what we think below)
That when the hurricanes of th State were o'er
When in his noontide blaze he did appear
His gentle awful brow
Added fresh lustre to th Imperial Crown
By birthright and by virtue more than once his own

Thomas Flatman

V.

He was! but what he was, how great, how good, 90
How just, how he delighted not in blood,
How full of pity, and how strangely kind,
How hazardously constant to his friend,
In Peace how glorious, and in War how brave,
Above the charms of life, and terrors of the grave—
When late posterity shall tell
What he has done shall to a volume swell,
And every line abound with miracle
In that prodigious Chronicle
Forgive, unbodied Sovereign, forgive, 100
And from your shining mansion cast an eye
To pity our officious blasphemy,
When we have said the best we can conceive
Here stop, presumptuous Muse! thy daring flight,
Here hide thy baffled head in shades of night,
'Thou too obscure, thy dazzling theme too bright,
For what thou shouldst have said, with grief struck dumb,
Will more emphatically be supplied
By the joint groans of melancholy Christendom

To His Sacred Majesty King James II

DREAD Prince! whom all the world admires and fears,
By Heav'n design'd to wipe away our tears,
To heal our wounds, and drooping spirits raise,
And to revive our former halcyon days,
Permit us to assure ourselves, that you
Your happy brother's fortune will pursue,
For what great thing is that you dare not do?
Whose long known, unexampled gallantry
So oft has shaken th' Earth, and curb'd the haughty Sea 10
And may those Stars, that ever o'er you shone,
Double their influence on your peaceful throne
May you in honourable deeds outshine
The brightest heroes of your Royal line,
That when your enemies shall the sceptre see
Grasp'd in a hand enur'd to victory,
The rebels may like Lucifer fall down,
Or fly like phantoms from the rising Sun

Extremum Hunc Arethusa mihi concede Laborem.

Virgil

ODES OF HORACE

PARAPHRASED BY THOMAS FLATMAN

BOOK II ODE XIX

Being half fort he praiseth Bacchus

In a blind corner jolly Bacchus taught
The Nymphs and Satyrs poetry
Myself (a thing scarce to be thought)
Was at that time a stander by
And ever since the whim runs in my head
With heavenly frenzy I'm on fire,
Dear Bacchus let me not be punished
For raving when thou didst inspire
Ecstatically drunk, I now dare sing
Thy bigot Thyades and the source
Whence thy brisk wine honey and milk did spring
Enchannell'd by thy sceptres force
Bold as I am I dare yet higher fly
And sing bright Ariadnes Crown,
Rejoice to see bold Pentheus destiny
And grave Lyncurgus tumbled down
Rivers and seas thine empire all obey
When thou thy standard dost advance
Wild mountaineers thy vassals trim and gay
In tune and time stagger and dance
Thou when great Jove began to fear his throne
(In no small danger then he was)
The mighty Rhoecus thou didst piss upon
And of that lion madst an ass
Tis true thy talent is not war but mirth
The fiddle not the trumpet thine,
Yet didst thou bravely lay about thee then
Great Moderator, God of Wine
And when to Hell in triumph thou didst ride
O'er Cerberus thou didst prevail
The silly cur thee for his Master own'd
And like a puppy wagg'd his tail

10

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Odes of Horace] On Flatman's Horatian versions generally see Introduction The
notes they call for are few

14 Crown] Not in the usual vague poetic sense but the star Corona Ariadnes

Thomas Flatman

BOOK III ODE VIII. *To Maecenas*

LEARN'D Maecenas, wonder not that I
(A Bachelor) invoke that Deity,
Which at this feast the married rout adore,
And yearly do implore
They pray the gods to make their burthen light,
And that their yoke-fellows may never fight
I praise them, not for giving me a wife,
But saving of my life
By heav'n redeem'd, I 'scap'd a falling tree,
And yearly own that strange delivery,
Yearly rejoice, and drink the briskest wine,
Not spill it at their shrine
Come, my Maecenas, let us drink, and thus
Cherish that life those Pow'rs have given us
A thousand cups to midwife this new birth,
With inoffensive mirth
No State-affairs near my Maecenas come,
Since all are fall'n that fought victorious Rome
By civil broils the Medes, our foes, will fall
The weakest to the wall
Our fierce and ancient enemy of Spain
Is now subdu'd, and tamely bears our chain
The savage Scythian too begins to yield,
About to quit the field
Bear they the load of government that can,
Thou, since a private, and good-natur'd man,
Enjoy th' advantage of the present hour,
For why shouldst thou look sour?

BOOK III ODE IX. *Horace and Lydia*

Hor WHILE I was lovely in thine eye,
And while no soft embrace but mine
Encircled thy fair ivory neck,
I did the Persian King outshine
Lyd While Horace was an honest lad,
And Chloe less than Lydia lov'd,
Lydia was then a matchless Lass,
And in a sphere 'bove Illa mov'd
Hor But Chloe now has vanquish'd me,
That lute and voice who could deny?
Methinks might I but save her life,
I could myself even dare to die
Lyd Young Calais is my gallant,
He burns me with his flaming eye,
To save the pretty villain's life,
Twice over I could dare to die

Odes of Horace

Hor But say I Lydia lov'd again
And would new braze Love's broken chain?
Say I should turn my Chloe off
And take poor Lydia home again?
Lid Why then though he a fix'd star
Thou lighter than a cork shouldst be
Mad and unquiet as the sea
Yet would I live and die with thee

20

BOOK III ODE XII

No more Love's subjects but his slaves they be
That dare not o'er a glass of wine be free
But quit for fear of friends their liberty
Fond Neohule! thou art lazy grown
Away thy needle, web and distaff thrown
Thou hopst thy work by Hebrus will be done
A sturdy youth and a rank rider he
Can run a race and box most manfully
Swim like a duck and caper like a flea
He hunts the stag and all the forest o'er
With strength and craft pursues the savage boar
He minds the sport, and thou desir'st no more

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BOOK III ODE XVII *To Aelius Lamia*

BRAVE Aelius sprung from an heroic line
Whose pedigree in long descents do shine
That addst new glories to the Lamian name
And rearst fresh trophies to their fame!
Descended from Prince Lamus whose command
Retch from the Formian walls o'er sea and land
Well was he known our ancestors among
Where gentle Liris slides along
Great as thou art time will not thee obey
To-morrow's like to be a blustering day
Some tempest too is threaten'd from the east
As by th unlucky crow I guess'd
Tis dry to day! Now lay thy fuel in
Ere the unwelcome season do begin
Good victuals get and frolic friends together
Armour of proof against ill weather

10

xvi. a 'Do shine' is probably a misprint due to the contiguous ss for does or do's sh ne. So below in l 6 reach should probably be react? An apparent but not real false concord between plural nouns and singular verb was common in the seventeenth century

Thomas Flatman

BOOK III. ODE XIX. *To Telephus*

I.

THOU por'st on Helvicus, and studiest in vain,
How many years pass'd betwixt King and King's reign,
To make an old woman ev'n twitter for joy
At an eighty-eight story, or the scuffle at Troy.

But where the good wine, and best fire is
When the cruel North-wind does blow,
And the trees do penance in snow,
Where the poet's delight and desire is,
Thou, pitiful book-worm, ne'er troublest thy brain

II

Come, drawer, some claret, we'll drown this new Moon 10
More candles t' improve this dull night into noon
Let the healths, let the house, and the glasses turn round,
But no tears, except those of the tankard abound

Come! here's a good health to the Muses,
Three brimmers to the three times three,
And one to each grace let there be,
The triple-skull'd dog bite him that refuses

III

Let's be mad as March-hares, call the minstrels and singers,
Strike up there!—kick that rogue—he has chilblains on's
fingers,

Let that whoreson our neighbour, on his bags that lies
thinking, 20

Bear a part in the storm, but not the calm of our drinking

Come! bring us a wench, or two, prithee,

Thou Telephus look'st pretty fair,

And hast a good thick head of hair,

Fetch him Chloe, she's buxom, and loves to trade with
thee,

Call Glycera to me, for I am one of her swingers

BOOK III ODE XX. *To Pyrrhus*

DRY Pyrrhus, little dost thou know,

What 'tis to make a whelp forgo

His lioness, faith 'twill not do!

It will be so

Nearchus understands his game,

If he resolves to quit his fame,

What's that to you? To save his name

You'll purchase shame

xix A good example of the curious 'skimble skamble' anapaests before Dryden and
rior

4 an eighty-eight story] Of the Armada

Odes of Horace

If before peace you war prefer
Shoot at his butt—you'll find from her
A Rowland for your Oliver,
That I dare swear

10

He is a gay, and sanguine man
His periwig the wind does fan
And she will hug him now and then
Do what you can

BOOK III ODE LXXI *To his Wine Vessels*

KIND Brother Butt I am old and brisk as I
(For we had both the same nativity)
Whether to mirth to brawls or desperate love,
Or sleep thy gentle power does move
By what, or name, or title dignified,
I thou needst not fear the nicest test to bide
Corvinus health since we may not refuse,
Give down again thy generous juice
Corvinus tho a Stoic will not balk
Thy charms for he can drink as well as talk
Old Cato tho he often were morose
Yet he would sometimes take a dose
O Wine! thou mak'st the thick-skull'd fellow soft,
Lassest the Statesman vex'd with cares full oft
Unriddlest all intrigues with a free bowl
Thou arrant pick lock of the Soul!
Thou dost our gasping dying hopes revive,
To peasants souls as big as princes give
Inspired by thee they scorn their slavish fears
And bid their rulers shake their ears
All this and more (great Bucchus) thou canst do,
But if kind Venus be assistant too
Then bring more candles to expel the night
Till Phoebus puts the stars to flight

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BOOK III ODE LXXII *Upon Diana*

GENTLE Diana Goddess bright
Who midwiv'st infants into light
The mountains Deity tripartite
And Queen of Night,
To thee I consecrate my Pine,
Henceforth it shall be ever thine,
Yearly I'll offer at this shrine
The blood of swine

Thomas Flatman

BOOK III. ODE III. *To Venus*

'Tis true, I was a sturdy soldier once,
And bravely under Cupid's banners fought
Disbanded now, his service I renounce,
My warlike weapons serve for nought
Here! take my helmet, sword, and shield,
My bow, my quiver, my artillery,
Chloe has beaten me quite out of th' field,
And leads me in captivity
Great Venus! thou that know'st what I have been,
How able, and how true a friend to smocks!
Revenge my quarrel on th' imperious quean,
And pay her with a pox!

10

BOOK IV. ODE I *To Venus.*

No more of War —Dread Cytherea, cease,
Thy feeble soldier sues for peace
Alas! I am not now that man of might,
As when fair Cynara bade me fight
Leave, Venus, leave! consider my gray hairs
Snow'd on by fifty tedious years
My forts are slighted, and my bulwarks down
Go, and beleaguer some strong town
Make thy attempts on Maximus, there's game
To entertain thy sword and flame
There Peace and Plenty dwell He's of the Court,
Ignorant what 'tis to storm a fort
There sound a charge, he's generous and young,
He's unconcern'd, lusty, and strong
He of thy silken banners will be proud,
And of thy conquests talk aloud
His bags are full the lad thou mayst prefer
To be thy treasurer in war
He may erect gold statues to thy name,
And be the trumpet of thy fame
Thy Deity the zealous youth will then invoke,
And make thy beauteous altars smoke
With voice and instruments thy praise shall sound,
Division he, and Love the ground,
There, twice a day the gamesome company
Of lads and 'lasses in debvoir to thee,

10

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IV 1 7 'slighted' = 'razed,' the original sense of 'to make level'

24 I confess this line beat me at first But no doubt it has a musical sense, for in music both 'division' (notes run together) and 'ground' (a recurrent motive) have technical meanings The punctuation above, Mr Simpson's, makes this clearer

26 'Debvoir' is worth keeping

Odes of Horace

Like Mars's priests their numbers shall advance
And sweetly sing and nimbly dance
But as for me! I'm quite dispirited
I court nor maid nor boy to bed!
I cannot drink, nor bind a garland on
Alas! my dancing days are done!
But hold—Why do these tears steal from my eyes?
My lovely *Ligurinus*, why?
Why does my faltering tongue disguise my voice
With rude and inarticulate noise?
O *Ligurin*! 'tis thou that breakst my rest
Methinks I grasp thee in my breast
Then I pursue thee in my passionate dreams
O'er pleasant fields and purling streams

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BOOK IV ODE X *To Ligurinus a beauteous Youth*

'Tis true thou yet art fair my *Ligurine*
No down as yet environs cheek or chin
But when those hairs which now do flow shall fall
And when thy rosy cheeks turn wan and pale
When in thy glass another *Ligurine* thou
Shalt spy and scarce thy bearded self shalt know
Then thou (despis'd) shalt sing this piteous song
Why am I old? or why was ever young?

BOOK IV ODE XI *To Phyllis*

Come *Phyllis* gentle *Phyllis*! prithee come
I have a glass of rich old wine at home
And in my garden curious flowers do grow
That languish to adorn thy brow
The ivy and the yellow crowfoot there
With verdant chaplets wait to braid thy hair
With silver goblets all my house does shine
And vervain round my altar twine
On which the best of all my flock shall bleed
Come and observe with what officious speed
Each lad and lass of all my house attends
Till to my roof the smoke ascends
If thou wouldst know why thou must be my guest
I tell thee 'tis to celebrate a Feast
The Ides of April which have ever been
Devoted to the Cyprian Queen
A day more sacred and more fit for mirth
Than that which gave me (worthless mortal) birth
For on that day *Maecenas* first saw light
Born for our wonder and delight

10
20

Thomas Flatman

My Phyllis, since thy years come on apace,
Substitute me in Telephus his place,
He's now employ'd by one more rich, more fair,
And proudly does her shackles wear
Remember what became of Phaeton;
Remember what befell Bellerophon,
That by ambition from his Father's throne,
And this, by Pegasus thrown down.
Content thyself with what is fit for thee,
Happy that couple that in years agree!
Shun others, and accept my parity,
And I will end my loves with thee
Thou art the last whom I intend to court,
Come then, and (to prepare thee for the sport)
Learn prick-song, and my merry odes rehearse
Many a care is charm'd by verse

30

EPODE III. *To Maecenas.*

IN time to come, if such a crime should be
As Parricide, (foul villany!)
A clove of garlic would revenge that evil,
(Rare dish for ploughmen, or the Devil!)
Accursed root! how does it jounce and claw!
It works like ratsbane in my maw
What witch contriv'd this strat'gem for my breath!
Poison'd at once, and stunk to death,
With this vile juice Medea sure did 'noint
Jason, her love, in every joint,
When untam'd bulls in yokes he led along,
This made his manhood smell so strong
This gave her dragon venom to his sting,
And set the hag upon the wing
I burn, I parch, as dry as dust I am,
Such drought on Puglia never came
Alcides could not bear so much as I,
He oft was wet, but never dry
Maecenas! do but taste of your own treat,
And what you gave your poet, eat,
Then go to bed, and court your mistress there,
She'll never kiss you I dare swear

10

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III 5 'Jounce', a word worth restoring, is the same as Shakespeare's 'jaunce' and as 'jaunt'. It seems to be still provincial, especially in East Anglia (Flatman had property there), and is equivalent to 'jolt', 'bob up and down', 'wamble in the innerds'

Odes of Horace

EPODE VI

Against Cassius Severus, a revileful and wanton Poet

THOU village-cur! why dost thou bark at me?
 A wolf might come and go for thee
 At me thou open'st wide and think'st that I
 Will bark with thee for company
 I'm of another kind, and bravely dare
 (Like th mastiff) watch my flock with care
 Dare hunt through snow and seize that savage beast
 That might my darling folds molest
 Thou (only in the noise thou mak'st) robust
 Leav'st off the chase leap'st at a crust 10
 But have a care! for if I vent my spleen
 I (for a shift) can make thee grin
 I'll make thee (if iambs once I sing)
 To die, like Bupalus in a string
 When any man insults o'er me shall I
 Put finger in mine eye and cry?

EPODE X *Against Maevius, a Poet*

AND art thou shipp'd friend Doggerel!—get thee gone
 Thou pest of Helicon
 Now for an hurricane to bang thy sides
 Curst wood in which he rides!
 An east wind tear thy cables crack thy oars,
 While every billow roars
 With such a wind let all the Ocean swell
 As wafted Noll to Hell
 No friendly star o'er all the Sea appear
 While thou best there 10
 Nor kinder destiny there may'st thou meet
 Than the proud Grecian Fleet,
 When Pallas did their Admiral destroy
 Return'd from ruin'd Troy
 Methinks I see the mariners faint and thee
 Look somewhat scurvily
 Thou call'st on Jove as if great Jove had time
 To mind thy Grub street Rhyme
 When the proud waves their heads to Heaven do rear
 Himself scarce free from fear 20
 Well! If the Gods should thy wreck'd carcase share
 To beasts or fowls of th air,
 I'll sacrifice to them, that they may know
 I can be civil too

\ 7 The great storm of September 2 1658 the day before Cromwell's death
 18 Marvell in 1678 and Otway in *The Atheist* 1684 first mentioned the *via nova* ist
 which humour (or the want of it) renamed Milton's Street from the proximity of
 Bunhill Fields.

Thomas Flatman

EPODE XI. *To Pettius his Chamber-fellow.*

AH, Pettius! I have done with Poetry,
I've parted with my liberty
For Cupid's slavery
Cupid, that peevish God, has singled out
Me, from among the rhyming rout,
For boys and girls to flout
December now has thrice stript every tree,
Since bright Inachia's tyranny
Has laid its chains on me
Now lie upon me! all about the town
My Miss I treated up and down,
I for a squire was known
Lord, what a whelp was I! to pule and whine,
To sigh, to sob, and to repine!
For thy sake, Mistress mine!
Thou didst my verse, and thou my Muse despise,
My want debas'd me in thine eyes
Thou wealth, not wit, didst prize
Fuddled with wine and love my secrets flew,
Stretch'd on those racks, I told thee true
What did myself undo
Well!—plague me not too much, imperious dame,
Lest I blaspheme thy charming name,
And quench my former flame
I can give others place, and see thee die
Damn'd with their prodigality,
If I set on 't, so stout am I
'Thou know'st, my friend, thus have I often said,
When, by her sorceries misled,
Thou bad'st me home to bed
Ev'n then my practice gave my tongue the lie,
I could not her curst house pass by
I fear'd, but could not fly
Since that, for young Lyciscus I'm grown mad,
Inachia such a face ne'er had,
It is a lovely lad
From his embraces I shall ne'er get free,
Nor friends' advice, nor infamy
Can disentangle me
Yet if some brighter object I should spy,
That might perhaps debauch my eye,
And shake my constancy

Odes of Horace

EPODE XV *To his Sweetheart Neacra*

It was a lovely melancholy night
 The Moon and every star shone bright
 When thou didst swear thou wouldst to me be true,
 And do as I would have thee do
 False woman! round my neck thy arms did twine,
 Inseparable as the elm and vine
 Then didst thou swear thy passion should endure
 To me alone sincere and pure
 Till sheep and wolves should quit their enmity,
 And not a wave disturb the sea.
 Treacherous Neacra! I have been too kind,
 But Flaccus can draw off thoult find
 He can that face (is thou dost him) forswear,
 And find (it may be) one as fair
 And let me tell thee when my fury s mov'd
 I hate devoutly, as I lov'd
 But thou blest gamester, whosoe'er thou be
 That proudly dost my drudgery
 Didst thou abound in numerous flocks and land
 Wert heir to all Pactolus sand
 Though in thy brain thou bor'st Pythagoras,
 And carriedst Nereus in thy face,
 Shed pick another up, and hab thee off
 And then twill be my turn to lugh

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EPODE XVII *To Canidia*

I WOULD Canidia to thy art,
 Take pity on a penitent heart
 By Proserpine Queen of the Night,
 And by Diana's glimmering light
 By the mysterious volumes all
 That can the stars from Heaven call
 By all that s sacred I implore
 Thou to my wits wouldst me restore
 The brave Achilles did forgive
 King Telephus and let him live
 Though in the field the King appear'd
 And war with Mysian bands prepar'd
 When on the ground dead Hector lay
 Expos'd to birds and beasts a prey,
 The Trojan Dames in pity gave
 Hector an honourable grave

10

XV ~3 Shab off' seems to be still provincially used both in the intransitive sense
 as cab off and in the transitive as here & idle off

Thomas Flatman

Ulysses's mariners were turn'd to swine,
Transform'd by Circe's charms divine,
Yet Circe did their doom revoke,
And straight the grunting mortals spoke 20
Each in his pristine shape appears,
Fearless of dogs to lug their ears.
Oh! do not my affliction scorn!
Enough in conscience I have borne!
My youth and fresh complexion's gone,
Dwindled away to skin and bone
My hair is powd'ered by thy care,
And all my minutes busy are
Day Night, and Night the Day does chase,
Yet have not I a breathing space! 30
Wretch that I am! I now believe,
No pow'r can from thy charms reprieve
Now I confess thy magic can
Reach head and heart, and unman man
What wouldst thou have me say? what more?
O Seas! O Earth! I scorch all o'er!
Hercules himself ne'er burnt like me,
Nor th' flaming Mount in Sicily
O cease thy spells, lest I be soon
Calcin'd into a pumice-stone! 40
When wilt th' ha' done? What must I pay?
But name the sum, and I obey
Say Wilt thou for my ransom take
An hecatomb? or shall I make
A bawdy song t' advance thy trade,
Or court thee with a serenade?
Wouldst thou to Heav'n, and be a star?
I'll hire thee Cassiopeia's Chair
Castor, to Helen a true friend,
Struck her defaming poet blind, 50
Yet he, good-natur'd gentleman,
Gave the blind bard his eyes again
Since this, and much more thou canst do,
O rid me of my madness too!
From noble ancestors thy race,
No vulgar blood purples thy face
Thou searchest not the graves of th' poor,
But necromancy dost abhor
Gen'rous thy breast, and pure thy hands,
Whose fruitful womb shall people lands, 60
And ere thy childbed-linen's clean,
Thou shalt be up and to 't again

Odes of Horace

Candias Answer

Go—hang thyself —I will not hear
The rocks as soon shall lend an ear
To naked mariners that be
I left to the mercy of the Sea
Marry come up!—Shall thy bold pride
The mysteries of the Gods deride?
Presumptuous fool! commit a rape
On my repute and think to scape!
Make me a town talk? Well! ere thou die
Cupid shall vengeance take or I
Go get some ratsbane!—twill not do
Nay, drink some aqua fortis too
No witch shall take thy life away
Who dares say Go when I bid Stay?
Nol I'll prolong thy loathed breath
And make thee wish in vain for death
In vain does Tantalus espy
Fruits he may taste but with his eye
In vain does poor Prometheus groan
And Sisyphus stop his rolling stone
Long may they sigh long may they cry
But not control their destiny
And thou in vain from some high wall
Or on thy naked sword mayst fall
In vain (to terminate thy woes)
Thy hands shall knit the fatal noose
For on thy shoulders then I'll ride
And make the Earth shake with my pride
Thinkst thou that I who when I please
Can kill by wixen images
Can force the Moon down from her sphere
And make departed ghosts appear
And mix love-potions!—thinks thy vanity
I cannot deal with such a worm as thee?

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FINIS

POEMS NOT INCLUDED IN THE EDITIONS OF 1682 AND 1686.

The sources from which these miscellaneous poems are taken are noted separately. Two, at the time of going to press, have not been printed—the *Song* ‘Oh no, oh no’ (p 414) and the *Paraphrase* of the 27th Chapter of Job (p 420)

There is evidence that Flatman contemplated one more Pindaric, but perhaps it was not written, and certainly not printed. The subject was to be Admiral Myngs. The *Familiar Letters of Love, Gallantry, and Several Occasions*, 1718, vol 1, pp 249 foll, include a letter of consolation to Flatman’s ‘Honoured Master’, in which he writes, after some preliminary comments ‘Not to hold you any longer in suspense, my Noble, my Generous Friend, the Glory of the Sea, the Astonishment of all the World, is dead. When I have told you this, you cannot be ignorant of the Person I mean, he has a Name too big to be concealed from any body that ever heard of Wonder on the Deep, or understands what ’tis to be brave, to be valiant, to be loyal, to be kind and honourable, more than all this is too little to describe Sir *Christopher Myngs*. Guess, my Dearest Master, the Disturbance so irreparable a Loss must create in one often honour’d with his Conversation, and many Ways oblig’d by him. We have nothing left of him now but poor sorrowful *Syl Taylor*, that other Half of his Soul, who is now resolv’d for Retirement, and will run no more Hazards at Sea. Many more Things I might misemploy you with, but this great load must be first removed, which, I think, will not be, till I have vented my Grief in a Pindarique, and done the last Office of Kindness for the Dead. If I can make my Sorrows any thing legible, expect to bear a Part in them.’ The letter is dated from London on June 15, 1666.

Another lost poem—doubtless a Pindaric—on the theme of London is thus referred to in an autograph letter to Sancroft written from St Catharine Hall, Cambridge, on May 13, 1667 (Tanner MS xlv, fol 188)

‘When I was last with you you were pleas’d to take away from me a paper of imperfect Verses, the first desseign wherof was to comply with your injunction in saying something on that subject, whose beauty (it may be) had it continued in that flourishing condition ’twas in at the time of the imposition of yo^r commandments, might have heightened my thoughts as much as it’s ruin has now dejected them, or to speak in my owne way, The Coppy had bin much livelier if th’ Originall hadnt bin so much defaced, and he must be a better Architect then I that can reare a structure any thing magnificent in so bare an Ichnography. Thus much S^t to let you know how much I am beholding to yo^r forgetfulness in returning my Ode, wherby you haue cover’d many imperfections, & kept me from being any longer angry with my self for not finishing what had better never bin begun.’

One poem sometimes assigned to Flatman has not been reprinted here. *A Paenyrick to his Renowned Majesty, Charles the Second, King of Great Britain, &c*, a folio sheet issued in 1660, with the initials ‘I F’, and beginning ‘Return, return, strange prodigy of fate!’ Flatman, if it had been his, would not have failed to reprint it in his own *Poems*. Similarly with an anonymous poem on the coronation of James II—*To the King, a Congratulatory Poem*, printed for R. Bentley in 1685—which Mr W C Hazlitt in his *Collections and Notes*, ii, p 694, ascribes to Flatman. It begins

Dread Sir, since it has pleas’d the Pow’rs above
To take the other Object of our love

This has a faint verbal resemblance to the opening of Flatman’s genuine poem on James (see p 394), and the misattribution may be due to this

A Chine of Beef, God save us all

Upon a Chine of Beef

I

A CHINE of beef God save us all
Far larger than the butchers stall
And sturdier than the City wall

II

For this held out until the foe
By dint of blade and potent blow
Fell in pell mell, that did not so

III

With stomachs sharper than their knives
They laid about them for their lives
Well, Eastcheap men beware your wives

IV

Enraged weapons storm it round,
Each seeking for a gaping wound
That in its gravy it seems drown'd

10

V

Magnanimous flesh that didst not fall
At first assault or second maul
But a third time defiest them all!

VI

What strength can fates decree revoke?
It was ordain'd thou shouldst be broke
Alas! time fells the sturdy oak

VII

What goodly monuments still appear
What spondyl bulwarks are there there
What palisaded ribs are here!

0

VIII

This bold monument death defies
Inscribed thus To mirth here lies
A trophy and a sacrifice

Upon a Chine of Beef] Of doubtful authenticity. The Horatian adaptation on pp 356-9 perhaps confirms it and we may note the oath (of Flatman's own coinage) at l 138 of the poem. By sturdy Chine of Beef and mighty Jove. The text is taken from the anonymous version in *Wit's Iteryter* 1655 collected by John Cotgrave. It appears on pp 268-9 of the *Love Songs Epigrams &c*. A superior text in *Wit and Mirth: An Antidote to Melancholy* 3d edition 1682 p 102 is headed *O: a Chine of Beef*. By Mr Tho Flatman. If genuine this is therefore an early effort. It might be an underground slight like the parody on Austin.

The chief variants in *Wit and Mirth* are —

| | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| 2 Far longer | 10 storm'd | 12 seem'd | 18 Alas in time |
| the sturdy oak? | 19 What goodly mince did appear | 22 stern Death | |

Thomas Flatman

On the Death of the Eminently Ennobled Charles Capell, Esq.,

*Who, after he had honour'd Winton College with his Education, and
accomplisht himself with a voyage into France, died of the small-pox
at London last Christmas, 1656*

SHOWER down your ponderous tears, whoe'er you be
Dare write, or read, a Capell's elegy,
Spangle his hearse with pearls, such as were born
'Twixt the blear'd eyelids of an o'ercast morn,
And (but 'tis vain t' expostulate with Death
Or vilify the Fates with frustrate breath)
Pose Destiny with why's—why such a sun
Should set before his noontide stage were run?
Why this fair volume should be bound so fast
In wooden covers, clasp'd-up in such haste? 10
Was Nature fond of its large character
And those divine impressions graven there?
Did she, lest we should spoil't (to waive that sin),
'Cause 'twas the best edition, call it in?
Or would our vaunting Isle, that saints should see
Th' utmost of all our prodigality,
Fearing some detriment by long delay,
Send Heav'n a new-year's-gift before the day?
No th' empyrean Philomels could sing,
Without his voice, no carols to their King 20
England's Metropolis (for 'twas in thee
He died) we re-baptize thee Calvary,
The Charnel-house of Gallantry, henceforth
We brand thy front with Golgotha of Worth
Had he been swallow'd in that courteous deep
He travell'd o'er, he had been lull'd asleep
In th' amorous Sea-nymphs' stately arms at ease,
His great name would imposthume the seas,
That, when the waves should swell and tempests rise
(Strong waters challenging the dastard skies), 30
Poor shipwrackt mariners, remembering him,
Should court his asterism, and cease to swim,
Abjure the Fatal Brothers' glow-worm fires,
And dart at him their languishing desires
Had France intomb'd him (what our land forbids)
Nature had rear'd him stately pyramids
The lofty Alps, where it had been most meet
Their harmless snow should be his winding-sheet,

*On the Death, &c.] From Affectuum Decidua, or Due Expressions In honour of the
truly noble Charles Capell, Esq (Son to the right honourable Arthur, Lord Capell,
Baron of Hadham), deceased on Christmas Day 1656 Quid desidero sit pudor, aut
modus Tam Chari Capitis?—Oxford, Printed Anno Dom 1656.*

On the Death of Charles Capell, Esq

That alablaster coverture might be
An emblem of his native purity 40
Had he fal'n there it had been true perchance
Wickham's Third College might be found in France
But he return'd from thence curb'd Neptune's pride
And to our fame and grief came home and died
Thus when the Heav'n has wheel'd its daily race
About our earth at night its glorious face
Is pox'd with stars yet Heaven admits no blot
And every pimple there's a beauty spot
Short liv'd disease that canst be cured and gone
By one sweet morning's resurrection ! 50
Adieu great sir whose total he that will
Describe in folio needs a cherub's quill
Zealous posterity your tomb shall stir
Hoard up your dust rifle your sepulchre
And (as the Turks did Scanderbegs of old)
Shall wear your bones in amulets of gold
—But my blasphemous pen profanes his glory
I'll say but this to all his tragic story
Were not the world well nigh its funeral
I'd neer believe so bright a star could fall 60

THO FLATMAN

Fellow of New College

On the Picture of the Author Mr Sanderson

LET others style this page a chronicle
Others Arts mystery let a third sort dwell
Upon the curious neat artifice and swear
The sun neer saw a shadow half so rare
He outsays all who lets you understand
The head is Sanderson's Father's the hand

THO FLATMAN

Inn Temp Lond

On the noble Art of Painting

STRIKE a bold stroke my Muse and let me see
Thou fear'st no colours in thy poetry
For pictures are dumb poems they that write
Best poems do but paint in black and white
The pencils amulets forbid to die
And vest us with a fair eternity

On the Picture &c] This and the following poem are taken from William Sanderson's
Graphick Or The Use of the Pen and Pencil Or the most Excellent Art of Painting
1658 With portrait by Souse, engraved by Fauthorne

Thomas Flatman

What think ye of the gods, to whose huge name
The pagans bow'd their humble knees? Whence came
Their immortalities but from a shade,
But from those portraitures the painter made? 10
They saddled Jove's fierce eagle like a colt
And made him grasp in 's fist a thunderbolt.
Painters did all Jove had, 'at their command,
Spurr'd a jackdaw and held a switch in 's hand.
The demigods, and all their glories, be
Apelles' debtors, for their deity

Oh how the catholics cross themselves and throng
Around a crucifix, when all along
That's but a picture! How the spruce trim lass
Doats on a picture in the looking-glass! 20
And how ineffable's the peasant's joy
When he 'has drawn his picture in his boy!
Bright angels condescend to share a part
And borrow glorious plumes from our rare art.
Kings triumph in our sackcloth, monarchs bear
Reverence t' our canvass 'bove the robes they wear
Great fortunes, large estates, for all their noise,
Are nothing in the world but painted toys
Th' Egyptian hieroglyphics pictures be,
And painting taught them all their A B C 30
The Presbyterian, th' Independent too,
All would a colour have for what they do
And who so just that does not sometimes try
To turn pure painter and deceive the eye?

Our honest sleight of hand prevails with all,
Hence springs an emulation general
Mark how the pretty female-artists try
To shame poor Nature with an Indian dye
Mark how the snail with 's grave majestic pace
Paints earth's green waistcoat with a silver lace 40

But—since all rhythms are dark, and seldom go
Without the Sun—the Sun's a painter too,
Heaven's famed Vandyke, the Sun, he paints 'tis clear
Twelve signs throughout the zodiac every year
'Tis he, that at the spicy spring's gay birth
Makes pencils of his beams and paints the Earth,
He limns the rainbow when it struts so proud
Upon the dusky surface of a cloud,
He daubs the Moors, and, when they sweat with toil,
'Tis then he paints them all at length in oil, 50
The blushing fruits, the gloss of flowers so pure,
Owe their varieties to his miniature

Yet, what's the Sun? each thing, where'er we go,
Would be a Rubens, or an Angelo,
Gaze up, some winter night, and you'll confess
Heaven's a large gallery of images

On the noble Art of Painting

Then stoop down to the Earth wonder and scan
The Master piece of th whole creation Man
Man that exact original in each limb
And Woman that fur copy drawn from him
Whate'er we see s one bracelet whose each bead
Is cemented and hangs by paintings thread
Thus like the soul o th world our subtle art
Insinuates itself through every part
Strange rarity! which canst the body save
From the coarse usage in a sullen grave
Yet never make it mummy! Strange that hand
That spans and circumscribes the sea and land—
That draws from death to th life without a spell
As Orpheus did Eurydice from hell

63

But all my lines are rude and all such praise
Dead colour d nonsense Painters scorn slight bays
Let the great art commend itself and then
You'll praise the pencil and deride the pen

T FLATMAN lately Fellow of
New Coll Oxon now Inn
Temp Lond

On Mistress S W, who cured my hand by a plaster applied to the knife which hurt me

WOUNDED and weary of my life
I to my fair one sent my knife
The point had pierced my hand as far
As foe would foe in open war
Cruel but yet compassionate she
Spread plasters for my enemy,
She hugg'd the wretch had done me harm
And in her bosom kept it warm
When suddenly I found the cure was done
The pain and all the anguish gone,
Those nerves which stiff and tender were
Now very free and active are
Not help'd by any power above,
But a true miracle of Love

Henceforth physicians burn your bills
Prescnbe no more uncertain pills
She can at distance vanquish pain
She makes the grave to gape in vain

On Mistress S W] The above was printed in *Notes and Queries* for September 23 1869 it was contributed by Mr F W Cosens from a manuscript in his possession
Msella: s by Tho Flatman ex Interiori Templo London Nov 9 1661 These poems
are autograph This poem is in the Firth MS which clearly is a transcript of the
preceding See p 278

Thomas Flatman

'Mongst all the arts that saving be
None so sublime as sympathy
Oh could it help a wounded breast,
I'd send my soul to have it dress'd.
Yet, rather, let herself apply
The sovereign med'cine to her eye
There lurks the weapon wounds me deep,
There, that which stabs me in my sleep,
For still I feel, within, a mortall smart,
The salve that heal'd my hand can't cure my heart

20

October 19, 1661

Song.

I

OH no, oh no! it cannot be that I
So long condemn'd to die
Should fool myself with hopes of a reprieve
From her that read my destiny,
She with her basilisk eyes denounc'd my doom
Why then should I in vain presume,
In vain, fond man, to live
My disappointments poorly to survive?

II

Oh no, oh no! I know the worst on't now,
My sentence pass'd I know,
And I no further expectations have
My wither'd hopes again should grow
Yet 'tis a satisfaction to be sure
I feel the worst I can endure
Oh that she yet would save
By her miraculous kindness from the grave

10

Epitaph on his eldest Son, Thomas, 1682.

WHOE'ER thou art, that look'st upon,
And read'st what lies beneath this stone,
What Beauty, Goodness, Innocence,
In a sad hour was snatch'd from hence

Oh no, &c] From the Firth MS, which dates the poem 1671, and notes that it was set by Roger Hill

Epitaph on his Son] From Strype's *Stow*, 1720, Book III, p 266 describing the monuments on the north wall of St Bride's, Fleet Street Strype adds, 'These Verses are almost worn out and gone, and therefore I have preserved them here, being undoubtedly the easy natural Strain of the Poet, the Father'

This Epitaph is in Hackett, *A Collection of Epitaphs*, 1757, II 31, introduced thus
'*St Bride's, London*

Here lies the Body of *Thomas Flatman*, eldest son of *Thomas Flatman*, and *Hannah* his wife, who resigned his beloved soul the 28th of *December 1682*'

Strype records that the boy was ten years old The pastoral elegy on p 375 in all

Epitaph on his eldest Son, Thomas

What reason canst thou have to prize
The dearest object of thine eyes?
Believe this mortal what thou valuest most,
And set st thy soul upon, is soonest lost

Lines to John Northleigh

THOUGH we that write in rhyme (it is confess'd)
Are wont to praise them most that need it least,
So far from doing what we had design'd
That we become impertinently kind,
Though I'm convinc'd of this and right well know
I can add nothing to your Book or You
Yet am I forc'd th old beaten road to go
And tell my friend what wonders he has done,
Where loyal labours could oblige a Crown—
A Crown assert'd by the hand of heaven
By which triumphant laurels now are given,
And may they never never blasted be
By any Boanerges of Democracy

10

Compassionate friend! whose arguments do prove
The force of reason and the power of love,
Taught by your generous and good natured pen
The salvage beasts may once more turn to men,
Be reconciled to the ill treated Throne
And shun those rocks their fellows split upon
Your call to th unconverted may do more
Than Orpheus charms did in the woods before,
Convince the stubborn and th unwary lead
By benign arts those bless'd steps to tread
In which our glorious Master led the way
To realms of peace and everlasting day

20

Farewell dear friend! and for this once excuse
The last efforts of an expiring Muse

THOMAS FLATMAN

probability refers to the same child though the date of his death is there given as January 28 1687. Aubrey records (in Aubrey MS 7 fol 8 verso) that Flatman himself was buried in the same grave

Lines to John Northleigh } From *The Triumph of our Monarchy Over the Plots and Principles of our Rebels and Republicans Being Remarks on their most eminent Libels*
By John Northleigh 1685 the lines are headed To my worthy Friend J Northleigh Esq, Author of this Book and the *Parallel* Dryden also contributed a poem

was allowed to be with him, for then his best thoughts came to him. As he made the different poems he would repeat or read them. The constant reading of the new poems aloud was the surest way of helping him to find out any defects there might be. During his "sacred half-hours" and his other working hours and even on the Downs, he would murmur his new passages or new lines as they came to him, a habit which had always been his since boyhood, and which caused the Somersby cook to say "What is master Awlfred always a praying for?"

Aubrey de Vere writes of this year

In 1854 I went from Swainston, the residence of Sir John Simeon, my friend, and the friend no less of Alfred Tennyson, in whose elegiac lines his memory is embalmed for ever, to Farringford, where the poet then made abode with his wife and two children. The eldest was about two years old, the other an infant in arms, and I was so much struck by his eyes, the most contemplative which I had ever seen, that I exclaimed, "When that child grows to be a man he must be a Carthusian monk!" "Nothing of the sort," was the answer I received, "but a happy husband, and a happy father, in a happy home." The home I stood in was a happy home, and the fortnight I spent in it was one I can never forget. The recollection of it is all the more delightful because it carries with it little sense of variety, "So like, so very like was day to day." The year had reached its zenith: the sky was almost always blue, and the lovely gleam of sea was a somewhat darker blue, while the healthful breezes of Freshwater prevented even the noontide from feeling sultry. The earlier part of the day I spent chiefly in reading and writing: in the afternoon we sometimes read aloud in the open air, or rather we listened to the Poet's reading, with such distractions alone as were caused by a bird-note louder than the rest or a distant sea-gleam more bright. On one occasion our book, which we agreed in greatly admiring, was Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House*, then recent. Alfred and I had many a breezy walk along the Downs and as far as The Needles, sometimes with distant views of the coast flushed by sunset, sometimes with a nearer

one of the moonbeams marbling the wet sea sands as the wave recoiled which last always reminded me of Landor's lines

And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sands
Lay like a jasper column half upreared'

Tennyson was engaged on his new poem *Maud* Its origin and composition were as he described them singular He had accidentally lighted upon a poem of his own which begins O that twere possible and which had long before been published in a selected volume got up by Lord Northampton for the aid of a sick clergyman It had struck him in consequence I think of a suggestion made by Sir John Simeon that to render the poem fully intelligible a preceding one was necessary He wrote it the second poem too required a predecessor and thus the whole work was written as it were *backwards* The readers of *Maud* seldom observe that in the love complexities of that poem the birds take a vehement part The birds in the high Hall garden are worldly birds factious for the young Lord and the millionaire Brother

Where is Maud Maud Maud
One is come to woo her?

The birds in our wood are as ardent partizans of the lovers I remarked to the Poet on this circumstance but his answer was as vague as the mowt a bean of the Northern Farmer

This summer my father wrote of Freshwater to a friend 'Ours is by far in my opinion the most noteworthy part of the island with an air on the Downs worth as somebody said sixpence a pint

Through the autumn and winter evenings he translated aloud to my mother the sixth *Æneid* of Virgil and Homer's description of Hades and they read Dante's *Inferno* together Whewell's *Plurality of Worlds* he also carefully studied It is to me any thing he writes but a satisfactory book It is inconceivable that the whole Universe was merely created for us who live in this third rate planet of a third rate sun

The excitement about the Crimean War was intense. On October 10th the papers were full of the particulars of the battle of the Alma¹. The journal says. "Looking from the Beacon and seeing the white cliffs and the clear sea, their violet gray shading seemed to us tender and sad, perhaps the landscape seemed so sad because of the sorrowful news of the death-roll in the Crimea and of the death of our neighbour Colonel Hood in the trenches."

In November an unknown friend sent an account of the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaklava on October 25th, how the Scots Greys and the Inniskilleners flung themselves against the solid Russian column. The writer says "Our ears were frenzied by the monotonous incessant cannonade going on for days together."

On November 22nd Millais' long promised visit was paid. He was "beguiled into sweeping up leaves and burning them". He made sketches of Hallam and his mother, Hallam appearing in the illustration to 'Dora'. There were talks with Millais "as to the limits of realism in painting". My father hated the modern realism in painting and literature, notably as shown by the French schools. With regard to certain English pictures he said to Millais that from his point of view, "if you

¹ My father wrote the first stanza of a song entitled "The Alma River," which my mother finished and set to music

Frenchman, a hand in thine!
Our flags have waved together!
Let us drink to the health of thine and mine
At the battle of Alma River

Our flags together furl'd,
Henceforward no other strife—
Than which of us most shall help the world,
Which lead the noblest life

Then pledge we our glorious dead,
Swear to be one for ever,
And God's best blessing on each dear head
That rests by the Alma River

² Perhaps this suggested his fine early picture upon the subject

have human beings before a wall, the wall ought to be picturesquely painted and in harmony with the idea pervading the picture but must not be made obtrusive by the bricks being too minutely drawn since it is the human beings that ought to have the real interest for us in a dramatic subject picture

When Millais left my parents read together Souvestre's account of the Bretons. The fact that their most popular songs are religious and that when the cholera was among them they would not listen to the doctors until they put their advice in song set to national airs struck my father. On Dec 2nd he wrote 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' in a few minutes after reading the description in the *Times* in which occurred the phrase some one had blundered, and this was the origin of the metre of his poem. Christmas Eve is kept by his blowing bubbles for the children, and making fun for them by humping up his shoulders high and pretending to be a giant.

At the end of the year he received Professor Ferrier's *History of Philosophy* with the following letter

ST ANDREWS Dec 17th 1854

DEAR SIR,

You were among the very first to whom my book was to be sent and I supposed that you had received it some six weeks ago. Possibly Blackwood did not know your address and therefore sent it to your publisher.

If anything strikes you as inconsecutive in the reasoning you will do me a favour by pointing it out.

One eminent authority has given it as his opinion that there is a non sequitur in the passage from Prop I to Prop II. To me this seems odd. I esteem it a high honour to have now made your acquaintance and a great privilege to be allowed to subscribe myself

Very truly yours F FERRIER

¹ Published in the *Examiner*, Dec 9th

Frederick Tennyson wrote from Florence

Dec 30th, 1854

MY DEAR E AND A,

Browning comes in occasionally, but poor Mrs B never stirs out during the winter Under the rose, they are both preparing new poems, Browning a batch of Lyrics which are to be the real thing, Mis B a kind of Metrical Romance Though I have the highest esteem for Browning, and believe him to be a man of infinite learning, jest and bonhomie, and moreover a sterling heart that reverbs no hollowness, I verily believe his school of poetry to be the most grotesque conceivable With the exception of the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon," through which you may possibly grope your way without the aid of an Ariadne, the rest appear to me to be Chinese puzzles, trackless labyrinths, unapproachable nebulosities Yet he has a very Catholic taste in poetry, doing justice to everything good in all poets past or present, and he is one who has a profound admiration of Alfred I hear from Palgrave that A has a new poem on the stocks, a few of the best stanzas in your next letter I should prize highly, and the Brownings would be delighted to see a specimen of it I suppose the poem on the "Charge of the Six Hundred" in the *Examiner*, signed A T, is really by Alfred Browning sent me the paper but I could give him no information on the subject

Your affectionate brother, F TENNYSON

On Jan 10th, 1855, my father had "finished, and read out, several lyrics of Maud'" The weather in January and February was arctic and the waves froze on the beach.

The news of the loss of Sir John Franklin, my mother's uncle, in the Arctic Regions was at this time "a great shock¹." It is interesting to note that Dr Kane, who was on the second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John, honoured my father by naming a natural rock

¹ My mother thought that her uncle's last words to her were "If I am lost, remember, Emily, my firm belief that there is open sea at the North Pole"

column 480 feet high, on a pedestal 280 feet high to the north of latitude 79 degrees 'Tennyson's Monument

Dr Kane wrote

I remember well the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view Cold and sick as I was I brought back a sketch of it which may have interest for the reader though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent landmark Those who are happily familiar with the writings of Tennyson and have communed with his spirit in the wilderness will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name

In February my father translated aloud three Idylls of Theocritus *Hylas, The Island of Cos* and *The Syracusan Women* In March Woolner made a medallion of him (the best likeness that had yet been made)

On March 22nd my father received this letter from Ruskin

DENMARK HILL CAMBERWELL

21st March 1855

DEAR MR TENNYSON

I venture to write to you because as I was talking about you with Mr Woolner yesterday he gave me more pleasure than I can express by telling me that you wished to see my Turners

By several untoward chances I have been too long hindered from telling you face to face how much I owe you So you see at last I seize the wheel of fortune by its nearest spoke begging you with the heartiest entreaty I can to tell me when you are likely to be in London and to fix a day if possible that I may keep it wholly for you and prepare my 'Turners' to look their rosiest and best Capricious they are as enchanted opals but they must surely shine for you

Any day will do for me if you give me notice two or three days before but please come soon for I have much to say to you and am eager to say it above all to tell you how for a thousand things I am gratefully and respectfully yours

J RUSKIN

In April my father walked to Bonchurch and wrote to my mother 'If I stop another day here I may have

a chance of seeing double stars thro' a telescope of Dr Mann's, a very clever interesting doctor with whom I spent two hours this morning. He showed me things thro' his microscope "

He was home again on April 25th, and "copied out 'Maud' for the press, and read 'The Lady of the Lake,' having just finished Goethe's 'Helena' "

On June 6th he writes "I have strangely enough accepted the Oxford Doctorship Friends told me I ought to accept it, so I did " Temple' had suggested my father for that degree My parents stayed at Balliol, and my father said, as he sat in the Balliol gardens, "The shouts of the Undergraduates from the theatre are like the shouts of the Roman crowd, 'Christiani ad Leones!'" He was very nervous before going, but entered the theatre quite calmly with Sir John Burgoyne, the stately-looking Montalembert, and Sir de Lacy Evans He sat on the steps nearly under Lord Derby, then there was one great shout for "In Memoriam," one for "Alma" and one for "Inkermann " The sea of upturned faces was very striking, and my father had a "tremendous ovation" when he received his degree The new doctor ordinarily borrows a doctor's robes from a tailor and just wears them in the Sheldonian Theatre for the ceremony But my father after luncheon asked the Master of Balliol whether it would be against rule and propriety if he might have a smoke, as it was his fancy to do so, among the green trees when clad in his red doctoral robes The Master said that he might do so, and he smoked in the then walled-in Master's garden, now open to the college "In the evening at Magdalen he had long talks with Mr Gladstone and Montalembert" Next day Arthur Butler and Max Muller took my father and mother about Oxford, and to the Bodleian, to see the

¹ Now Archbishop of Canterbury

Illuminated Missals, and Dr Wellesley showed them the Raffaelle sketches At night they had tea with Professor Johnson and Professor Adams, and looked at the Nebulæ in Cassiopeia through the big telescope the Ring Nebula in Lyra and also some double stars

On July 7th they reached home and the last touch was put to Maud, before giving it to the publisher Up to the time of my father's death when his friends asked him to read aloud from his own poetry he generally chose Maud the Ode on the Duke of Wellington or Guinevere

Translations into French of Ring out wild bells and Mariana in the Moated Grange were sent him from France

He pointed out what a poor language French is for translating English poetry although it is the best language for delicate *nuances* of meaning How absurd Ring out wild bells sounds in the translation *Sonnez Cloches Sonnez* and what a ridiculous rendering of 'He cometh not she said' is *Tom ne vient pas* ¹

August 6th The Balaclava Charge with the following short preface was forwarded to John Forster to be printed on a fly leaf for the Crimean Soldiers

¹ About this time he wrote a letter to the Breton poet Hippolyte Lucas

Une Lettre inédite d Alfred Tennyson à Hippolyte Lucas

CHER MONSIEUR

Ce m'est véritablement une douce chose que d'avoir trouvé une âme poétique qui puisse fraterniser avec la mienne de l'autre côté de la grande mer Les poètes comme vous le dites fort bien sont ou plutôt devraient être reliés ensemble par une chaîne électrique car ils ne doivent pas parler seulement pour leurs compatriotes J'ai lu vos vers plusieurs fois et ils m'ont causé plus de plaisir à chaque nouvelle lecture Je suis particulièrement flatté de leur ressemblance avec mon propre poème

Si jamais je fais un voyage en Bretagne j'aurai l'honneur et le plaisir de vous faire une visite Votre province est riche en légendes poétiques de toute espèce et par cela même particulièrement chère aux Anglais J'espère la voir un jour et vous en même temps

En attendant croyez moi cher monsieur votre tout dévoué

ALFRED TENNYSON

August 8th, 1855

Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, I have ordered a thousand copies of it to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea, but if what I have heard be true they will not be displeased to receive these copies from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them

ALFRED TENNYSON

To John Forster.

[Undated]

MY DEAR FORSTER,

In the first place thanks for your critique which seems to me good and judicious. Many thanks, my wife will write to you about it, but what I am writing to you now about is a matter which interests me very much. My friend Chapman of 3, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, writes to me thus. "An acquaintance of mine in the department of the S P G. as he calls it (Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) was saying how a chaplain in the Crimea sent by the Society writes to the Society (neither he nor the Society being suspected of any Tennysonian prejudices) 'The *greatest service you can do*¹ just now is to send out on printed slips Mr A T's 'Charge at Balaclava.' It is the greatest favourite of the soldiers half are singing it, and all want to have it in black and white, so as to read what has so taken them'"

Now, my dear Forster, you see I cannot possibly be deaf to such an appeal. I wish to send out about 1000 slips, and I don't at all want the S P.G. or any one to

¹ Thus underscored in the original

send out the *version last printed* it would, I believe quite disappoint the soldiers Don't you live quite close to the S P G ? Could you not send Henry over to say that *I* am sending over the soldiers version of my ballad, and beg them not to stir in the matter ? The soldiers are the best critics in what pleases them I send you a copy which retains the Light Brigade and the blunderd and I declare it is the best of the two and that the criticism of two or three London friends (not yours) induced me to spoil it For Heavens sake get *this* copy fairly printed at once and sent out I have sent it by this post likewise to Moxon, but you are closer to your printer Concoct with him how it is all to be managed I am so sorry that I am not in town to have done it at once I have written a little note to the soldiers which need not be sent—just as you like It might be merely printed From A Tennyson Please see to all this and see that there are *no mistakes* and I will be bound to you for evermore and more than ever yours in great haste,

A TENNYSON

P S I am convinced now after writing it out that this *is* the best version

The following tribute was received from Scutari

We had in hospital a man of the Light Brigade one of the few who survived that fatal mistake the Balaclava charge but which deplorable as it was at least tended to show the high state of discipline attained in the British army I spoke to several of those engaged in that deadly conflict and they could describe accurately the position of the Russian cannon were perfectly aware when obeying that word of command that they rode to almost certain death This patient had received a kick in the chest from a horse long after the battle of Balaclava while in barracks at Scutari He was depressed in spirits, which prevented him from throwing off the disease engendered by the blow The doctor remarked that he wished the soldier could be

roused. Amongst other remedies leeches were prescribed. While watching them I tried to enter into a conversation with him, spoke of the charge, but could elicit only monosyllabic replies. A copy of Tennyson's poem having been lent me that morning, I took it out and read it. The man, with kindling eye, at once entered upon a spirited description of the fatal gallop between the guns' mouths to and from that cannon-crowded height. He asked to hear it again, but, as by this time a number of convalescents were gathered around, I slipped out of the ward. The chaplain who had lent me the poem, understanding the enthusiasm with which it had been received, afterwards procured from England a number of copies for distribution. In a few days the invalid requested the doctor to discharge him for duty, being now in health, but whether the cure was effected by the leeches or the poem it is impossible to say. On giving the card the medical man murmured, "Well done, Tennyson!"

On one of the anniversaries of the Balaclava charge a banquet was given in London, and my father was pressed to attend. Being unable to do so, he sent the following letter to the chairman of the committee

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER

DEAR SIR,

I cannot attend your banquet, but I enclose £5 to defray some of its expenses, or to be distributed as you may think fit among the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge. A blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having thereby learnt that her soldiers are the most honest and most obedient under the sun. I will drink a cup of wine on the 25th to the health and long life of all your fine fellows, and, thanking yourself and your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me, I pray you all to believe me, now and ever, your admiring fellow-countryman,

A TENNYSON

He had intended to write a poem on the soldiers battle of Inkermann, but only got as far as the first line 'Strong eight thousand of Inkermann'

At this time my father's friend Harry Lushington who with his brother Franklin had published some stirring poems on the Crimean war died in Paris

My father's letter diary of days in the New Forest

August 31st Haven't had the heart to get further than Winchester and Salisbury I am going to day to take a gig across country to Lyndhurst

Lyndhurst Sept 1st Tho I had said that the New Forest for didn't I expect that it was disforested would not do again tho when I started this morning I got on the wrong track for four miles or so out of the way of the great timber, the vast solemn beeches delighted me but my soul was not satisfied, for I did not meet with any so very large beech as I had met with before Yet I rejoiced in the beeches and have resolved to stay till Monday and see them twice again I have lost the tobacco case which Simeon gave me I am grieved but it was so like the colour of last year's beech leaves that I did not see it when I turned to leave the spot where I had smoked

Crown Hotel Lyndhurst Sept 2nd I lost my way in the Forest to day and have walked I don't know how many miles I found a way back to Lyndhurst by resolutely following a track which brought me at last to a turnpike On this I went a mile in the wrong direction that is towards Christchurch then met a surly fellow who grudgingly told me I was four miles from Lyndhurst whereby I turned and walked to Lyndhurst My admiration of the Forest is great it is true old wild English Nature and then the fresh heath sweetened air is so delicious The Forest is grand

London, Sept. 28th. I dined yesterday with the Brownings and had a very pleasant evening. Both of them are great admirers of poor little "Maud" The two Rossettis came in during the evening¹

October 1st I dined at Twickenham, my mother looking very well and intending to keep the house on another year I also dined with the Camerons last night, she is more wonderful than ever I think in her wild-beaming benevolence I read "Maud" to five or six people at the Brownings (on Sept 28th)

Mrs Browning writes thereupon to my mother.

13 DORSET STREET, *October, 1855*

MY DEAR MRS TENNYSON,

If I had not received your kindest of letters I had yet made up my mind not to leave England without writing to you to thank you (surely it would have been your due) for the deep pleasure we had in Mr Tennyson's visit to us He didn't come back as he said he would to teach me the "Brook" (which I persist nevertheless in fancying I understand a little), but he did so much and left such a voice (both him "and a voice") crying out "Maud" to us, and helping the effect of the poem by the personality, that it's an increase of joy and life to us ever Then may we not venture to think now of Alfred Tennyson *our friend*? and was it not worth while coming from Italy to England for so much? Let me say too another thing, that though I was hindered (through having women friends with me, whom I loved and yet could not help wishing a little further just then) from sitting in the smoke and hearing the talk of the next room, yet I heard some sentences which, in this materialistic low-talking world, it was comfort and triumph to hear from the lips of such a man So I thank you both, and my husband's thanks go with mine

As to a visit to you, how pleasant that you should ask us!

¹ Gabriel Rossetti wrote to William Allingham about this evening in an unpublished letter "He is quite as glorious in his way as Browning in his, and perhaps of the two even more impressive on the whole personally"

This year we could not have gone next year perhaps we shall not be able any more*** but every year of our lives it will be pleasant to think that you have wished it. Dear Mrs Tennyson you do not mind the foolish remarks on Maud *** do you? These things are but signs of an advance made of the tide rising People on the shore are troubled in their picking up of shells a little

Kiss your children for me I hope my child may play with them before long My husband's Men and Women shall go to Mr Tennyson on the publication not to trouble him (understand) with exaction of a letter or opinion but simply as a sign of personal regard and respect.

Dear Mrs Tennyson and dear Mr Tennyson believe us *both* very affectionately yours though I have but the name of

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

P S (We leave England to-morrow) God bless you dear and admirable friends My wife feels what she says and I feel with her

Affectionately yours,

ROBERT BROWNING

On his return the evening books were Milton Shakespeares *Sonnets* Thackerays *Humourists* some of Hallam's *History* and of Carlyle's *Cromwell*

This Christmas Mr Lear paid us a visit and sang his settings of Mariana Lotos-Eaters 'O let the solid ground and Oh that twere possible'

One day my father received "an interesting letter telling him of a man who had been roused from a state of suicidal despondency by 'The Two Voices

At the end of the year an unknown Nottingham artizan came to call My father asked him to dinner and at his request read "Maud It appears that the poor man had sent his poems beforehand They had been acknowledged but had not been returned and had been forgotten He was informed that the poems

thus sent, were always looked at, although my father and mother had not time to pass judgment on them. A most pathetic incident of this kind, my father told me, happened to him at Twickenham, when a Waterloo soldier brought twelve large cantos on the battle of Waterloo. The veteran had actually taught himself in his old age to read and write that he might thus commemorate Wellington's great victory. The epic lay for some time under the sofa in my father's study, and was a source of much anxiety to him. How could he go through such a vast poem? One day he mustered up courage and took a portion out. It opened on the heading of a canto "The Angels encamped above the field of Waterloo." On that day, at least, he "read no more." He gave the author, when he called for his manuscript, this criticism "Though great images loom here and there, your poem could not be published as a whole." The old man answered nothing, wrapt up each of the twelve cantos carefully, placed them in a strong oak case and carried them off. He was asked to come again but he never came.

Let not the solid ground
Fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet
Then let come what come may
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day

Let the sweet heavens endure
Not close or darken above me,
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad
I shall have lived my day

CHAPTER XIX

MAUD¹

After reading Maud

Leave him to us ye good and sage
Who stiffen in your middle age
Ye loved him once but now forbear
Yield him to those who hope and dare
And have not yet to forms consign'd
A rigid ossifying mind

Ionica

Pure lyrical poetry of every form had been essayed by my father before 1855 but a monodramatic lyric like 'Maud' was a novelty. In consequence its meaning and drift were widely misunderstood even by educated readers which partly accounts for the outburst of hostile criticism that greeted its appearance. It is a Drama of the Soul set in a landscape glorified by Love and according to Lowell. The antiphonal voice to 'In Memoriam'. Nothing perhaps more justified what has been said of my father that had he not been a poet he might have been remarkable as an actor than his reading of 'Maud' with all its complex contrasts of motive and

¹ The volume contained *Maud (written at Farringford)* The Brook The Letters, Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington The Daisy To the Rev F D Maurice Will The Charge of the Light Brigade

² My father sometimes called *In Memoriam* The Way of the Soul

action He generally prefaced his reading with an explanation, the substance of which has been given by Dr Mann in his *Maud Vindicated*

¹ "At the opening of the drama, the chief person or hero of the action is introduced with scenery and incidents artistically disposed around his figure, so as to make the reader at once acquainted with certain facts in his history, which it is essential should be known. Although still a young man, he has lost his father some years before by a sudden and violent death, following immediately upon unforeseen ruin brought about by an unfortunate speculation in which the deceased had engaged Whether the death was the result of accident, or self-inflicted in a moment of despair, no one knows, but the son's mind has been painfully possessed by a suspicion of villainy and foul play somewhere, because an old friend of his family became suddenly and unaccountably rich by the same transaction that had brought ruin to the dead Shortly after the decease of his father, the bereaved young man, by the death of his mother, is left quite alone in the world He continues thenceforth to reside in the retired village in which his early days have been spent, but the sad experiences of his youth have confirmed the bent of a mind constitutionally prone to depression and melancholy Brooding in loneliness upon miserable memories and bitter fancies, his temperament as a matter of course becomes more and more morbid and irritable He can see nothing in human affairs that does not awaken in him disgust and contempt Evil glares out from all social arrangements, and unqualified meanness and selfishness appear in every human form, so he keeps to himself and chews the cud of cynicism and discontent apart from his kind Such in rough outline is the figure the poet has sketched as the foundation and centre of his

¹ My father desired that the passage by Dr Mann, here quoted, should be inserted among his notes 1891-92

plan * * * Since the days of his early youth up to the period when the immediate action of the poem is supposed to commence the dreamy recluse has seen nothing of the family of the man to whom circumstances have inclined him to attribute his misfortunes. This individual although since his accession to prosperity the possessor of the neighbouring hall and of the manorial lands of the village has been residing abroad. Just at this time however there are workmen up at the dark old place and a rumour spreads that the absentees are about to return. This rumour as a matter of course stirs up afresh rankling memories in the breast of the recluse and awakens there old griefs. But with the group of associated recollections that come crowding forth there is one of the child Maud who was in happier days his merry playfellow. She will now however be a child no longer. She will return as the lady mistress of the mansion (being the only daughter of the Squire who is a widower). What will she be like? He who wonders has heard somewhere that she is singularly beautiful. But what is this to him? Even while he thinks of her he feels a chill presentiment suggested no doubt by her close relationship to one who he considered had already worked him so much harm that she will bring with her a curse for him.

I shall never forget his last reading¹ of Maud on August 24th 1892. He was sitting in his high backed chair, fronting a southern window which looks over the groves and yellow cornfields of Sussex toward the long line of South Downs that stretches from Arundel to Hastings (his high domed Rembrandt like head outlined against the sunset clouds seen through the western window). His voice low and calm in everyday life capable of delicate and manifold inflection but with

¹ He owned that some of the passages are hard to read because they have to be taken in one breath and require good lungs.

"organ-tones" of great power and range, thoroughly brought out the drama of the poem. You were at once put in sympathy with the hero. As he said himself, "This poem is a little *Hamlet*," the history of a morbid poetic soul, under the blighting influence of a recklessly speculative age. He is the heir of madness, an egotist with the makings of a cynic, raised to sanity by a pure and holy love which elevates his whole nature, passing from the height of triumph to the lowest depth of misery, driven into madness by the loss of her whom he has loved, and, when he has at length passed through the fiery furnace, and has recovered his reason, giving himself up to work for the good of mankind through the unselfishness born of his great passion. My father pointed out that even Nature at first presented herself to the man in sad visions

And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove
thro' the air

The "blood-red heath" too is an exaggeration of colour, and his suspicion that all the world is against him is as true to his nature as the mood when he is "fantastically merry." "The peculiarity of this poem," my father added, "is that different phases of passion in one person take the place of different characters."

The passion in the first Canto was given by my father in a sort of rushing recitative through the long sweeping lines of satire and invective against the greed for money, and of horror at the consequences of the war of the hearth.

Then comes the first sight of Maud, and "visions of the night," and in Canto iv. a longing for calm, the reaction after a mood of bitterness, and yearning for

A philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways

But the clarion call of the voice by the cedar tree
singing

A passionate ballad gallant and gay
awakens a love in the heart which revolutionizes and
inspires the whole life In Canto xi my father ex-
pressed the longing for love in

O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet

in Canto xvii the exultation of love knowing that it is
returned

Go not happy day
From the shining fields

But this blessedness is so intense that it borders on
sadness and my father's voice would break down when
he came to

I have led her home, my love my only friend
There is none like her none

Joy culminates in Come into the garden Maud'
and my father's eyes which were through the other love
passages veiled by his drooping lids would suddenly
flash as he looked up and spoke these words the
passion in his voice deepening in the last words of the
stanza

She is coming my own my sweet
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear her and beat
Were it earth in an earthy bed
My dust would hear her and beat
Had I lain for a century dead
Would start and tremble under her feet
And blossom in purple and red

Then we heard after the duel the terrible wail of
agony and despair in

The fault was mine,
and the depth of forlorn misery in

Courage, poor heart of stone!

when the man feels that he is going mad, both read with
slow solemnity then the delirious madness of

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?

The lyrics in "Maud" which my father himself
liked best were

I have led her home,

and O that 'twere possible,
and

Courage, poor heart of stone!

About the mad-scene one of the best-known doctors
for the insane wrote that it was "the most faithful
representation of madness since Shakespeare"

It is notable that two such appreciative critics as
Mr Gladstone and Dr Van Dyke wholly misapprehended
the meaning of "Maud" until they heard my father read
it, and that they both then publicly recanted their first
criticisms "No one but a noble-minded man would
have done that" my father would say of Mr Gladstone
Dr Van Dyke's recantation he did not live to read¹

Mr Gladstone's recantation runs thus

I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling, which had
reference to the growth of the war-spirit in the outer world at
the date of this article (*Quarterly Review*, 1855), dislocated my

¹ When Fanny Kemble heard that my father read his "Maud" finely,
she wrote "I do not think any reading of Tennyson's can ever be as striking
and impressive as that 'Curse of Boadicea' that he intoned to us, while the
oak trees were writhing in the storm that lashed the windows and swept
over Blackdown the day we were there" (Unpublished MS)

frame of mind and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination. Whether it is to be desired that a poem should require from common men a good deal of effort in order to comprehend it, whether all that is put into the mouth of the Soliloquist in *Maud* is within the lines of poetical verisimilitude, whether this poem has the full moral equilibrium which is so marked a characteristic of the sister works, are questions open perhaps to discussion. But I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power. And what is worse, I have failed to comprehend rightly the relation between particular passages in the poem and its general scope. This is I conceive not to set forth any coherent strain, but to use for poetical ends all the moods and phases allowable under the laws of the art, in a special form of character which is impassioned, fluctuating and ill grounded. The design which seems to resemble that of the *Ecclesiastes* in another sphere is arduous, but Mr Tennyson's power of execution is probably nowhere greater. Even as regards the passages devoted to war frenzy, equity should have reminded me of the fine lines in the *latter* portion of v 3 (Part I) and of the emphatic words v 10 (Part II).

I swear to you lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin

W E G 1878¹

Among the few who recognized merit in *Maud* were Henry Taylor, Jowett and the Brownings.

From Henry Taylor

COLONIAL OFFICE LONDON
31st July 1855

MY DEAR TENNYSON

I thank you much for sending me *Maud*. I have only read it twice, but I have already a strong feeling of what it is. I say a feeling and not an opinion, for I am always disposed to have as little as possible to say to opinions in matters poetical.

¹ Gladstone's *Gleanings* Vol II

I felt the passion of it and the poetic spirit that is in it, and the poetic spirit that it seemed in some measure to bring back unto me I am glad that there is some one living who can do me that service and glad that you are he

Ever yours sincerely, H TAYLOR

In December Jowett writes

I want to tell you how greatly I admire "Maud" No poem since Shakespeare seems to show equal power of the same kind, or equal knowledge of human nature No modern poem contains more lines that ring in the ears of men I do not know any verse out of Shakespeare in which the ecstasy of love soars to such a height

He adds that the critics have "confused the hero with the author¹."

Some of the reviews accused him of loving war,

¹ I take from Dr Mann, with some condensation, the following remarks about "Maud," because in the light of present criticism they are curious "One member of the fraternity of critics immediately pronounced the poem to be a 'spasm,' another acutely discovered that it was a 'careless, visionary, and unreal allegory of the Russian War' A third could not quite make up his mind whether the adjective 'mud' or 'mad' would best apply to the work, but thought, as there was only one small vowel redundant in the title in either case, both might do A fourth found that the 'mud' concealed 'irony', and the fifth, leaning rather to the mad hypothesis, nevertheless held that the madness was only assumed as an excuse for pitching the tone of the poetry in 'a key of extravagant sensibility' Others of the multifold judgments were of opinion that it was 'a political fever,' an 'epidemic caught from the prevalent carelessness of thought and rambling contemplativeness of the time', 'obscurity mistaken for profundity,' 'the dead level of prose run mad', 'absurdity such as even partial friendship must blush to tolerate,' 'lame and rabid bloodthirstiness of soul' These are but a few of the pleasant suggestions which critical acumen brought forward as its explanations of the inspiration of numbers that must nevertheless be musical"

Maud Vindicated

One of the anonymous letters my father received he enjoyed repeating with a humorous intonation

SIR, I used to worship you, but now I hate you I loathe and detest you You beast ! So you've taken to imitating Longfellow

Yours in aversion * * *

and urging the country to war charges which he sufficiently answered in the "Epilogue to the Heavy Brigade" ending with these lines

And here the singer for his Art
 Not all in vain may plead
 The song that nerves a nation's heart
 Is in itself a deed

The truth is that though he advocated the war of defence and of liberty and often said 'Peace at all price implies war at all cost' no one loathed war more than he did or looked forward more passionately to the

Parliament of man the Federation of the world
 when the earth at last should be one

A warless world a single race a single tongue
 I have seen her far away for is not Earth as yet so
 young?

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion
 killed

Every grim ravine a garden every blazing desert tilled
 Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she
 smiles

*Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles*¹

What even his hero in Maud says is only that the sins of the nation civil war as he calls them are deadlier in their effect than what is commonly called war and that they may be in a measure subdued by the war between nations which is an evil more easily recognized

At first my father was nettled by these captious remarks of the indolent reviewers but afterwards would take no notice of them except to speak of them in a half pitiful half humorous half mournful manner About

¹ This line he held to be one of the best of the kind he had ever written

"Maud" and other monodramatic poems (the stories of which were his own creation) he said to me "In a certain way, no doubt, poets and novelists, however dramatic they are, give themselves in their works. The mistake that people make is that they think the poet's poems are a kind of 'catalogue raisonné' of his very own self, and of all the facts of his life, not seeing that they often only express a poetic instinct, or judgment on character real or imagined, and on the facts of lives real or imagined. Of course some poems, like my 'Ode to Memory,' are evidently based on the poet's own nature, and on hints from his own life."

The poem was first entitled "Maud or the Madness." My father thought that part of the misunderstanding of "Maud" had arisen from a misconception of the story, so left me the following MS headings and notes.

PART I

Sections

- I Before the arrival of Maud
- II First sight of Maud
- III Visions of the night The broad-flung ship-wrecking roar In the Isle of Wight the roar can be heard nine miles away from the beach (Many of the descriptions of Nature are taken from observations of natural phenomena at Farringford, although the localities in the poem are all imaginary)
- IV Mood of bitterness after fancied disdain
- V He fights against his growing passion
- VI First interview with Maud

- VII He remembers his own and her father talking
just before the birth of Maud
- VIII That she did not return his love
- IX First sight of the young lord
- X The *Westminster Review* said this was an
attack on John Bright I did not know at
the time that he was a Quaker (It was not
against Quakers but against peace at all price
men that the hero fulminates)
- XI This was originally verse III but I omitted it
- Will she smile if he presses her hand
This lord captain up at the Hall?
Captain! he to hold a command!
He can hold a cue he can pocket a ball
And sure not a bantam cockerel lives
With a weaker crow upon English land,
Whether he boast of a horse that gains,
Or cackle his own applause
- What use for a single mouth to rage
At the rotten creak of the State machine
Tho it makes friends weep and enemies smile,
That here in the face of a watchful age
The sons of a gray beard ridden isle
Should dance in a round of an old routine
- XII Interview with Maud
- Maud Maud Maud is like the rooks crow
'Maud is here here here is like the call of
the little birds
- XIII Mainly prophetic He sees Maud's brother
who will not recognize him
- XVI He will declare his love

XVII. Accepted

XVIII Happy. The sigh in the cedar branches seems
to chime in with his own yearning

"*Sad astrology*" is modern astronomy, for of
old astrology was thought to sympathize with
and rule man's fate

Not die but live a life of truest breath This is
the central idea, the holy power of Love.

XXI Before the Ball

XXII In the Hall-Garden

PART II

Sections

I. The Phantom (after the duel with Maud's
brother)

II In Brittany The shell undestroyed amid the
storm perhaps symbolizes to him his own
first and highest nature preserved amid the
storms of passion

III He felt himself going mad

IV Haunted after Maud's death

"O that 'twere possible" appeared first in the
Keepsake Sir John Simeon years after
begged me to weave a story round this poem
and so "Maud" came into being

V. In the mad-house

The second corpse is Maud's brother, the
lover's father being the first corpse, whom
the lover thinks that Maud's father has
murdered.

PART III

- VI Sane but shattered Written when the cannon
was heard booming from the battle ships in
the Solent before the Crimean War

Letters to and from friends 1854-55

To Gerald Massey

FRESHWATER I OF WIGHT,
April 1st 1854

MY DEAR SIR

In consequence of my change of residence I did not receive your captivating volume till yesterday I am no reader of papers and Reviews and I had not seen nor even heard of any of your poems my joy was all the fresher and the greater in thus suddenly coming on a poet of such fine lyrical impulse and of so rich half-oriental an imagination It must be granted that you make our good old English tongue crack and sweat for it occasionally but time will chasten all that Go on and prosper, and believe me grateful for your gift and

Yours most truly A TENNYSON

Letters to Dr Mann, author of 'Maud Vindicated'

1855

Thanks for your *Vindication* No one with this essay before him can in future pretend to misunderstand my dramatic poem 'Maud' your commentary is as true as it is full, and I am really obliged to you for defending me against the egregiously nonsensical imputation of having attacked the Quakers or Mr Bright you are not aware perhaps that another wiseacre accused me of calling Mr Layard an 'Assyrian Bull'

Yours very truly A TENNYSON

Without the prestige of Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (if it came out now) would be treated in just the same way, so that one ought not to care for their cackling, not that I am comparing poor little "Maud" to the Prince, except as, what's the old quotation out of Virgil, *sic parvis componere, etc* Would it not be better that all literary criticisms should be signed with the name or at least the initials of the writer? To sign political articles would be perhaps unadvisable and inconvenient, but my opinion is that we shall never have a good school of criticism in England while the writer is anonymous and irresponsible

Believe me yours ever, A T.

I am delighted with Miss Sewell's gift¹, tho' yet unseen I should like as I have told her to learn something of the history of the naming of it can you tell me anything? Please get it framed, we shall be half a year getting it done here I think it should not have a great white margin except the artist herself desires it Perhaps the lake was not called after your humble servant but another I enclose you the note to Miss Sewell which please deliver and read if you choose

A T.

I wished for you much yesterday Merwood² brought me a lump of snake's eggs, and I picked carefully out two little embryo snakes with bolting eyes and beating hearts I laid them on a piece of white paper Their hearts or blood-vessels beat for at *least* two hours after extraction Does not that in some way explain why it is so very difficult to kill a snake? I was so sorry not to have you and your microscope here

A T

¹ Miss Sewell had painted a picture of Lake Tennyson in New Zealand, so named by Sir Frederick Weld

² Tenant at Farringford farm

From Miss Vyner, a stranger¹

RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES, 1855

DEAR FRIEND

I know that the poet's life must have its common place daily sorrows and toils and that there must be moments when he even doubts his own gift, but I fancy a poet's heart must be so large and loving that he can feel for and forgive even folly. I only it may be and yet I *must* write and thank you with a true and grateful heart for the happy moments your thoughts and your pen have given me. I am in the wildest bush of Australia far away from all that makes life beautiful and endurable excepting the strong and stern sense of duty, the consciousness that where God has placed us is our lot to be and that our most becoming posture is to accept our destiny with grateful humility. You must let me tell you how in a lonely home among the mountains with my young children asleep my husband absent, no sound to be heard but the cry of the wild dog or the wail of the curlew no lock or bolt to guard our solitary hut strong in our utter helplessness I have turned (next to God's book) to you as a friend and read far into the night till my lot seemed light and a joy seemed cast around my very mental toils then I have said, God bless the poet and put still some beautiful words and thoughts into his heart and the burthen of life became pleasant to me or it least easy. If you are the man I feel you must be you will forgive this address there are certain impulses which seem irresistible and I believe these are the genuine, truthful moments of our life and such an impulse has urged me to write to you and I know that the blessing of a faithful heart cannot be bootless and may He who seeth not as man seeth spare you to plead the cause of truth and to spurn foolish ways and selfly conventionalities. I am well

God bless you always your friend,

MARGARET ANNA VYNER

My father's aunt Mrs Russell was vexed at what she thought an attack on coal mine owners in "Maude,"

¹ My father was deeply touched by this letter and kept it among the things he most prized

and so he writes. "I really could find it in my heart to be offended with such an imputation, for what must you think of me if you think me capable of such gratuitous and unmeaning personality and hostility? I am as sensitive a person as exists, and sooner than wound anyone in such a spiteful fashion, would consent never to write a line again, yea, to have my hand cut off at the wrist. Why, if you had the least suspicion that I had acted in this way, did you not inquire of me before? Now see, you the kindest and tenderest of human beings, how you have wronged me, and cherished in your heart this accusation as baseless, no, more baseless, than a dream, for dreams have some better foundation in past things but pray put it all out of your head"

To George Brimley

FRESHWATER, I W

Nov 28th, 1855

SIR,

I wish to assure you that I quite close with your commentary on "Maud" I may have agreed with portions of other critiques on the same poem, which have been sent to me, but when I saw your notice I laid my finger upon it and said, "There, that is my meaning" Poor little "Maud," after having run the gauntlet of so much brainless abuse and anonymous spite, has found a critic. Therefore believe her father (not the gray old wolf) to be

Yours not unthankfully, A. TENNYSON

P S But there are two or three points in your comment to which I should take exception, e g "The writer of the fragments, etc," surely the speaker or the thinker rather than the writer, again, as to the character

of the love, do any of the expressions "rapturous
' painful "childish, however they may apply to some of
the poems, fully characterize the 18th? is it not something
deeper? but perhaps some day I may discuss these
things with you, and therefore I will say no more here
except that I shall be very glad to see you if ever you
come to the Isle of Wight

To F G Tuckerman

1855

DEAR MR TUCKERMAN,

I have just returned home (i.e. to Farringford)
from a visit to London during which I called on Moxon
and found your kind present of books waiting for me I
fear that you must have thought me neglectful in not
immediately acknowledging them and so I should have
done had I not been waiting to send along with my
thanks a small volume of my own containing some of
the things I repeated to you in my little smoking attic
here These poems when printed I found needed
considerable elision and so the book has hung on hand

When I arrived here I found that my small smoking
room did not smell of smoke at all, nay was even fragrant
I could not at first make it out At last I perceived it
was owing to the Russian leather on your Webster which
you made mine Even so (as some one says),

'The actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust —

and there was dust enough on the table almost to justify
the application

You will find in my little volume 'The Charge of the
Light Brigade ' ' ' It is not a poem on which

I pique myself, but I cannot help fancying that, such as it is, I have improved it

Farewell and forgive my silence hitherto. I shall always remember with pleasure your coming to see me in the frost and our pleasant talk together Did you see in your paper that the Oxford University would make me a Doctor the other day, and how the young men shouted ?

I am, dear Mr Tuckerman,

Ever yours, A. TENNYSON

To the Rev G G Bradley¹

FARRINGFORD,

August 25th, 1855

DEAR MR BRADLEY,

Many thanks for the Arnold nobody can deny that he is a poet "The Merman" was an old favourite of mine, and I like him as well as ever "The Scholar Gipsy" is quite new to me, and I have already an affection for him, which I think will increase There are several others which seem very good, so that altogether I may say that you have conferred a great boon upon me I have received a Scotch paper, in which it is stated that poor "Maud" is to be slashed all to pieces by that mighty man, that pompholygous, broad-blown Apollodorus, the gifted X Her best friends do not expect her to survive it!

I am yours very truly,

A TENNYSON

¹ Dean of Westminster

From J Ruskin

DENMARK HILL 12th November 1855

MY DEAR SIR

I hear of so many stupid and feelingless misunderstandings of Maud that I think it may perhaps give you some little pleasure to know my sincere admiration of it throughout

I do not like its versification so well as much of your other work not because I do not think it good of its kind but because I do not think that wild kind quite so good and I am sorry to have another cloud put into the sky of one's thoughts by the sad story but as to the general bearing and delicate finish of the thing in its way I think no admiration can be extravagant

It is a compliment to myself not to you if I say that I think with you in *all* things about the war

I am very sorry you put the Some one had blundered out of the Light Brigade¹

It was precisely the most tragical line in the poem It is as true to its history as essential to its tragedy

Believe me sincerely yours J RUSKIN

From Herbert Spencer (about The Two Voices)

7 MARLBOROUGH GARDENS

ST JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON, 1855

SIR

I happened recently to be re reading your Poem 'The Two Voices' and coming to the verse

Or if thro lower lives I came—
Tho all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—

it occurred to me that you might like to glance through a book which applies to the elucidation of mental science the hypothesis to which you refer I therefore beg your acceptance of *Psychology* which I send by this post

With much sympathy yours

HERBERT SPENCER

¹ Some friends of excellent critical judgment prevailed upon him to omit this phrase which was however soon re inserted for it was originally the keynote of the poem

With the proceeds of the sale of "Maud" Farringford was bought, and my mother's journal says :

April 24th, 1856 This morning a letter came from Mr G S Venables saying that Mr Chapman pronounced the title of Farringford good We have agreed to buy, so I suppose this ivied home among the pine-trees is ours Went to our withy holt: such beautiful blue hyacinths, orchises, primroses, daisies, marsh-marigolds and cuckoo-flowers. Wild cherry trees too with single snowy blossom, and the hawthorns white with their "pearls of May" The park has for many days been rich with cowslips and furze in bloom. The elms are a golden wreath at the foot of the down; to the north of the house the mespilus and horse-chestnut are in flower and the apple-trees are covered with rosy buds A dug the bed ready for the rhododendrons. A thrush was singing among the nightingales and other birds, as he said "mad with joy" At sunset, the golden green of the trees, the burning splendour of Blackgang Chine and St Catharine's, and the red bank of the primeval river, contrasted with the turkis-blue of the sea (that is our view from the drawing-room), make altogether a miracle of beauty We are glad that Farringford is ours.



FARRINGFORD

F m B l D g b M All g^t m

CHAPTER XX

HOME LIFE AND IDYLLS OF THE KING

1856-1859

A thousand thanks for your charming letter from the Isle of Wight with suggestive date of Bonchurch (the only church you went to that day) and the spirited outline sketch of the Idyllic Poet serenely ploughing his windy acres 'How must you have enjoyed' The Idylls (of the King) are a brilliant success Rich tapestries wrought as only Tennyson could have done them, and worthy to hang by the *Faerie Queen* I believe there is no discordant voice on this side of the water

(From H W Longfellow to James T Fields 1854)

1856

My father went to the Grange (Lord Ashburton's) in January, and met the Carlyles, Venables Brookfields Tom Taylors Goldwin Smith and Spedding Brookfield wrote 'Alfred has been most cheerful and the life of the party The note by my father is It seems a house not uneasy to live in only I regret my little fumitory at Farringford Here they smoke among the oranges, lemons and camellias I cannot see in Lady Ashburton a touch of the haughtiness which fame attributes to her She is most perfectly natural tho like enough she sometimes snubs her own grade now and then when she sees presumption and folly But as Brookfield said this morning 'She is very loyal to her *printers*

During the winter evenings of 1855 my father would translate the *Odyssey* aloud into Biblical prose to my mother who writes, Thus I get as much as it is possible to have of the true spirit of the original

He had been evolving the main scheme of the "Idylls of the King" at different periods during the last twenty years and more: the Morte d'Arthur episode had appeared in the volume of 1842. He resumed the plan with "Merlin and Nimue" (called "Vivien") in February, and in the "Forest of Broceliande" are many reminiscences of what was now the near scenery of the New Forest¹. This Idyll was finished by March 31st, and "Geraint and Enid" begun on April 16th.

Meantime for daily exercise he planted trees and shrubs, rolled the lawn and dug in the kitchen garden, taking all the while a loving note of Nature. Thus as he was digging one day a well-known line formed itself

As careful robins eye the delver's toil

Farringford being now his property, the Twickenham furniture was brought over to the new home. As it was unpacked, my father's eye was struck by a certain crimson-covered sofa and some oak chairs grouped together in the farmyard in front of the old thatched farmstead and the ivy-covered wall through which the kitchen garden is entered. "What a picture it would make!" he said, repeating his new song in "Enid," that then for the first time came to him

Turn fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud.

Presently, within doors, while the books were being sorted and rearranged, all imaginable things strewed over the drawing-room floor, and the chairs and tables in wild disarray, Prince Albert called. He had driven over suddenly from Osborne. The parlour-maid went to the front door, heard the Prince's name announced, and, being bewildered and not knowing into what room to show him, stood stock still, so the Equerry, I have been told, took

¹ On one occasion he stayed in the New Forest with his friend, the well-known ornithologist, Lord Lilford, in order to observe the bird-life there

her by the shoulders and turned her round bidding her lead them in. The Prince expressed great admiration of the view from the drawing room window and one of the party gathered a bunch of cowslips which H R H said he must take to the Queen.

From the first the Prince was very cordial and impressed my father as being a man of strong and self sacrificing nature.

In June news came that R's bank would probably break and that all my father's little savings might be lost. On July 2nd my mother wrote 'A showed a noble disregard of money much as the loss would affect us'. That evening, so as to give her courage, he asked her to play and sing the grand Welsh national air 'Come to battle' and afterwards, to divert themselves from dwelling on the possible loss they hung their Michael Angelo engravings round the drawing room.

In July and August my father and mother took us children to Wales and here Enid was all but finished. We stayed at Llangollen, then at Dolgelly and at Barmouth. My father spoke of 'the high rejoicing lines of Cader Idris'. My mother wrote *Sept 8th* 'A climbed Cader Idris. Pouring rain came on. I and the children waited a long time for him. I heard the roar of waters streams and cataracts and I never saw anything more awful than that great veil of rain drawn straight over Cader Idris, pale light at the lower edge. It looked as if death were behind it and made me shudder when I thought he was there. A message came from him by the guide that he had gone to Dolgelly.'

It was near Festiniog that he heard the roar of a cataract above the roar of the torrent and wrote that Virgilian simile

For as one

That listens near a torrent mountain brook

All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears

The drumming thunder of the huger fall
At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear
His voice in battle

He particularly admired the still pools of the torrent in the "Torrent Walk" at Dolgelly, and the mysterious giant steps of Cwm Bychan Harlech, Festiniog, Llanidloes, Builth, Caerleon were the next halting-places, and on September 16th he wrote "The Usk murmurs by the windows, and I sit like King Arthur in Caerleon This is a most quiet, half-ruined village of about 1500 inhabitants with a little museum of Roman tombstones and other things" From Caerleon he made expeditions to Caerphilly, Merthyr Tydvil, Raglan, and then we all returned by Brecon, Gloucester and Salisbury home With the help of local schoolmasters in Wales my parents had learned some Welsh, and now read together the *Hanes Cymru* (Welsh History), the *Mabinogion* and *Llywarch Hen*

On Dec. 31st a characteristic letter was sent to a stranger who had forwarded a volume of verse

I have as you desired considered your poem, and though I make it a rule to decline passing any judgment on poems, I cannot in this instance refrain from giving you a word of advice

Follow your calling diligently, for be assured, work, far from being a hardship, is a blessing, and if you are a poet indeed, you will find in it a help not a hindrance You might, if you chose, offer these lines to some magazine, but you must not be surprised if they are refused, for the poetic gift is so common in these days that hundreds must have to endure this disappointment, and I should not be an honest friend if I did not prepare you for that

I should by no means recommend you to risk the publication of a volume on your own account The

publication of verse is almost always attended with loss
 As an amusement to yourself and your friends the
 writing it is all very well Accept my good wishes and
 believe me,

Your obedient servant

A TENNYSON

1857

An invitation was sent in January to Mr and
 Mrs Carlyle The latter answered

5 CHEYNE ROAD CHELSEA

21st January 1857

MY DEAR MRS TENNYSON

You *are* a darling woman to have gone and written
 to me on the voluntary principle such a kind little note!
 You to have been at the trouble to know that *I* was ill! You to
 express regret at *my* illness I feel both surprised and gratified
 as if I were an *obsolete* word that some great Poet (Alfred
 Tennyson for example) had taken a notion to look up in the
 Dictionary

In *London*, when one is sick especially when one continues
 sick for three months one falls so out of thought! it is much if
 even your female friend in the next street do not weary of you
 and then forget you! I say female advisedly for to give the
 Devil his due I find that men hold out longer than women
 against the loss of one's "powers of pleasing"

Now however I begin to be about and have no longer the
 pretext of illness for straining what Mr Carlyle calls the
 inestimable privilege of being as ugly and stupid and disagreeable
 as ever one likes! and my friends drop in more frequently and
 sit much longer!

The heartiest thanks for your invitation to Freshwater

Wouldn't I like to go and visit you if that man would leave
 his eternal *Frederick* and come along! nay wouldn't I like to go
 on my own small basis if only I had the *nerve* for it which I
 have not yet! He goes nowhere sees nobody only for two

hours a day he rides, like the wild German Hunter, on a horse he has bought, and which seems to like the sort of thing! Such a horse! he (not the horse) never wearies, in the intervals of *Frederick*, of celebrating the creature's "good sense, courage and sensibility!" "Not once," he says, "has the creature shown the slightest disagreement from *him* in *any question of Intellect*" (more than can be said of most living Bipedes)! I wrote to a relation in Scotland, "If this horse of Mr C's dies, he will certainly write its biography," and that very day he said to me, "My dear, I wish I could find out about the genealogy of that horse of mine! and some particulars of its life! I am beginning to feel sure it is a Cockney"

Poor Lady Ashburton has made nothing by leaving the Grange deserted this winter, she has been quite ill ever since she went to Nice

May I offer my affectionate regards to your husband? And may I give yourself a kiss?

Yours very truly,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

In April a report reached us that Tom Moore was dying. A friend writes "This darling old poet is only just alive, mind and body. X goes over frequently to see him and read him your poems, which he cries over and delights in"

"Enid" and "Nimue, or The True and the False" were put into print this summer

In June the American translator of *Faust*, Bayard Taylor, stayed at Farringford and was full of talk. Among other things he told my father that the most beautiful sight in the world was a Norwegian forest in winter, sheathed in ice, the sun rising over it and making the whole landscape one rainbow of flashing diamonds

Taylor published the following account of his visit to us

As we drew near Freshwater my coachman pointed out Farringford a cheerful gray country mansion with a small thick grassed park before it a grove behind and beyond all a deep shoulder of the chalk downs a gap in which at Freshwater showed the dark blue horizon of the Channel. Leaving my luggage at one of the two little inns I walked to the house with lines from Maud chiming in my mind. The dry tongued laurel shone glossily in the sun the cedar sighed for Lebanon on the lawn and the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea' glimmered afar. I had not been two minutes in the drawing room before Tennyson walked in. So unlike are the published portraits of him that I was almost in doubt as to his identity. The engraved heads suggest a moderate stature but he is tall and broad shouldered as a son of Anak with hair beard and eyes of southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante but such a deep mellow chest voice never could have come from Italian lungs. He proposed a walk as the day was wonderfully clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep comb of the chalk cliff and slowly wandered westward till we reached the Needles at the extremity of the Island and some three or four miles from his residence. During the conversation with which we beguiled the way I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs which the sheep had spared escaped his notice and the geology of the coast both terrestrial and submarine was perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark I once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author (Thackeray) that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew and could well believe that he was sincere in making it

July 9th My mother writes in her journal 'A has brought me as a birthday present the first two lines that he has made of *Guinevere*' which might be the nucleus of a great poem. Arthur is parting from *Guinevere* and says

But hither shall I never come again
Never lie by thy side see thee no more
Farewell!

July 25th. The following letter was received from Mr Ruskin about the edition of the *Poems* illustrated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt and others, in which my father had taken great interest, having called on most of the artists so as to give them his views of what the illustrations ought to be.

EDINBURGH,

July 24th, 1857

MY DEAR SIR,

It is a long time since I have heard from you and I do not like the mildew to grow over what little memory you may have of me

It is however no excuse for writing to say that I wanted to congratulate you on the last edition of your poems. Indeed it might be and I hope will be some day better managed, still many of the plates are very noble things, though not, it seems to me, illustrations of your poems

I believe in fact that good pictures never can be, they are always another poem, subordinate but wholly different from the poet's conception, and serve chiefly to show the reader how variously the same verses may affect various minds. But these woodcuts will be of much use in making people think and puzzle a little, art was getting quite a matter of form in book-illustrations, and it does not so much matter whether any given vignette is right or not, as whether it contains thought or not, still more whether it contains any kind of plain facts. If people have no sympathy with St Agnes, or if people as soon as they get a distinct idea of a living girl who probably got scolded for dropping her candle-wax about the convent-stairs, and caught cold by looking too long out of the window in her bedgown, feel no true sympathy with her, they can have no sympathy in them

But we P. R. B.'s¹ must do better for you than this some day meantime I do congratulate you on "The wind is blowing in turret and tree," and Rossetti's Sir Galahad and Lady of Shalott, and one or two more

¹ Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood

Please send me a single line to Denmark Hill, Camberwell, and believe me

Faithfully yours

J RUSKIN

This summer the tour was to Manchester Coniston Inverary Castle, and Carstairs (the home of my father's college friend Monteith) On this journey he read aloud *Tom Brown's School Days* to my mother, enjoying it thoroughly

When at Manchester my parents heard Dickens recite his *Christmas Carol*

A visit was made to the Exhibition held there, and much time spent in studying Holman Hunt's pictures the Turner sketches Mulready's drawings and various fine Gainsboroughs and Reynolds

Hawthorne was in the same room and my father afterwards expressed great regret that he had not been introduced to the author of *The Scarlet Letter* Hawthorne wrote 'Gazing at him with all my eyes I liked him well, and rejoiced more in him than in all the wonders of the Exhibition'

After the tour Mrs Browning wrote to enquire after his health

ALLA VILLA TOSCANA

BAGNI DI LUCCA

September 6th 1857

MY DEAR MRS TENNYSON,

We see in the *Galignani* that Mr Tennyson is not well by the side of threats of fall of our Indian empire and other disasters and it disquiets us to the point that I must write to ask you whether it is true or not and how far? The trade of newspapers is to blow bubbles and a little breath more or less determines the size of the bubble

May this be a mere bubble! write one word to say so Oh may you be able to smile at my question from over the sea!

But remember we have lost our friend your brother Frederick

from whom we could always hear about you! He has devastated our Florence for us by going to live at Pisa, and now he is farther off still, at Genoa, while we are mountain-locked here with no news from anybody

The spring and summer have been heavy to me from a family grief¹, but we three are well, thank God, living quietly in the shade till the sun shall have done his worst and best alas! in this beautiful Italy. Little Penini² is very happy, gossiping with the Contadini, among whom he passes for un Vero Fiorentino, though he talks English inside the house as fast as Italian out of it. I hope that one day he may know your boys. How sorry I was to leave England last year without seeing them or you, or "King Arthur"!

My husband made me envious by the advantage he had over me in having listened to a certain exquisite music of which I could only dream

Just before we left Florence to come hither, we saw your brother Frederick who went there for a day or two. We thought we never saw him looking so well. It was provoking to hear, very provoking, but he maintained that he *slept* at Pisa as he never could at Florence. I was very cross, and inclined to retort that at Pisa one slept by day as well as by night, the place was so dull

Think of our loss having to lose him!

Dear Mrs Tennyson, will you send me just a few words? Really we are anxious. Being in all affection to both of you, his and yours,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

& R B

A letter came about this time from Colonel Phipps, saying that the Queen desired that a stanza should be added to *God save the Queen* for a concert to be given at Buckingham Palace on the evening of the Princess Royal's wedding-day. These two stanzas were sent in answer, and published in the *Times*, January 26th, 1858

¹ Death of her father

² Familiar name of their son

God bless our Prince and Bride!
God keep their lands allied
God save the Queen!
Clothe them with righteousness
Crown them with happiness
Them with all blessings bless
God save the Queen

Fair fall this hallow'd hour,
Farewell our England's flower,
God save the Queen!
Farewell, fair rose of May!
Let both the peoples say
God bless thy marriage day
God bless the Queen

For the last few months the Indian Mutiny had excited the profoundest interest throughout the country and on Christmas Day the account of the relief of Lucknow arrived. Havelock's death, which had occurred on Nov 25th, was not then known. When this sad news came, my father wrote the following lines

Havelock Nov 25th, 1857 (Unpublished)

Bold Havelock march'd
Many a mile went he
Every mile a battle,
Every battle a victory

Bold Havelock march'd
Charged with his gallant few
Ten men fought a thousand
Slew them and overthrew

Bold Havelock march'd
Wrought with his hand and his head
March'd and thought and fought
March'd and fought himself dead

Bold Havelock died,
Tender and great and good,
And every man in Britain
Says "I am of Havelock's blood!"

1858

In January "The Parting of Arthur and Guinevere" was finished and my mother records her first impression "It is awe-inspiring." On March 8th the entry in her journal is "To-day he has written his song of 'Too Late,' and has said it to me", and on March 15th, "'Guinevere' is finally completed"

My father then occasionally wrote in his new summer-house looking towards the down and the sea, and on the windows of which he was painting marvellous dragons and sea-serpents "One day" (she says), "while writing his 'Guinevere,' A spoke of 'the want of reverence now-a-days for great men, whose brightness, like that of the luminous bodies in the Heaven, makes the dark spaces look the darker'"

At this time he sent a letter to Dr Mann in Natal

Our winter has been the mildest I have ever known I read of ripe pomegranates hanging on a houseside at Bath, and I myself counted scores of our wild summer roses on a hedge near, flourishing in December and lasting on into January, tho' now gone, for the temperature has changed They were perfectly fragrant, and I brought home a bouquet of them and put them in water You ask after the farm? I cannot say that * * is going on satisfactorily, very niggard of manure in the fields and ever doing his best to 'reave me of my rent by working at little odd jobs as a set off, so that at the end of the year, all things deducted, I get almost nothing I am now building a little summer-house to catch the southern

sun in Maiden's Croft if you remember what field that is I shall sit there and bask in the sunbeams and think of you far south How I should love to rove about that parklike scenery of which you give such a fascinating account¹

Yours ever, A TENNYSON

P S I may tell you however that young Swinburne called here the other day with a college friend of his and we asked him to dinner and I thought him a very modest and intelligent young fellow Moreover I read him what you vindicated¹ but what I particularly admired in him was that he did not press upon me any verses of his own Good bye How desolate No 7 B T must feel itself¹

Several friends urged the immediate publication of the newly written Idylls among them Jowett who says

I have great pleasure in sending some books which I hope you will accept the best books in the world (except the Bible) Homer and Plato

I take the opportunity also of enclosing Lemprière's *Diction ary* The price is 1s 6d The bookseller valued it so little that he offered to give me the book I have added two or three other books which I thought you might like to see the translation of the Vedas as a specimen of the oldest thing in the world Hegel's *Philosophy of History* which is just the increasing purpose that through the ages runs buried under a heap of categories If you care to look at it will you turn to the pages I have marked at the beginning? It is a favourite book of mine I do not feel certain of the impression it will make on anyone else

I also send you the latest and best work on Mythology, and Bunsen's new *Bibelbuch* which from the little I have read seems to be an interesting and valuable introduction to Scripture What

¹ Later Swinburne writes 'Maud is the poem of the deepest charm and fullest delight pathos and melody ever written even by Mr Tennyson

a cartload of heavy literature! Do not trouble yourself to read or to send it back to me. I will carry it away some day myself.

I fear I have no news to tell you, and "the art of letter-writing" Dr Johnson says "consists solely in telling news."

May I say a word about "mosquitoes"? Anyone who cares about you is deeply annoyed that you are deterred by them from writing or publishing. The feeling grows and brings in after years the still more painful and deeper feeling that they have prevented you from putting out half your powers. Nothing is so likely to lead to misrepresentation. Persons don't understand that sensitiveness is often combined with real manliness as well as great intellectual gifts, and they regard it as a sign of fear and weakness.

A certain man on a particular day has his stomach out of order and the stomach "getteth him up into the brain," and he calls another man "morbid." He is morbid himself and wants soothing words, and the whole world is morbid with dissecting and analysing itself and wants to be comforted and put together again. Might not this be the poet's office, to utter the "better voice" while Thackeray is uttering the worse one? I don't mean to blame Thackeray, for I desire to take the world as it is in this present age, crammed with self-consciousness, and no doubt Thackeray's views are of some value in the direction of anti-humbug.

But there is another note needed afterwards to show the good side of human nature and to condone its faults which Thackeray will never strike. That note would be most thankfully received by the better part of the world.

Give my love to Hallam and Lionel. Tell Hallam I have put his letter "where I can always see it," and that I read every day about "Louise."

No more about "mosquitoes," I have bored you enough. With most kind regards to Mrs Tennyson,

Ever yours truly,

B JOWETT

At this time Lord Dufferin wrote from Highgate, with a copy of his *Letters from High Latitudes*

¹ Spiteful critics

MY DEAR MR TENNYSON

I am going to do a very bold thing but in asking you to accept the accompanying book I hope you will consider I am only obeying an impulse I have felt for many many years but to which until now I have never had any excuse for giving way

For the first 20 years of my life I not only did not care for poetry but to the despair of my friends absolutely disliked it at least so much of it as until that time had fallen in my way In vain my mother read to me Dryden Pope Byron Young Cowper and all the standard classics of the day each seemed to me as distasteful as I had from early infancy found Virgil and I shall never forget her dismay when at a literary dinner I was cross examined as to my tastes and blushingly confessed before an Olympus of poets that I rather disliked poetry than otherwise

Soon afterwards however I fell in with a volume of yours and suddenly felt such a sensation of delight as I never experienced before A new world seemed open to me and from that day by a constant study of your works I gradually worked my way to a thorough appreciation of what is good in all kinds of authors

Naturally enough I could not help feeling very grateful to the Orpheus whose music had made the gate of poet land fly open and for years I longed to make your acquaintance Now that I have done so I cannot help wishing to make you a little thank offering as a token of my sense of what I owe to you and however insignificant I trust you will accept it as being the best and only thing I have to give

Ever yours sincerely DUFFERIN

April 5th Professor Tyndall Mr Newman and Mr Dicey called my father said of Tyndall 'He is such a good fellow, so unscornful and genial so full of imagination and of enthusiasm for his work'

In July we stayed at Little Holland House Kensington with the Prinseps and here my father began

"The Fair Maid of Astolat," and read aloud "The Grandmother."

Watts was at work on what his friends called "the great moonlight portrait" of the Bard.

It was then that my father met Ruskin again. A voice from the corner of the room exclaimed. "Jones, you are gigantic." This was Ruskin apostrophizing Burne Jones as an artist.

From Little Holland House my father started on a trip to Norway, and he wrote in his Letter-Diary.

Started from Hull on July 23rd Saw E. on board the little New Holland Steamer, and waved my handkerchief as both our boats were moving off. watched the two lights of Spurn Point till they became one star and then faded away Next day very fine but in the night towards morning storm arose and our topmast was broken off I stood next morning a long time by the cabin door and watched the green sea looking like a mountainous country, far off waves with foam at the top looking like snowy mountains bounding the scene, one great wave, green-shining, past with all its crests smoking high up beside the vessel¹. As I stood there came a sudden hurricane and roared drearily in the funnel for twenty seconds and past away

Christiansand Went up into the town and saw the wooden houses.

¹ They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus,
Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made
In moving, all together down upon him
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,
And him that helms it, so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger



(Front of)

Alfred Tennyson

*from the portrait in the possession of Henry Somerset
printed by T. Agnew & Sons, Ltd. in 1909*

August 1st Christiania Magnificent seas on the way here At Christiansand called on a Mr Murch and the Frau Murch gave me a splendid bouquet of flowers arrived here at 6 this afternoon I write this at the house of Mr Crowe, consul, looking over the Sound—very pretty in the evening light Am not quite certain whether I shall join Barrett and the other

August 2nd Christiania I let Barrett and Tweedie go by themselves to Bergen I am starting to day to see the Riukan Foss with Mr Woodfall a very quiet sensible man, and we shall take our time I have had great kindness from the Crowes Yesterday a Norwegian introduced himself at the hotel, and began to spout my own verses to me and I likewise rather to my annoyance found myself set down in the Christiania papers as 'Den berømte engelske Digter'

I have seen the Riukan Foss Magnificent power of water, wondrous blue light behind the fall

On his return the Frederick Maurices visited us at Farringford Mr Maurice read family prayers in the morning, and my mother notes 'A rejoiced as much as I did in his reading—the most earnest and holiest reading' A said, 'he had ever heard'

In the evenings my father recited his new poems 'The Grandmother' and 'Sea Dreams', saying that the rascal in 'Sea Dreams' was drawn from a man who had grossly cheated him in early life Mr Maurice was charmed with the place

Groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand
And further on the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand

If his doctrine had been somewhat more within ordinary comprehension, my father was of opinion that he would have taken his place as foremost thinker among the Churchmen of our time. Consequently the following dedication of Maurice's *Theological Essays* gave him great pleasure

MY DEAR SIR,

I have maintained in these *Essays* that a Theology which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of human beings cannot be a true Theology. Your writings have taught me to enter into many of these thoughts and feelings. Will you forgive me the presumption of offering you a book which at least acknowledges them and does them homage?

As the hopes which I have expressed in this volume are more likely to be fulfilled to our children than to ourselves, I might perhaps ask you to accept it as a present to one of your name, in whom you have given me a very sacred interest¹. Many years, I trust, will elapse, before he knows that there are any controversies in the world into which he has entered. Would to God that in a few more he may find that they have ceased¹. At all events, if he should look into these *Essays*, they may tell him what meaning some of the former generation attached to words, which will be familiar and dear to his generation, and to those that follow his, how there were some who longed that the bells of our churches might indeed

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly and gratefully,

F D MAURICE

Two ideas which Maurice expressed my father would quote with approbation, that the "real Hell was the

¹ See p 358

absence of God from the human soul, and that all religions seemed to him to be imperfect manifestations of the true Christianity

I remember too his reading with admiration this passage from Maurice's *Friendship of Books* If I do not give you extracts from any of Milton's specially controversial writings it is not that I wish to pass them over because the conclusions in them are often directly opposed to mine for I think that I have learnt most from those that are so

Oct 4th 'To day my mother says A took a volume of the *Morte d'Arthur* and read a noble passage about the battle with the Romans He went to meet Mr and Mrs Roebuck at dinner at Swainston and the comet was grand, with Arcturus shining brightly over the nucleus At dinner he said he must leave the table to look at it and they all followed They saw Arcturus seemingly dance as if mad¹ when it passed out of the comet's tail He said of the comet's tail It is like a besom of destruction sweeping the sky When he returned next night he 'observed the comet from his platform² and when he came down to tea read some *Paradise Lost*

Oct 17th He read aloud The Rape of the Lock, and noted the marvellous skill of many of the couplets

November My father writes I have just seen Ruskin he says that the Signor's (G F Watts) portrait of me is the grandest thing he has seen in that line but so he said of (Woolner's) bust³

During these last months of the year he was full of the Queen's wise proclamation to India after the transference of the government from the Company to the

¹ Alluded to in Harold

² The platform on the top of the house was a favourite place with him at night and there he continually observed the stars

³ Now in the Library of Trinity College Cambridge

Crown. The Indian Mutiny had stirred him to the depths.

Letters from the Rev. B. Jowett.

Dec 1858

DEAR MRS TENNYSON,

We shall long remember your kind hospitality, which made the Easter Vacation a very happy time to us

You asked me whether I could suggest any subjects for poetry I have been so presumptuous as to think of some I don't believe that poetical feelings and imagery on subjects can ever be exhausted That is only a fancy which comes over us when our minds are dry or in moments of depression This generation is certainly more poetical and imaginative than the last, and perhaps in spite of the critics the next may be more poetical than our own

And as to the critics their power is not really great Waggon-loads of them are lighting fires every week or on their way to the grocers

I often fancy that the critical form of modern literature is like the rhetorical one which overlaid ancient literature and will be regarded as that is, at its true worth in after times One drop of natural feeling in poetry or the true statement of a single new fact is already felt to be of more value than all the critics put together

I suggested "old age" to Mr Tennyson, a sort of "In Memoriam" over a lost child, wandering in soothing strains over all the thoughts and feelings of the aged It always seems to me that "old age" has been badly treated by poets notwithstanding Burns' beautiful ballad Its beauty, its sadness, its peace, its faded experience of life are good elements of poetry An old lady once said to me quite simply, "The spirits of my children always seem to hover about me¹" Might not something of the kind be expressed in verse? If it could, like "The May Queen," it would touch the chords of many hearts

The 2 Sam xix 34, 35 is to me a very affecting passage

¹ My father had heard this saying before, and it was the germ of "The Grandmother"

I wish Mr Tennyson could be persuaded to put the Dogma of Immortality to verse not the fanciful hope of Immortality from recollections of childhood nor the conceptions of a future life derived from the imagery of Scripture such as are common in devotional poetry but an heroic measure suited to manly minds embodying the deep ethical feeling which convinces us that the end of the Maker though dark is not here I believe such a poem might be a possession for the world and better (what a bathos!) than ten thousand sermons

Subjects like blackberries seem to me capable of being gathered off every hedge (That shows the folly of suggesting what anybody can find for themselves anywhere) I do not see why the Greek Mythology might not be the subject of a poem not Wordsworth's Lively Grecian but such as it is in the philosophical idea of it as the twilight of the human mind which lingers still among forms of sense and is unable to pierce them

Have not many sciences such as Astronomy or Geology a side of feeling which is poetry? No sight touches ordinary persons so much as a starlight night

I think you once said to me that Whole philosophies might be contained in a line of verse Is it not true also that whole periods of history seen by the light of modern ideas admit of being described in short passages of poetry? Representative men such as Charlemagne or Hildebrand seem to me safer than the shadowy personages of the legends of romance The Coronation of Charlemagne and the scene of Hildebrand and the Emperor might help to form the situation New friends or foes with old faces might occasionally peep out

A representative from one of the Monastic orders similar in idea to St Simeon Stylites and to be called St Francis of Assisi more Christian and less barbarous would perhaps be possible

Painters like to teach new lessons in nature The successive phases of the human mind in different ages are subjects for poetry even more than for philosophy Might not the poet teach many lessons of that sort not in the æsthetical artistic manner of Goethe but with simpler English poetic feeling?

Now I have said enough foolish things and will conclude You will do me a great favour if you will let me know of any books that I can send Mr Tennyson which you think may be

useful or suggestive Almost anything can be got here, or if you will tell me the subjects, I can find the books

I hold most strongly that it is the duty of everyone who has the good fortune to know a man of genius, to do any trifling service they can to lighten his work

I will write to Mr Tennyson in a few days Remember me to him and

Believe me most truly yours,

B JOWETT

BALL COLL

Dec 12th, 1858

DEAR MRS TENNYSON,

I cannot but feel greatly ashamed of my ingratitude and disrespect in not having answered your last kind letter which gave me great pleasure at the time I received it I believe that ingratitude is not the real cause (for that I could not possibly feel) but inveterate indolence about certain things, among which I fear come some of the duties of friendship

You return me good for evil by sending me the two sweet letters of the children, which I recognize as most genuine productions Give my love to the two "little birds" Lionel's epistle especially is just a picture of a child's mind

I hope Mr Tennyson is well and has good success in his great work¹ Authors great and small have some trials in common and some joys when a "book is born into the world"

I think I have read somewhere a description of Burns' wife and child coming to meet him when he was in a sort of ecstasy, "with the tears rolling down his cheeks," writing "Tam o' Shanter" at the side of a stream That must be a great alleviation I am sure it is only success (in the higher sense) and not resignation or philosophy that can make an author happy

I do not doubt that the world will be charmed with the "Arthur Idylls" No malice will be able to prevent people from seeing that they are most beautiful poems I have more

¹ The "Idylls of the King"

hesitation (shall I go on?) about the other poem respecting the clerk and wife¹ and could wish that the fortunes of it were tried alone so as not to interfere with the good will towards Arthur

The scene and the satirical passage appear to me the doubtful points. It seems to me quite as fine as the Idylls but I speak with reference to its effect on the public

You told me that I might suggest to you any subjects that I dreamed of. Did I mention Jupiter Olympius the statue of Phidias? The subject could partly be the Olympic games and the interest the Classical Greek feeling of the poem. But now I want to suggest something that would express the thoughts of many hearts which I must always think to be the highest excellence of poetry and afford a solace where it is much needed. The subject I mean is In Memoriam for the dead in India. It might be done so as to include some scenes of Calcutta and Lucknow or quite simply and slightly. Relatives in India the schemings and hopings and imaginings about them and the fatal missive suddenly announcing their death. They leave us in the freshness and innocence of youth with nothing but the vision of their childhood and boyhood to look back upon and return no more.

Perhaps you know what sets my thoughts upon this the death of my dear brother the second who has died in India. It matters nothing to the world for they had never the opportunity of distinguishing themselves but it matters a great deal to me. They were dear good disinterested fellows most unselfish in their ways and as grateful to me for what I did for them when they were boys as if it had been yesterday. I like to think of them in the days of their youth busying themselves with engineering which was their great amusement. They were wonderfully attached to each other. The younger one especially who died first about five years ago was one of the sweetest dispositions I ever knew.

If I did not venture to look upon you and Mr Tennyson as something like friends I should not venture to trouble you with this sorrow about persons whom you have never seen or heard of.

I hope to have the pleasure of coming to see you about the

¹ Sea Dreams

6th or 7th of January for a few days But I could come at any other time if more convenient

Ever truly yours, B JOWETT

1859.

The sudden death of Henry Hallam was a great grief to my father, for the historian had been a good friend through thirty years On hearing of Mr Hallam's last days he read some "In Memoriam" aloud and dwelt on those passages which most moved him Generally when he was asked to read the poem he would refuse, saying "It breaks me down, I cannot" In the spring of the year the four "Idylls of the King," "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," "Guinevere," were prepared for publication

"Boadicea" was also written, the metre being "an echo of the metre in the 'Atys' of Catullus¹" he wished that it were musically annotated so that it might be read with proper quantity and force

"Riflemen, Form!" appeared in May in the *Times* after the outbreak of war between France, Piedmont, and Austria, when more than one power seemed to be prepared to take the offensive against England, and it rang like a trumpet-call through the length and breadth of the Empire It so happened that three days later an order from the War Office came out, approving of the formation of Volunteer rifle corps. To Colonel Richards, who was one of the prominent promoters of the movement, my father wrote "I must heartily congratulate you on your having been able to do so much for your country, and I hope that you will not cease from your labours until it is the law of the land that every male child in it shall be trained to the use of arms." On the same day that "Riflemen, Form!" was forwarded for

¹ A T MS

publication, the proofs of the last ' Idyll (' Elaine)
were finally corrected for press¹

He made too a song for sailors

Jack Tar (Unpublished)

They say some foreign powers have laid their heads
together

To break the pride of Britain and bring her on
her knees

Theres a treaty so they tell us of some dishonest
fellows

To break the noble pride of the Mistress of the
Seas

Up Jack Tars, and save us!

The whole world shall not brave us!

Up and save the pride of the Mistress of the
Seas!

We quarrel here at home and they plot against us
yonder

They will not let an honest Briton sit at home
at ease

Up, Jack Tars my hearties! and the d—I take the
parties!

Up and save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas!

Up Jack Tars and save us!

The whole world shall not brave us!

Up and save the pride of the Mistress of the
Seas!

¹ Mr Coventry Patmore wrote to my father in May 1859 It will please you to hear that Rifleman Form! is being responded to I hear that four hundred clerks of the War Office alone have at once answered to the Government invitation and on my proposing that our department should send a contingent almost every man in the place put his name down although a large cost will be incurred and we are nearly all poor If things go through the country at that rate there never will be an invasion

The lasses and the little ones, Jack Tars, they look to
you!

The despots over yonder, let 'em do whate'er they
please!

God bless the little isle where a man may still be
true!

God bless the noble isle that is Mistress of the
Seas!

Up, Jack Tars, and save us!

The whole world shall not brave us!

If *you* will save the pride of the Mistress of
the Seas

In *Once a Week*, July 16th, was published "The Grandmother's Apology" with a beautiful illustration by Millais

With a view to some new "Idylls of the King" my father was studying "Pelleas and Ettarre" and "La belle Isoude", and, after working at those already in print, went for a holiday in August with Mr Palgrave to Portugal

*My father's letter-diary Journey to Portugal
with F T Palgrave and F C Grove¹*

August 16th Radley's Hotel, Southampton Have been over the Vectis, the name of the vessel, not Tagus, Tagus being repaired, or running alternately with the Vectis She is very prettily got up and painted, and apparently scrupulously clean Brookfield² keeps up my spirits by wonderful tales, puns, etc I find that neither Palgrave nor Grove wants to move except as I will and they are quite content to remain at Cintra

August 17th Have passed a night somewhat broken by railway whistles

¹ Eldest son of Judge Sir W Grove

² Brookfield had come to see his friends off from Southampton

[This—writes Palgrave—was Tennyson's second voyage (so far as I know) of more than Channel length. It was strange that sensation of the little moving island, the vessel which was bridging for us the ocean between England and Iberia 'like a world hung in space' as Tennyson called it. Tennyson's flow and fertility in anecdote such as I have elsewhere tried to sketch it, was wonderful.]

No need to dwell on the few incidents which broke the pleasant monotony of the voyage: porpoises plunging and reappearing round the ship like black wheels ploughing the gray blue waters; small whales spouting their fountains on the near horizon; the meridian observations, the rocks of Ushant, the beacon light on Finisterre. I name them only because of the vivid interest with which they were studied by Tennyson. But we desired nothing better than the *far niente* of those cloudless days. Presently however that craving for "the palms and temples of the South" which he was never to gratify fell upon Tennyson, and he began to long in vain to push onward to Tenerife.]

August 21st Braganza Hotel Lisbon. Just arrived at Lisbon and settled at the Braganza Hotel after a very prosperous voyage tho with a good deal of rolling. We merely touched at Vigo which looked fruitful rolled up in a hot mist, and saw Oporto from the sea looking very white in a fat port wine country. It is here just as hot as one would wish it to be but not at all too hot. There was a vast deal of mist and fog all along the coast as we came. Lisbon I have not yet seen except from the sea and it does not equal expectation as far as seen.¹ Palgrave and Grove have been helpful and pleasant companions and so far all has gone well. We shall go to Cintra either to morrow or next day. It is said to be Lisbon's Richmond and rather cockney tho high and cool. The man who is landlord here is English and an Englishman keeps the hotel at Cintra. I hope with good hope that I shall not be pestered with the plagues of Egypt. I cannot say whether we shall stick at Cintra or go further on. Brookfield gave a good account of the cleanliness of Seville.

¹ Except the convent chapel at Belem

August 23rd Cintra We drove over Lisbon yesterday in a blazing heat and saw the Church of St Vincent, and the Botanical Gardens where palms and prickly pears and huge cactuses were growing, and enormous oleanders covered all over with the richest red blossom, and I thought of our poor one at Farringford that won't blossom There were two strange barbaric statues at the gate of the garden, which were dug up on the top of a hill in Portugal some call them Phœnician but no one knows much about them I tried to see the grave of Fielding the novelist, who is buried in the Protestant cemetery, but could find no one to let me in, he lies among the cypresses In the evening we came on here, the drive was a cold one, and the country dry, tawny, and wholly uninteresting Cintra disappointed me at first sight, and perhaps will continue to disappoint, tho' to southern eyes from its ever green groves, in contrast to the parched barren look of the landscape, it must look very lovely I climbed with Grove to the Peña, a Moorish-looking castle on the top of the hill, which is being repaired, and which has gateways fronted with tiles in pattern, these gates look like those in the illustrated *Arabian Nights* of Lane¹

August 26th It is, I think, now decided that we are to go on to Cadiz and Seville on the 2nd, and then to Gibraltar and possibly to Tangiers, possibly to Malaga and Granada The King's Chamberlain has found me out by my name his name is the Marquis of Figueros or some such sound, and yesterday even the Duke of Saldanha came into the *salle à manger*, described himself as "having fought under the great Duke, and having been in two and forty combats and successful in all, as having married two English wives, both perfect women," etc, and ended with seizing my hand and crying out

¹ Then they strolled to the Bay of Apples

'Who does not know England's Poet Laureate? I am the Duke of Saldanha. I continue pretty well except for toothache, I like the place much better as I know it better. A visit to Santarem (the city of convents) was greatly enjoyed

[The town itself proved a labyrinth of narrow and filthy streets, though here also were many large ecclesiastical buildings ending in a vast ruined castle which from an immense height commanded the river valley. Here we two (for our pleasant comrade had now left us) sat long and beneath us saw miles on miles of level land forest and vineyard dotted with unknown villages, and lighted up by the long curves of the Tagus. This undoubtedly is one of the great panoramic landscapes of Europe and I suppose the least visited. Nearer the city, thorny lines of glaucous aloe here and there throwing out lofty flower stems, ran up the hill sides planted thick with olive trees beneath which the sun now cast down long separate shadows and illuminated the Tagus flowing right below our eyes between wide tawny sandbanks to the deepest fold of its green and sinuous channel']

Sept 2nd Lisbon. The heat and the flies and the fleas and one thing or another have decided us to return by the boat to Southampton which starts from this place on the 7th. We propose on arriving at Southampton to pass on to Lyndhurst to spend two or three days in the Forest.

[Our visit we gradually found, was not at the most favourable season. The fields browned and burnt by heat the mosquitoes afflicting. Against the latter Tennyson had provided himself with an elaborate tent (first contrived, I believe by Sir C. Fellowes for use in Asia Minor during the night time) a sheet formed into a large bag but ending in a muslin canopy which was distended by a cane circle and hung upwards to accommodate head and shoulders from a nail which I took the freedom to run into his bedroom wall. Into this shelter the occupant crept by a narrow sheet funnel, which he closed by twisting, and once in he was unable to light a match outside for fear lest the action should set the muslin on fire. Hence one night Tennyson able to command the bell summoned the waiter. I brought him in through my (contiguous) room with a light, and the man's terror at the spectacle of the great ghost looking spectral within its white canopy was

delightful He almost ran off But I think that after this experience Tennyson abandoned the tent and took his chances only pretending to wish that he had a little baby in bed with him, as a whiter and more tempting morsel to the insect world

More serious than the mosquito was the sun This so wrought upon and disturbed Tennyson, in a manner with which many English travellers to Italy during the heat will be unpleasantly familiar, that he now began gravely to talk about leaving his bones by the side of the great novelist Fielding, who died and was buried at Lisbon in 1754¹]

Sept 13th Southampton Arrived, and going on to-morrow to Lyndhurst, where I shall stop two or three days, then I am going on to Cambridge with Palgrave from a longing desire that I have to be there once more

Crown Hotel, Lyndhurst Palgrave has been as kind to me as a brother, and far more useful than a valet or courier, doing everything His father is away at Spa, he (Palgrave) is horrified at being alone I gave him hopes of his being with me till his father returned and I do not therefore like to leave him

Sept 20th. Cambridge I have been spending the evening with my old tobacconist in whose house I used to lodge, and to-morrow I am to dine with Macmillan I admire Jesus Chapel which is more like a Church than a Chapel

[Palgrave writes Cambridge was in Long Vacation, but Munro, the great Latin scholar, and W G Clark, then charming and gay, and unforeseeing the shadow destined to eclipse his later days, feasted us, welcoming Tennyson once again back to Trinity He showed me, with pathos in his voice of memories distant and dear, Arthur Hallam's rooms, the "Backs," to which Oxford (he would have it) "has no rival," and the curious Jacobean brickwork of Queens' College, where in his time the "Combination room" had yet a sanded floor, and the table was set handsomely forth with long "church-wardens"]

In the autumn my father returned to Farringford and entertained the American statesman, Charles Sumner.

¹ Palgrave MS

In November he was reading with intense interest an early copy of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, sent him by his own desire and was finishing his *Tithonus* which he forwarded to Thackeray for the *Cornhill Magazine*.¹ A letter came from Charles Kingsley

PERSEUS 1859

MY DEAR TENNYSON

I wrote for *Fraser* September 1850 a review of you and especially of *In Memoriam*. I am now going to publish a set of Miscellanies and thought of including that review. But when I read it through I thought I ought to ask your leave. I felt it almost too personal toward you in its expression of admiration and gratitude for your influence and in its expression about *In Memoriam*. It was necessary to be so then for while penny liners were talking vulgar and unkind personalities I felt bound to tell all whom I could make listen what a gentleman and a Christian ought to think of you and your work but I am not sure that you would like all I said there republished now that the bubble is over. Will you say Yes or No? and if you will say Yes you will deeply gratify me for I wish to leave behind me some record of what I owe you. Pray remember me to Mrs. Tennyson and to your children whom I do not know alas! I seem destined never to see you. Here I live as busy as a bee in my parish and never leave home but for urgent business.

Believe me your devoted C. KINGSLEY

Soon after this the Kingsleys paid us a visit. Charles Kingsley so my father told me talked as usual on all sorts of topics and walked hard up and down the study for hours smoking furiously and affirming that tobacco was the only thing that kept his nerves quiet. Among the topics discussed were the *Idylls* which Kingsley admired only less than *In Memoriam*. Ten thousand copies had been sold in the first week of publication, and hundreds more were selling monthly. The reviews that were best in my father's estimation appeared

¹ February 1860

in the *Spectator*, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, the last by Mr Gladstone¹

Letters to and from friends about the "Idylls."

From Henry W Longfellow

MY DEAR MR TENNYSON,

I have requested my publishers in London, Messrs Routledge, to send you a copy of a translation of the *Divina Commedia*, which I have had the temerity to make, and which they are now publishing. In the notes I have taken the liberty to quote your beautiful song of Fortune (from "Enid"), and also part of "Ulysses," at which, I hope, you will not be displeased, as you are in very good company. Many thanks for your kind letter acknowledging the (Red Indian) red stone pipe of peace. To a civilized human being I fancy it can never be of any practical use. But it is pretty, and has a certain value as coming from those far-away Western mountains.

Always with great regard yours truly,

HENRY W LONGFELLOW

From W. M. Thackeray

FOLKESTONE, *September*

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, *October*

MY DEAR OLD ALFRED,

I owe you a letter of happiness and thanks. Sir, about three weeks ago, when I was ill in bed, I read the "Idylls of the King," and I thought, "Oh I must write to him now, for this pleasure, this delight, this splendour of happiness which I have been enjoying." But I should have blotted the sheets, 'tis ill writing on one's back. The letter full of gratitude never went as far as the post-office and how comes it now?

D'abord, a bottle of claret. (The landlord of the hotel asked me down to the cellar and treated me.) Then afterwards sitting here, an old magazine, *Fraser's Magazine*, 1850, and I come on a poem out of "The Princess" which says "I hear the horns of

¹ For chapter on the "Idylls," see Vol II, p 121

Elfland blowing blowing no its the horns of Elfland faintly blowing (I have been into my bedroom to fetch my pen and it has made that blot) and, reading the lines which only one man in the world could write I thought about the other horns of Elfland blowing in full strength and Arthur in gold armour, and Guinevere in gold hair and all those knights and heroes and beauties and purple landscapes and misty gray lakes in which you have made me live They seem like facts to me since about three weeks ago (three weeks or a month was it?) when I read the book It is on the table yonder and I don't like somehow to disturb it but the delight and gratitude! You have made me as happy as I was as a child with the *Arabian Nights* every step I have walked in Elfland has been a sort of Paradise to me (The landlord gave *two* bottles of his claret and I think I drank the most) and here I have been lying back in the chair and thinking of those delightful Idylls my thoughts being turned to you what could I do but be grateful to that surprising genius which has made me so happy? Do you understand that what I mean is all true and that I should break out were you sitting opposite with a pipe in your mouth? Gold and purple and diamonds, I say gentlemen and glory and love and honour and if you haven't given me all these why should I be in such an ardour of gratitude? But I have had out of that dear book the greatest delight that has ever come to me since I was a young man to write and think about it makes me almost young and this I suppose is what I'm doing like an after dinner speech

P S I thought the Grandmother quite as fine How can you at 50 be doing things as well as at 35?

October 16th (I should think six weeks after the writing of the above)

The rhapsody of gratitude was never sent, and for a peculiar reason just about the time of writing I came to an arrangement with Smith and Elder to edit their new magazine and to have a contribution from T was the publishers and editor's highest ambition But to ask a man for a favour and to praise and bow down before him in the same page seemed to be so like hypocrisy, that I held my hand and left this note in my desk where it has been lying during a little French Italian Swiss tour which my girls and their papa have been making

Meanwhile S E and Co have been making their own

proposals to you, and you have replied not favourably I am sorry to hear but now there is no reason why you should not have my homages, and I am just as thankful for the "Idylls," and love and admire them just as much, as I did two months ago when I began to write in that ardour of claret and gratitude. If you can't write for us you can't. If you can by chance some day, and help an old friend, how pleased and happy I shall be! This however must be left to fate and your convenience. I don't intend to give up hope, but accept the good fortune if it comes. I see one, two, three quarterlies advertized to-day, as all bringing laurels to laureatus. He will not refuse the private tribute of an old friend, will he? You don't know how pleased the girls were at Kensington t'other day to hear you quote their father's little verses, and he too I daresay was not disgusted. He sends you and yours his very best regards in this most heartfelt and artless

(note of admiration)!

Always yours, my dear Alfred,

W M THACKERAY

To W M Thackeray

FARRINGFORD

MY DEAR THACKERAY,

Should I not have answered you ere this 6th of November? surely what excuse? none that I know of except indeed, that perhaps your very generosity and boundlessness of approval made me in a measure shame-faced. I could scarcely accept it, being, I fancy, a modest man, and always more or less doubtful of my own efforts in any line. But I may tell you that your little note gave me more pleasure than all the journals and monthlies and quarterlies which have come across me not so much from your being the Great Novelist I hope as from your being my good old friend, or perhaps from your being both of these in one. Well, let it be. I have been ransacking all sorts of old albums and scrap books but cannot find anything worthy sending you

Unfortunately before your letter arrived I had agreed to give Macmillan the only available poem I had by me (Sea Dreams)¹ I don't think he would have got it (for I dislike publishing in magazines) except that he had come to visit me in my Island and was sitting and blowing his weed vis a vis I am sorry that you have engaged for any quantity of money to let your brains be sucked periodically by Smith Elder & Co not that I don't like Smith who seems from the very little I have seen of him liberal and kindly, but that so great an artist as you are should go to work after this fashion When ever you feel your brains as the "remainder biscuit" or indeed whenever you will come over to me and take a blow on these downs where the air as Keats said is 'worth sixpence a pint and bring your girls too

Yours always A TENNISON

From the Duke of Argyll

LONDON July 14th 1859

MY DEAR MR TENNISON

I think my prediction is coming true that your Idylls of the King will be understood and admired by many who are incapable of understanding and appreciating many of your other works

Macaulay is certainly not a man incapable of *understanding* anything but I knew that his tastes in poetry were so formed in another line that I considered him a good test and three days ago I gave him Guinevere

The result has been as I expected that he has been *delighted with it* He told me that he had been greatly moved by it and admired it exceedingly Altho by practice and disposition he is eminently a critic he did not find one single fault Yesterday I gave him the Maid of Astolat with which he was delighted also

I hear the article in the *Edin Review* is not to contain

¹ 'Tithonus' was sent to Thackeray for the *Cornhill* February 1860

much criticism, it consists to a great extent of long extracts
But I have not seen it myself, nor am I sure who wrote it

How are you standing this tropical heat, and Mrs Tennyson?
Let us have a good account of yourselves

This Peace is abominable, and you should be perpetually,
telescope in hand, watching for the "Liberator of Italy," who
has proclaimed to his soldiers that he stops because the contest
is no longer in the *interests of France*!

Yours most sincerely, ARGYLL

To the Duke of Argyll

FARRINGFORD,

Monday, July 18th, 1859

MY DEAR DUKE,

Doubtless Macaulay's good opinion is worth
having and I am grateful to you for letting me know it,
but this time I intend to be thick-skinned, nay, I
scarcely believe that I should ever feel very deeply the
pen-punctures of those parasitic animalcules of the press,
if they kept themselves to what I write, and did not
glance spitefully and personally at myself. I hate spite

* * * * *

Yours ever, A TENNYSON.

Best remembrances to the Duchess

From the Rev B Jowett.

19 GLOUCESTER TERRACE,

July 17th, 1859

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

Thank you many times for your last I have read it
through with the greatest delight, the "Maid of Astolat" twice
over, and it rings in my ears "The Lily Maid" seems to me
the fairest, purest, sweetest love-poem in the English language
I have not seen any criticisms nor do I care about them It
moves me like the love of Juliet in Shakespeare (though that is

not altogether parallel) and I do not doubt whatever opinions are expressed about it that it will in a few years be above criticism

There are hundreds and hundreds of all ages (and men as well as women) who although they have not died for love (have no intention of doing so) will find there a sort of ideal consolation of their own troubles and remembrances

Of the other poems I admire Vivien the most (the naughty one) which seems to me a work of wonderful power and skill

It is most elegant and fanciful I am not surprised at your Delilah reducing the wise man she is quite equal to it

The allegory in the distance *greatly strengthens also elevates the meaning of the poem*

I shall not bore you with criticisms It struck me what a great number of lines—

He makes no friends who never made a foe—¹

Then trust me not at all or all in all—

will pass current on the lips of men which I always regard as a great test of excellence for it is saying the thing that everybody feels

I am sure that the Grandmother is a most exquisite thing

I hope you will find rest after toil and listen to the voice that says Rejoice Rejoice

Next week I shall probably be in London I am afraid that I shall not be able to manage going abroad But I should like to come and look in upon you if you are at any house where it would be convenient to you to see me

With most kind regards to Mrs Tennyson and love to the children

Believe me ever most truly yours

B JOWETT

¹ This line my father generally wrote in autograph albums

From Arthur H. Clough

COUNCIL OFFICE,
18th July, 1859

DEAR MRS TENNYSON,

The Welsh books appeared suddenly one morning, by what agency I do not know, and I have already appeased my uncle's bibliomaniac fears by communicating the fact of their arrival

The reception of the "Idylls of the King" will I hope satisfy all Farringford

I have heard no words of dispraise and in my own opinion they are just what we had a right to hope for, better, because more fully given, without any disparagement to what went before

Faithfully yours, A. H. CLOUGH

From the Duke of Argyll

July 20th, 1859

MY DEAR MR TENNYSON,

I hope you will give me note of your arrival in town

The applause of the "Idylls" goes on crescendo, and so far as I can hear without exception Detractors are silenced

Macaulay has repeated to me several times an expression of his great admiration Another well-known Author, himself a Poet, whom I shall not name, who heretofore could go no further than a half unwilling approval of the "Lotos-Eaters," has succumbed to the "Idylls," has laid down his arms, without reserve I consider him a test and index of a large class of minds I have heard of several other obdurate sinners who have been converted from the error of their ways

Gladstone, who is not one of the class, has spoken to me, and has written to the Duchess of Sutherland that the impression of the power and beauty of these Poems increases daily in reading them

I am delighted, specially from my love of natural history, with some of your imagery from natural things

The passage comparing the voice of Enid to the first heard song of the nightingale is singularly beautiful in expression So

is that passage comparing the dispersion of Geraint's foes to the shoals of fish among the crystal dykes of Camelot

By the bye I have always omitted to ask you what you mean in one of your old poems by The Red Cap¹ whistled I know of no such bird don't you mean the *Black* Cap which does whistle beautifully? The Golden crested Wren is never called "Red Cap" nor can it be said to whistle tho' it has a loud song

L Nap's explanation of the Peace is I have no doubt a tolerably correct account But it will seem a bitter mockery to those whose illusions he encouraged and now contemns

Can you send me a copy of your song The Great Name of England round and round? Do

Yours ever ARGYLL

To the Duke of Argyll

E L Lushington's

PARK HOUSE MAIDSTONE

July 29th 1859

MY DEAR DUKE

Your last note was very welcome to me and if I did not answer it earlier, why I was all the more to blame answered partly it was by my wife's copy of the song² requested which I hope arrived safely She has set it to music far more to the purpose than most of Master Balfe's

Red cap is or was when I was a lad provincial for Gold finch had I known it was purely provincial I should probably not have used it Now the passage has stood so long that I am loth to alter it

Ever yours A TENNYSON

¹ Provincial name for the goldfinch
Riflemen Form¹

From my father's mother

ROSE MANOR, WELL WALK

Monday, Jan 10th, 1860

DEAREST ALLY,

I received a nice kind note from Alan Ker a short time since, which I now enclose, thinking it will give thee pleasure to know what he says about thy last beautiful and interesting poems. It does indeed (as he supposes it would) give me the purest satisfaction to notice that a spirit of Christianity is perceptible through the whole volume. It gladdens my heart also to perceive that Alan seems to estimate it greatly on that account. O dearest Ally, how fervently have I prayed for years that our merciful Redeemer would intercede with our Heavenly Father, to grant thee His Holy Spirit to urge thee to employ the talents He has given thee, by taking every opportunity of endeavouring to impress the precepts of His Holy Word on the minds of others. My beloved son, words are too feeble to express the joy of my heart in perceiving that thou art earnestly endeavouring to do so. Dearest Ally, there is nothing for a moment to be compared to the favour of God. I need not ask thee if thou art of the same opinion. Thy writings are a convincive proof that thou art. My beloved child, when our Heavenly Father summons us hence, may we meet, and all that are dear to us, in that blessed state where sorrow is unknown, never more to be separated. I hope Emmy and thyself continue well, also the dear little boys. All here join me in kindest love to both.

Ever, dearest Ally,

Thy attached and loving mother,

E TENNYSON

From J Ruskin.

STRASBURG

DEAR MR TENNYSON,

I have had the "Idylls" in my travelling desk ever since I could get them across the water, and have only not written about them because I could not quite make up my mind about that increased quietness of style. I thought you would

like a little to know what I felt about it but did not quite know myself what I did feel

To a certain extent you yourself of course know better what the work is than anyone else as all great artists do

If you are satisfied with it I believe it to be right Satisfied with bits of it you must be and so must all of us however much we expect from you

The four songs seem to me the jewels of the crown and bits come every here and there the fright of the maid for instance and the In the darkness o'er her fallen head which seem to me finer than almost all you have done yet Nevertheless I am not sure but I feel the art and finish in these poems a little more than I like to feel it¹ Yet I am not a fair judge quite for I am so much of a realist as not by any possibility to interest myself much in an unreal subject to feel it as I should and the very sweetness and stateliness of the words strike me all the more as *pure* workmanship

As a description of various nobleness and tenderness the book is without price but I shall always wish it had been nobleness independent of a romantic condition of externals in general

In Memoriam Maud, The Miller's Daughter and such like will always be my own pet rhymes yet I am quite prepared to admit this to be as good as any for its own peculiar audience Treasures of wisdom there are in it and word painting such as never was yet for concentration nevertheless it seems to me that so great power ought not to be spent on visions of things past but on the living present For one hearer capable of feeling the depth of this poem I believe ten would feel a depth quite as great if the stream flowed through things nearer the hearer And merely in the facts of modern life not

¹ So far as the word *art* as used here by Mr Ruskin suggests that these Idylls were carefully elaborated the suggestion is hardly in accordance with the fact The more imaginative the poem the less time it generally took him to compose Guinevere and Elaine were certainly not elaborated seeing that they were written each of them in a few weeks and hardly corrected at all My father said that he often did not know why some passages were thought specially beautiful until he had examined them He added Perfection in art is perhaps more sudden sometimes than we think but then the long preparation for it that unseen germination *that* is what we ignore and forget

drawing-room formal life, but the far away and quite unknown growth of souls in and through any form of misery or servitude, there is an infinity of what men should be told, and what none but a poet can tell. I cannot but think that the intense masterful and unerring transcript of an actuality, and the relation of a story of any real human life as a poet would watch and analyze it, would make all men feel more or less what poetry was, as they felt what Life and Fate were in their instant workings.

This seems to me the true task of the modern poet. And I think I have seen faces, and heard voices by road and street side, which claimed or conferred as much as ever the loveliest or saddest of Camelot. As I watch them, the feeling continually weighs upon me, day by day, more and more, that not the grief of the world but the loss of it is the wonder of it. I see creatures so full of all power and beauty, with none to understand or teach or save them. The making in them of miracles and all cast away, for ever lost as far as we can trace. And no "in memoriam."

I do not ask you when you are likely to be in London for I know you do not like writing letters, and I know you will let Mrs Prinsep or Watts send me word about you, so that I may come and see you again, when you do come, and then on some bright winter's day, I shall put in my plea for Denmark Hill.

Meanwhile believe me always

Faithfully and gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN

Part of a letter from Aubrey de Vere

1860

Love to Alfred, from whom I hope to have more of those glorious chivalrous legends * * *

Alfred seems to be founding a school just as Raffaele and Titian founded their respective Roman and Venetian schools. There cannot be a truer tribute to genius than this. It proves that it has struck roots in the national mind.

From H R H Prince Albert

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

17th May 1860

MY DEAR MR TENNYSON

Will you forgive me if I intrude upon your leisure with a request which I have thought some little time of making viz that you would be good enough to write your name in the accompanying volume of your *Idylls of the King* ? You would thus add a peculiar interest to the book containing those beautiful songs from the perusal of which I derived the greatest enjoyment They quite rekindle the feeling with which the legends of King Arthur must have inspired the chivalry of old whilst the graceful form in which they are presented blends those feelings with the softer tone of our present age

Believe me always yours truly ALBERT

From the Rev Charles Kingsley

EVERSLEY RECTORY WINCHFELD

Nov 10th 1859

MY DEAR TENNYSON

I was amused to night at a burst of enthusiasm in your behalf from a most unenthusiastic man (though a man of taste and scholarship) Walter the proprietor of the *Times* He confest to having been a disbeliever in you save in Locksley Hall which he said was the finest modern lyric but he considered you had taken liberties and so forth But the *Idylls* he confest had beaten him He thought them the finest modern poem There was nothing he did not or would not say in praise of them He now classed the four great English poets as Shakespeare Spenser Byron Tennyson and so on and so on very pleasant to me though little worth to you But I like to tell you of a jamjam efficacî do manus scientiæ from anyone who has not as yet appreciated you to his own harm He did not write the disagreeable review of you in the *Times* some years back It was I believe a poor envious dyspeptic poetaster parson, I tell you this for fear you should think Walter who is really a fine fellow had anything to do with it.

God bless you C KINGSLEY

To the Duke of Argyll

FARRINGFORD,

Oct 3rd, 1859

MY DEAR DUKE,

We are delighted to hear that your Duchess has added another scion to your race, and that mother and child are both prospering. I had fancied that the event would have come off while I was in Portugal (for in Portugal I have been), and made enquiries thereanent of Mr Henry Howard¹ but he could tell me nothing

If I came back with "bullion" in the "Tagus," it was nowhere in my packages. I went to see that Cintra which Byron and Beckford have made so famous but the orange-trees were all dead of disease, and the crystal streams (with the exception of a few sprinkling springlets by the wayside) either dried up, or diverted thro' unseen tunnels into the great aqueduct of Lisbon Moreover the place is cockney, and, when I was there, was crammed with Lisbon fashionables and Portuguese nobility, yet Cintra is not without its beauties, being a mountain of green pines rising out of an everywhere arid and tawny country, with a fantastic Moorish-looking castle on the peak, which commands a great sweep of the Atlantic and the mouth of the Tagus here on the topmost tower sat the king (they say) day by day in the old times of Vasco da Gama watching for his return, till he saw him enter the river there, perhaps, was a moment worth having been waited for I made some pleasant acquaintances, but I could not escape autograph hunters, a certain Don Pedro Something even telegraphed for one after I had returned to Lisbon

As to Macaulay's suggestion of the Sangreal, I doubt whether such a subject could be handled in these days, without incurring a charge of irreverence It would be

¹ English Minister at Lisbon in 1859

too much like playing with sacred things The old
writers *believed* in the Sangreal Many years ago I did
write "Lancelot's Quest of the Grail" in as good verses
as I ever wrote no I did not write I made it in my head
and it has now altogether slipt out of memory

My wife, I am sorry to say has been very unwell

Yours ever A TENNYSON

UNPUBLISHED POEM OF THIS PERIOD

The Philosopher

He was too good and kind and sweet
Ev'n when I knew him in his hour
Of darkest doubt, and in his power
To fling his doubts into the street

Truth seeking he and not afraid,
But questions that perplex us now—
What time (he thought) have loom or plough
To weigh them as they should be weighed?

We help the blatant voice abroad
To preach the freedom of despair
And from the heart of all things fair
To pluck the sanction of a God

CHAPTER XXI.

TOUR IN CORNWALL AND THE SCILLY ISLES

1860.

So great had been the success of the first four "Idylls of the King" that my father's friends begged him to "continue the epic." He received a letter from the Duke of Argyll again urging him to take up as his next subject the Holy Grail, but he said he shunned handling the subject, for fear that it might seem to some almost profane. He answered.

— — — 1860

MY DEAR DUKE,

I sympathised with you when I read of Macaulay's death in the *Times*. He was, was he not, your next-door neighbour? I can easily conceive what a loss you must have had in the want of his brilliant conversation. I hardly knew him. I met him once, I remember, when Hallam and Guizot were in his company. Hallam was showing Guizot the Houses of Parliament then building, and Macaulay went on like a cataract for an hour or so to those two great men, and, when they had gone, turned to me and said, "Good morning, I am happy to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance," and strode away. Had I been a piquable man I should have been piqued, but I don't think I was, for the movement after all was amicable.



Alfred Tenney
 Esq. of the 1st Regt
 1st Regt of the 1st Regt 1872

Of the two books I should, I think have chosen the Crabbe though Macaulay's criticisms on poetry would be less valuable probably than his historical ones Peace be with him!

As to the *Sangreal*, as I gave up the subject so many long years ago I do not think that I shall resume it You will see a little poem of mine in the *Cornhill Magazine* My friend Thackeray and his publishers had been so urgent with me to send them something that I ferreted among my old books and found this "Tithonus, written upwards of a quarter of a century ago and now queerly enough at the tail of a flashy modern novel It was originally a pendant to the "Ulysses in my former volumes and I wanted Smith to insert a letter, not of mine, to the editor stating this and how long ago it had been written but he thought it would lower the value of the contribution in the public eye Read in Brownings *Men and Women*

Evelyn Hope for its beauty and Bishop Blougram's Apology for its exceeding cleverness and I think that you will not deny him his own The *Cornhill Magazine* gives a very pleasant account of Macaulay

Yours ever A TENNYSON

The Duke and the Duchess spent some days at Farringford, and were most emphatic that the *Grail* ought to be written forthwith My father said that he was not at present in the mood for it and read aloud his 'Boadicea' which he had now quite finished He gloried in his new English metre but he feared that no one could read it except himself and wanted someone to annotate it musically so that people could understand the rhythm If they would only read it straight like prose he said just as it is written it would come all right Among other guests was

Lord Dufferin, full of Cyril Graham's discoveries of the white marble cities in the black basaltic land of the Hauran with their inscriptions in an unknown tongue. Then the missionary Dr Wolff stayed with us, recounting his hairbreadth escapes in Central Asia, and giving an awe-inspiring description of an earthquake in Bokhara

It was not until August that my father was able to go on his summer tour to Cornwall and the Scilly Isles, in company with Woolner, Palgrave, Holman Hunt and Val Prinsep

My father's letter-diary. Tour in Cornwall and the Scilly Isles.

August 18th All Souls' Reading Room, Oxford
Before my departure Palgrave called with his Syrian brother, a very interesting man in an Eastern dress with a kind of turban, having just escaped from his convent in the Syrian Deserts where several of his fellow monks were massacred Palgrave is obliged to stop for a week at Hampstead till the brother goes to Paris, where he will have an interview with the Emperor on the affairs of the East I started off alone, and I believe that in a week's time Holman Hunt, Val Prinsep and Frank Palgrave will join me at Penzance Woolner, like a good fellow, followed me here yesterday that I might not feel lonely, and this morning we breakfasted with Max Muller, and are going to dine with him at 7

August 21st Bideford We came here last night at 7 o'clock I and Woolner are going down the coast to Tintagel, where we shall stop till the others join us.

August 23rd Bude Fine sea here, smart rain alternating with weak sunshine Woolner is very kindly. We go off to-day to Boscastle which is three miles from Tintagel.

August 23rd Arrived at Tintagel grand coast
furious rain Mr Poelaur would be a good name to
direct to me by

August 25th Tintagel Black cliffs and caves and
storm and wind, but I weather it out and take my ten
miles a day walks in my weather proofs Palgrave arrived
to day

To Hallam

TINTAGEL,

Aug 25th 1860

MY DEAR HALLAM

I was very glad to receive your little letter
Mind that you and Lionel do not quarrel and vex poor
mamma who has lots of work to do and learn your
lessons regularly, for gentlemen and ladies will not take
you for a gentleman when you grow up if you are
ignorant Here are great black cliffs of slate rock and
deep black caves, and the ruined castle of King Arthur
and I wish that you and Lionel and mamma were here
to see them Give my love to grandpapa and to Lionel
and work well at your lessons I shall be glad to find
you know more and more every day

Your loving papa A TENNYSON

August 28th Tintagel We believe that we are
going to morrow to Penzance or in that direction We
have had two fine days and some exceedingly grand
coast views Here is an artist a friend of Woolner's
(Inchbold), sketching now in this room I am very
tired of walking against wind and rain

[Mr Palgrave writes Following the publication of the first
four Idylls of the King in 1859 when he was intending to
write further Idylls this was perhaps specially entitled to be
named Tennyson's Arthurian journey

At a sea inlet of wonderful picturesqueness so grandly

modelled are the rocks which wall it, so translucently purple the waves that are its pavement, waves whence the "naked babe" Arthur came ashore in flame, stand the time-eaten ruins of unknown date which bear the name Tintagel. To these of course we climbed, descending from "the castle gateway by the chasm," and at a turn in the rocks meeting that ever graceful, ill-appreciated landscapist, Inchbold whose cry of delighted wonder at sight of Tennyson still sounds in the sole survivor's ear. Thence, after some delightful wandering walks, by a dreary road (for such is often the character of central Cornwall), we moved to Camelford on the greatly-winding stream which the name indicates. Near the little town, on the edge of the river, is shown a large block of stone upon which legend places Arthur, hiding or meditating, after his last fatal battle. It lay below the bank, and in his eagerness to reach it and sit down (as he sat in 1851 on that other, the *Sasso di Dante* by Sta Maria del Fiore), Arthur's poet slipped right into the stream, and returned laughing to Camelford.

The next halting-place I remember was Penzance, whence, by Marazion, we crossed to and saw our English smaller but yet impressive and beautiful St Michael's Mount¹]

August 31st Union Hotel, Penzance. I am so very much grieved for poor Simeon's loss of his wife, it casts a gloom on my little tour what will he do without her and with all those children? I have now walked 10 miles a day for 10 days, equal 100, and I want to continue doing that for some time longer. I am going to-morrow to Land's End and then I must return here, and then I go to the Scilly Isles and then again return here.

Sept 5th Land's End Inn. I will write to Simeon to-day, tho' I rather shun writing to him on such a subject, for what can one say, what comfort can one give? We are here at this racketty, rather dirty inn, but we have had four glorious days and *magnificently coloured seas*. To-day the Scilly Isles look so dark and clear on the horizon that one expects rain.

¹ Palgrave MS

[I was struck—Mr Palgrave notes again—on the plateau of Sennen by the likeness between the masses of rock piled up by Nature only and those cromlechs which also occur in Cornwall]

Do you not remember that Wordsworth has a sonnet on this point? Tennyson said alluding to that beginning

Mark the concentrated hazels "

adding 'He seems to have been always before one in observation of Nature']

Sept 6th Penzance. I start in an hour by the boat for the Scilly Islands. The weather is splendid and the sea as calm as any lake shut in on all sides by hills. Woolner goes back to London and Palgrave continues with me.

Sept 9th St Mary's Scilly Isles. Captain Tre garthen who has the packet and the hotel here has brought me my letters. the packet only goes three times a week. I shall stop here till Wednesday. there are West Indian aloes here 30 feet high in blossom and out all the winter yet the perches wont ripen. vast hedges of splendid geraniums a delight to the eye yet the mulberry wont ripen. These Islands are very peculiar and in some respects very fine. I never saw anything quite like them.

Sept 11th Three Tuns Lizard. At the Lizard and intend coming on to Falmouth. Hope to be at Brockenhurst next Saturday but if not there I shall have turned aside to see Avebury and Silbury Hill.

Sept 20th Falmouth. Have not found it easy to write every day in the bustle and bother of travellers inns. I am now writing on my knees in my bedroom at a fishmongers, there being no room at the hotel, and the whole town mad with a bazaar for riflemen, who get drunk every night and squabble and fight and

disgrace themselves and their corps. We left Hunt and Val Prinsep hard at work at the Lizard, sketching on a promontory

[Mr Palgrave concludes his notes on this tour thus From Falmouth¹ a little river-steamer was to carry us to Truro We sat on deck enjoying the fresh air and sight of the fine estuary But upon *l'incognito* Tennyson had reckoned too soon Our captain presently came forward with a tray and a squat bottle, and said with unimpeachable good manners that "he was aware how distinguished a passenger, etc, and that some young men sitting opposite, and he, would be much honoured if Mr Tennyson would take a tumbler of stout with them" With as much courteous ease as if he had been a royal prince he stepped forward, said a few words of graceful thanks, pleased, and looking so, bowed to the hospitable party, and drank off his glass to their good health

Presently the Captain reappeared, and this time it was the ladies in the cabin who begged that the Laureate would only step down among them But the height of that small place of refuge, Tennyson declared, would render the proposed exhibition impossible, might he not be kindly excused? The good women however were not to be baulked, and one after another presented her half-length above the little hatchway before us, gazed, smiled and retreated "It was like the crowned figures who appear and vanish in *Macbeth*," he said, and so, talking with our fellow-passengers and the captain, in due time we disembarked at Truro

Next day a long and pleasant walk took us to Perranporth, a little village on the coast, which here was a stretch of level golden sands, barred at each end by fine rocks Some way hence, we were directed through a little labyrinth of dunes

¹ Caroline Fox described my father on this tour in *Memories of Old Friends* "Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders like the capital of a mighty pillar His hair is long and wavy, and covers a massive head He wears a beard and moustache, which one begrudges, as hiding so much of that firm, forceful, but finely chiselled mouth His eyes are large, gray (?), and open wide when a subject interests him, they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering I can quite understand Sam Laurence calling it the best balance of head he had ever seen"

to the famous buried church of Perranzabuloe Only a few sand heaped lines of wall remain But St Pir'in is assigned to the fifth century and the church might be of Arthur's age if we place him about that period¹]

A vivid picture of my father from a letter addressed to my mother (23rd Sept 1860) by Woolner may be added

I expect idling about so long will make his brain so fertile that when he gets back to Farringford he will do an immense deal of work He was physically better there can be no question for he actually ate breakfasts! and partook of tarts not once but *à vice* at dinner! which he had not done before for many years and his face had grown a reddish bronze a very healthy colour and he was perpetually making jokes at expense of Palgrave or at mine and taking long walks and swimming and not smoking much and drinking scarcely any wine So you may consider all this as flourishing

In my father's note book are written as below the following Verse Memoranda of tours in Cornwall Isle of Wight and Ireland²

(*Babbicombe*) Like serpent coils upon the deep

(*Torquay*) As the little thrift

Trembles in perilous places o'er the deep

(*From the Old Red Sandstone*)

As a stony spring

Blocks its own issue (tho it makes a fresh one of course)

(*Fowey*) A cow drinking from a trough on the hill side The netted beams of light played on the wrinkles of her throat

¹ Palgrave MS

When I was walking with my father almost for the last time he said to me I generally take my nature similes direct from my own observation of nature and sometimes jot them down and if by chance I find that one of my similes is like that in any author, my impulse is not to use that simile If he was in the vein during a walk he would make dozens of similes that were never chronicled

(*Cornwall.*) The wildflower, called lady's finger, of a golden yellow when open'd, is, unopen'd, of a rich orange red, frequently at least in Cornwall when I observed it

(*The open sea*) Two great ships
That draw together in a calm

(*Bonchurch*) A little salt pool fluttering round a stone upon the shore.

(*I of Wight*)
As those that lie on happy shores and see
Thro' the near blossom slip the distant sail.

(*Park House*) Before the leaf,
When all the trees stand in a mist of green

After his tour in Ireland he had written on the same page

(*Valencia*) Claps of thunder on the cliffs
Amid the solid roar

(*Bray Head*)
O friend, the great deeps of Eternity
Roar only round the wasting cliffs of Time

(*The river Shannon, on the rapids.*)
Ledges of battling water

CHAPTER XXII

FARRINGFORD FRIENDS

THE PYRENEES DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

1860-1862

Some of the journals of this period have been mislaid and Mrs Bradley has allowed me to make use of the Reminiscences written by her during the visits which she and the present Dean of Westminster paid to us at Farringford They begin with the first impression of my father

Here is Farringford Tennyson's home with its careless ordered garden close to the ridge of a noble down buried in trees He invited Granville to dine with him to meet Lear the artist not the king at Farringford two or three times and Granville has had walks and talks with him and brings away memories full of pleasure and interest To have come near the *man* and found in him all one could have desired in a great poet! I must write down my first sight of him I was on the top of the stack in the yard having a birthday feast very gay under a blue tent with decorations of flowers etc A carriage drove up to the little gate of the yard I could not see who it was but guessed it was he He came to the stack and looked up I saw a tall large figure cloak and large black wide awake He had no beard or moustache I recollect being impressed with the beauty and power of his mouth and chin

His face is full of power and thought a deep furrow runs from nose to chin on either side and gives a peculiar expression to the face, a lofty forehead adds to this I remember the splendour of his eyes He asked me who I was and told me

to "throw the little maid into his arms" promising to catch her. He asked Edith how old she was, she said "thwee to-day." He said, "Then you and I have the same birthday, August 6th." He did not say much, but walked into the little parlour. Granville came in and they talked a little. Mr Tennyson took up the books on the table and remarked to himself about them.

He and Granville have been on an expedition to Brooke Bay, geologising, botanising, poetising, talking of everything great and small, of life inward and outward, at home and abroad, of religious and social difficulties, they talked from 12 noon to 10 p.m. almost incessantly this day, Mr Tennyson walking back with him to the Warren Farm still talking, Granville says that beneath all the slight allusions to various subjects in his poems lies a mine of knowledge. "He speaks of poetry as a great master only can do."

1860 Mr Tennyson has read "Maud" to us. He is a little vexed at the reception of "Maud." He said "You must always stand up for 'Maud' when you hear my pet bantling abused. Perhaps that is why I am sensitive about her. You know mothers always make the most of a child that is abused." He commented on the poem as he read, pointed out certain beauties of metre and meaning which he admired himself. He excuses all that people pronounce sardonic in his poems, by saying, he does not cry out against the age as hopelessly bad, but tries to point out where it is bad in order that each individual may do his best to redeem it, as the evils he denounces are individual, only to be cured by each man looking to his own heart. He denounced evil in all its shapes, especially those considered venial by the world and society.

Speaking of Alexander Smith "He has plenty of promise, but he must learn a different creed to that he preaches in those lines beginning 'Fame, fame, thou art next to God' Next to God next to the Devil say I. Fame might be worth having if it helped us to do good to a single mortal, but what is it? only the pleasure of hearing oneself talked of up and down the street."

[*Death's Jest-Book* by Thomas Lovell Beddoes he also praised.] He tells stories very well, ghost and other stories, and has plenty of humour. Amongst others he told us several stories of queer letters he has had from all sorts of people, companies, associations, etc. One young lady wrote imploring him to write some poetry for her to produce at a picnic when everyone was

to recite an original poem¹ He said the deceit of passing off his poem as her own disgusted him on the other hand he thought it plucky to tell him what she meant to do and he would have written it for her but unfortunately she signed her note Kate and sent no address

Those evenings when the poet sitting in his old oak arm chair after dinner in the drawing room talked of what was in his heart or read some poem aloud with the landscape lying before us like a beautiful picture framed in the dark arched bow window are never to be forgotten His moods are so variable his conversation so earnest his knowledge of all things he writes about is so wide and minute It is a rare treat to be in his domestic circle where he talks freely and brightly without shyness or a certain morbidity which oppresses him occasionally in society Crabbe Gray and Keats were the chief poets he read to us

There is a look in his face like a bright burning light behind it like an inward fire that might consume his very life

The reference in the following letter from my father is to an article on 'English Metrical Critics' contributed by Mr Patmore to the *North British Review* for 1857 (Vol XXVII pp 127-161)

This is the passage referred to

The six syllable iambic is the most solemn of all our English measures It is scarcely fit for anything but a dirge the reason being that the final pause in this measure is greater when compared with the length of the line than in any other verse Here is an example which we select on account of the peculiar illustration of its nature as a dimeter brachy catalectic which is supplied by the *filling up* of the measure in the seventh line

How strange it is to wake
 And watch while others sleep
 Till sight and hearing ache
 For objects that may keep
 The awful inner sense
 Unroused lest it should mark
 The life that haunts the emptiness
 And horror of the dark

We have only to *fill up* the measure in every line as well as the seventh, in order to change this verse from the slowest and most mournful, to the most rapid and high-spirited of all English metres, the common eight-syllable quatrain, a measure particularly recommended by the early critics, and continually chosen by poets of all times for erotic poetry, on account of its joyous air.

It will be seen that my father's second specimen is constructed by "filling up" Mr Patmore's lines in the manner that he suggests

MY DEAR C. P

Specimen of the "most solemn" English metre

How glad am I to walk
 With Susan on the shore!
 How glad am I to talk!
 I kiss her o'er and o'er.
 I clasp her slender waist,
 We kiss, we are so fond,
 When she and I are thus embraced,
 There's not a joy beyond

Is this C P's most solemn?

Specimen of the "most high-spirited" metre

How strange it is, O God, to wake,
 To watch and wake while others sleep,
 Till heart and sight and hearing ache
 For common objects that would keep
 Our awful inner ghostly sense
 Unroused, lest it by chance should mark
 The life that haunts the emptiness
 And horrors of the formless dark

Is this C P.'s rapid and high-spirited? A T

1861

January The Bensons¹ and Bradleys here My father spoke of seeing Freshwater cliffs and the Needles from Bournemouth and said "The Isle of Wight looked like a water lily on a blue lake" Talking of some poems published by an advanced young lady which were instantly suppressed and the edition bought up by her friends, he quoted two or three passages to show how she had poetic perception rendered worthless by bad taste One line ran whose looks were well manured with love²

January 22nd My father said on the evening when the Bradleys were leaving You are going away—it is taking away a bit of my sunshine I've been cutting down trees to let in some and now you are taking away a bit of it He continued All that sounds like flattery there is no need for us to make fine speeches By this time you know I never do and it is just a plain truth that your going takes away some of my sunshine

On Feb 17th my father told my mother about his plan for a new poem, The Northern Farmer

By the evening of Feb 18th he had already written down a great part of The Northern Farmer in one of the MS books bound in blue and red paper (which my mother always made for him herself) They also read of Sir Gareth in the *Morte d'Arthur* About this time we went with my father to the National Gallery to see what he called 'some of the great pictures of the world,' the

¹ The late Archbishop of Canterbury and his wife

² I may observe that my father was by no means a severe critic of the poems sent him I remember his saying to Millais (about 1879) — The average poems which I get are not at all bad but there is just the something I suppose wanted, that I cannot explain Millais assured him that he found the same difficulty in criticizing pictures by young painters that there was a good level of performance throughout their work yet somehow falling short of excellence

“Titians,” the new “Veronese¹,” and the portrait of Ariosto

In March my mother received a letter from Mr Jowett, a passage in which refers to some advice my father had given him with regard to the manner of expressing his theological opinions

BALLIOL

I had not the courage to follow Mr Tennyson's advice about the Essay² It was, however, of great use to me, for I have modified the objectionable passages I will send you a copy in a few days

Believe me ever most truly yours,

B JOWETT

In May it was decided that my father should receive a degree at Cambridge, but we were unable to go further than Oatlands Park Hotel, for he had such a bad attack of palpitation of the heart that Cambridge had to be given up After a few days spent in walking to Hampton Court and about the country round, we returned to Farringford, my father stopping at Winchester and Lyndhurst on the way

Auvergne and the Pyrenees (July and August)

In the summer of 1861 we travelled in Auvergne and the Pyrenees. Some things we could not but be glad to have seen, but the difficulty of getting rooms, carriages, or even donkeys to ride in those days, and the impossibility of finding food not soaked in garlic, took away much of our pleasure

The Cathedral at Bourges, its great pillars and its gorgeous windows, was what struck my father most on the journey out On our arrival at Clermont, the comet

¹ The great picture, “Darius and his family before Alexander,” brought from the Pisani Palace, Venice, in 1857

² The famous essay in *Essays and Reviews*

was flaring over the market place Here we should have been content to stay had it not been for the bad drainage

My father and Mr Dakyns¹ climbed the Puy de Dome and several of the extinct volcanoes in the neighbourhood Afterwards we drove to Mont Dore and La Bourboule the plain of Clermont, where Peter the Hermit preached the First Crusade, and over which we looked during the drive, is very fine At Mont Dore, while my father was reading some of the *Iliad* out aloud to us little boys came and stood outside the window in open mouthed astonishment He took long walks there by the Dordogne and one day when he came in from his walk we heard him call "Clough come upstairs and in walked Mr Clough My father Mr Clough and Mr Dakyns made many expeditions to waterfalls and up mountains Mr Clough riding We were delighted with the gorgeous meadows of forget me nots and yellow anemones We left Mr Clough at Mont Dore and drove to Tulle and Perigueux, a quaint place with its old Roman Tower and Cathedral with grass grown tower church of St Etienne and city walls Thence to Bordeaux Tarbes Bagneres de Bigorre where there was a magnificent thunderstorm at night forked lightning of different colours striking the mountains on either hand From this place my father and Mr Dakyns made an expedition up the Pic du Midi When the climbers reached the summit three great eagles, they said kept swooping round without any perceptible movement of wing On our drive from Bigorre to Bagneres de Luchon a brigand cut one of our trunks from behind the carriage and was making off with it when our driver looked round and caught sight of him whereat the rascal ran off into the mountains our driver cracking his whip at him and shouting out volleys of break jaw oaths At Bagneres

¹ Mr Dakyns had recently come to be our tutor previously my mother had taught my brother and myself

de Luchon we lodged in a house among the maize fields, and one night there was in the town a grand puppet show, a sham fight between the French and the Chinese, illustrating some of the incidents in the Chinese war of 1860. The English were conspicuous by their absence. My father walked with Mr Dakyns to the Port de Venasque and into Spain, and to see the Cascade d'Enfer and other cascades, and the Lac D'Oo, and the Lac Vert, and up several mountains, or sometimes he would ride on a white pony about the mountain valleys, one of these being the Vallée de Lys, which he much admired. Mr Clough joined us again at Luchon. He and my father went together to the Cascade des Demoiselles. He was with us too at Luz. My father was enchanted with the torrent of the Gave de Pau, he "sat by it and watched it, and seemed to be possessed by the spirit of delight." Mr Dakyns and he climbed toward the Brèche de Roland, Mr Clough meeting them on their return in the Cirque de Gavarnie, where my father said that the phrase "slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn" was taken from the central cataract which pours over the cliff. He observed that Gavarnie did not impress him quite so much this time as when he was here before. It seemed to him "different, but still the finest thing in the Pyrenees." Mr Clough noticed how silent my father was, and how absorbed by the beauty of the mountains. On August 6th, my father's birthday, we arrived at Cauteretz, his favourite valley in the Pyrenees. Before our windows we had the torrent rushing over its rocky bed from far away among the mountains and falling in cataracts. Patches of snow lay on the peaks above, and nearer were great wooded heights glorious with autumnal colours, bare rocks here and there, and greenest mountain meadows below. He wrote his lyric "All along the Valley"¹ "after hear-

¹ Extract from Clough's *Journal* "Sept. 1st. The Tennysons arrived here at 6.30 yesterday. Tennyson was here with Arthur Hallam thirty-one

ing the voice of the torrent seemingly sound deeper as the night grew (in memory of his visit here with Arthur Hallam)

And all along the valley by rock and cave and tree
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me

My father Mr Clough and Mr Dakyns climbed to the Lac de Gaube, a blue still lake among fir woods where my father quoted to Mr Clough the simile of the stately pine in The Princess which he made from a pine here on an island in mid stream between two cataracts More pines he found had grown by the side of this solitary pine that he remembered years ago

And standing like a stately Pine
Set in a cataract on an island crag
When storm is on the heights and right and left
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents dash'd to the vale and yet her will
Bred will in me to overcome it or fall

My father clambered on to the Lac Bleu, he said that the water was marvellously blue except where the shadow of the mountains made parts of the lake purple My mother writes in her journal

We had a sad parting from Mr Clough at Pau There could not have been a gentler kinder more unselfish or more thoughtful companion than he has been Among other kind things he corrected the boys little journals for them, we called him the child angel

years ago and really finds great pleasure in the place they stayed here and at Cauteretz He is very fond of this place evidently

Clough said my father 'had great poetic feeling he read me then his In Mari Magno and cried like a child over it

My father was vexed that he had written 'two and thirty years ago in his 'All along the Valley instead of one and thirty years ago and as late as 1892 wished to alter it since he hated inaccuracy I persuaded him to let his first reading stand for the public had learnt to love the poem in its present form and besides 'two and thirty was more melodious

After stopping at Pau for a few days we journeyed home by Dax, St Emilion, Libourne, Tours and Amiens and on our return A said to me 'I have seen many things in this tour I shall like to remember' "

My father wrote to the Duke of Argyll on his return

THE TEMPLE, LONDON, 1861

MY DEAR DUKE,

I had intended to write yesterday so that my answer might have reached Cliveden on the 10th, and I scarce know why I did not perhaps because in these chambers I had lighted on an old and not unclever novel *Zohrab the Hostage*, partly perhaps because I had fallen into a muse about human vanities and "the glories of our blood and state" (do you know those grand old lines of Shirley's?) This must have been suggested by the progress of His Majesty the Mayor down the Strand, where I was entangled for half an hour in a roaring crowd and hardly escaped unbruised, however, what with the novel and what with the musing fit, I let the post slip, but this morning let me say that I am grateful for the enquiring after myself and mine. of myself indeed I have no good account to render, being very far from well, living at a friend's rooms here in the Temple, and dancing attendance on a doctor. France, I believe overset me, and more especially the foul ways and unhappy diet of that charming Auvergne no amount of granite craters or chestnut-woods, or lava-streams, not the Puy de Dôme which I climbed, nor the Glen of Royat, where I lived, nor the plain of Clermont seen from the bridge there, nor the still more magnificent view of the dead volcanoes from the ascent to Mont Dore could make amends for those drawbacks so we all fell sick by turns my wife is better since our return, and the boys are well enough, tho' they suffered too at the time, but I remain with a torpid liver, not having much pleasure

in anything yet I can still grieve with my friends griefs and therefore I am sorry for the occasion which exiles your good and kind Duchess, tho it be but for this December I am sure the Duchess will sympathise with my disgust at having my Freshwater (where I had pitched my tent taken with its solitariness) so polluted and defiled with brick and mortar, as is threatened, they talk of laying out streets and crescents and I oscillate between my desire of purchasing land at a ruinous price in order to keep my views open and my wish to fly the place altogether Is there no millionaire who will take pity on the wholesome hillside and buy it all up?

'Bordicea no I cannot publish her yet perhaps never, for who can read her except myself? I have half consented to write a little ode on the opening of the International Exhibition The commissioners prest me I should never have volunteered for I hate a subject given me and still more if that subject be a public one Present my best remembrances to your Duchess and to [her mother] the Duchess of Sutherland I am half afraid to inquire after her Grace's eyesight lest I should hear ill news

Yours my dear Duke always

A TENNYSON

In September Lord Dufferin wrote

CLANDEBOY, BELFAST *Sept 24th 1861*

MY DEAR MR TENNYSON

I wonder if you will think me very presumptuous for doing what it last after many months hesitation I have determined to do

You must know that here in my park in Ireland there rises a high hill from the top of which I look down not only on an extensive tract of Irish land but also on St Georges Channel, a long blue line of Scotch coast and the mountains of the Isle of Man

On the summit of this hill I have built an old-world tower which I have called after my mother "Helen's Tower"

In it I have placed on a golden tablet the birthday verses which my mother wrote to me on the day I came of age, and I have spared no pains in beautifying it with all imaginable devices. In fact my tower is a little "Palace of Art." Beneath is a rough outline of its form and situation

Now there is only one thing wanting to make it a perfect little gem of architecture and decoration and that is "*a voice*." It is now ten years since it was built and all that time it has stood silent. Yet if he chose there is one person in the world able to endow it with this priceless gift, and by sending me some little short distich for it to crown it for ever with a glory it cannot otherwise obtain, and render it a memorial of the personal friendship which its builder felt for the great poet of our age

Yours ever, DUFFERIN

In answer my father sent the following lines, and annotated, as below, the words "recurring Paradise".

Helen's Tower

Helen's Tower, here I stand,
Dominant over sea and land.
Son's love built me and I hold
Mother's love engrav'n in gold
Love is in and out of time,
I am mortal stone and lime
Would my granite girth were strong
As either love to last as long!¹
I should wear my crown entire
To and thro' the Doomsday fire,
And be found of angel eyes
In earth's recurring Paradise¹

¹ The fancy of some poets and theologians that Paradise is to be the renovated earth, as, I dare say, you know

The death of the Prince Consort in December my

father felt was a great loss to Britain and the Empire. He sent the first copies of his *Dedication* of the 'Idylls' to the Princess Alice with the following letter

MADAM

HAVING heard some time ago from Sir C. B. Phipps that your Royal Highness had expressed a strong desire that I should in some way idealize our lamented Prince and being at that time very unwell I was unwilling to attempt the subject because I feared that I might never be able to do it justice nor did I well see how I should idealize a life which was in itself an ideal

At last it seemed to me that I could do no better than dedicate to his memory a book which he himself had told me was valued by him. I am the more emboldened to send these lines to your Royal Highness because having asked the opinion of a lady who knew and truly loved and honoured him she gave me to understand by her reply that they were true and worthy of him whether they be so or not I hardly know but if they do not appear so to your Royal Highness, forgive me as your Father would have forgiven me

Though these lines conclude with an address to our beloved Queen I feel that I cannot do better than leave the occasion of presenting them to the discretion of your Royal Highness

Believe me as altogether sympathizing with your sorrow

Your Royal Highness

faithful and obedient servant

A TENNYSON

1862.

Jan 9th My father recited in a rolling voice his new Ode for the opening of the Exhibition in the summer¹ He explained that the rhythm and composition were hampered by the necessity of arranging it for a choir of 4000 voices. "I think for that kind of Ode the wild irregular bursts are an addition to its effectiveness" The lines on the death of the Prince Consort had to be put in after the first draft was written My father was deeply grieved, not only by the death of the Prince, but also by the deaths of his two friends Clough and Godley He wrote "We have lost Clough he died at Florence of a relapse of malaria-fever. it gave me a great shock I see that Godley too has gone. so we fall, one by one"

Jan 19th Princess Alice wrote to my father about the *Dedication* of the "Idylls" to the Prince Consort.

If words could express *thanks* and *real* appreciation of lines so beautiful, so truly worthy of the great pure spirit which inspired the author, Princess Alice would attempt to do it, but these failing, she begs Mr Tennyson to believe how much she admires them, and that this just tribute to the memory of her beloved Father touched her deeply Mr Tennyson could not have chosen a more beautiful or true testimonial to the memory of him who was so really good and noble, than the dedication of the 'Idylls of the King' which he so valued and admired Princess Alice transmitted the lines to the Queen, who desired her to tell Mr Tennyson, with her sincerest thanks, how much moved she was on reading them, and that they had soothed her aching, bleeding heart She knows also how *he* would have admired them

¹ Sung May 1, 1862, set by Sterndale Bennett One newspaper reported that the poet-laureate was present, "clothed in his green *baise*" (probably a misprint for "bays")

The Crown Princess of Prussia also wrote

February 23rd, 1866

The first time I ever heard the *Idylls of the King* was last year when I found both the Queen and Prince quite in raptures about them. The first bit I ever heard was the end of

Guinevere, the last two or three pages the Prince read them to me and I shall never forget the impression it made upon me hearing those grand and simple words in his voice! He did so admire them and I cannot separate the idea of King Arthur from the image of him whom I most revered on earth!

I almost know the *Idylls of the King* by heart now they are really sublime!

Surely it must give the Author satisfaction to think that his words have been drops of balm on the broken and loving hearts of the widowed Queen and her orphan children

VICTORIA

Crown Princess of Prussia Princess Royal

Even the 'calm Spedding' wrote enthusiastically about the 'Dedication'

The thing I had to say was merely that the Dedication was and continues to be the most beautiful and touching thing of the kind that I ever read to which I have nothing to add except that I find *that* to be the general opinion of men and women within my small circle of acquaintance. Not that I have heard it much talked of. But I think that is because people are afraid of not meeting with the sympathy they require in such a case. With some of my most intimate friends whom I was frequently meeting not a word passed about it for weeks till at last some accident brought it shyly out and we found we had been all the time thinking exactly alike.

Hitherto I have enjoyed the quiet dignity belonging to the editor of a book of good repute which everybody is willing to be thought familiar with but nobody reads so the critics have taken their information from the preface and passed me to the respectable shelf with compliments. But now I come on ground [*the Life of Francis Bacon*] where they have opinions of their own and must be prepared for the rougher side of the critic tongue

Of all creatures that feed upon the earth, the professional critic is the one whose judgment I least value for any purpose except advertisement, but of all writers, the one whom he sits in judgment on is also the one whom he is least qualified to assume a superiority over. For is it likely that a man, who has written a serious book about anything in the world, should not know more about that thing than one who merely reads his book for the purpose of reviewing it? But so it must be and a discreet man must just let it be. What I want to know is whether men and women and children who care nothing about me, but take an intelligent interest in the subject, find the book readable. What its other merits are nobody knows so well as [I]

Letters to the Duke of Argyll

FARRINGFORD, *Feb* 1862.

MY DEAR DUKE,

Many thanks for your very interesting letter. Very touching is what you tell me about the Queen. I am of course exceedingly gratified that anything which I have written should have the power to console one whom we all love, strange that a book¹ which, when it first appeared, was pronounced by more than one clergyman as Pantheistic, if not, as (I think) one wiseacre commented on it, Atheistic, should have such a power, but after all it is very little that words can do. Time, time!

I have written out for the Princess Royal a morsel from "Guinevere." I do so hate rewriting my own things that my pen refuses to trace the "Dedication."

Her critique on the "Idylls" is enthusiastic, and mingled up with the affection of her father, as I would wish it to be. As to joining these with the "Morte d'Arthur," there are two objections, one that I could scarcely light upon a finer close than that ghostlike passing away of the king, and the other that the "Morte"

¹ "In Memoriam"

is older in style¹ I have thought about it and arranged all the intervening Idylls but I dare not set to work for fear of a failure and time lost I am now about my "Fisherman" which is heroic too in its way

Yours ever A TENNYSON

If you call me Mr Tennyson any longer I think that I must Your-grace you till the end of the chapter

MONDAY, *March 3rd* 1862

MY DEAR DUKE,

I have been out on a visit (a very unusual proceeding on my part) and on returning found your letter which a little dismayed me for as you in the prior one had bound me by no promise of secrecy I in talking of Her Majesty and her sorrow did say to two friends whom I bound by such a promise that she had found comfort in reading In Memoriam and had made the private markings therein

I don't suppose much harm would result even if these broke their promise, for that is all that could be reported still I am vexed because if the Queen heard of the report she might fancy that her private comments were public prey As to those very interesting ones communicated in your last whether you had bound me to secrecy or not I should not have dreamt of repeating them they are far too sacred and possibly your caution of silence only refers to these

I hope so I think it *must* be so I wrote off the very day I returned to both my friends urging them to abide by their promise, for in these days of half unconscious social treachery and multitudinous babble I felt that I ought to make assurance doubly sure You can scarce tell how annoyed I have been I hope the

¹ 'The Coming and the Passing of Arthur' are simpler and more severe in style as dealing with the awfulness of Birth and Death A. T

Princess Royal got my note and inclosure, but she has not acknowledged it My letters, I believe, have ere this been opened and stopt at our little Yarmouth P O but not in the present Postmaster's time

My best remembrances to the Duchess

Yours ever, A TENNYSON

March 26th, 1862

MY DEAR DUKE,

I am a shy beast and like to keep in my burrow Two questions, what sort of salutation to make on entering Her¹ private room ? and whether to retreat backward ? or sidle out as I may ?

I am sorry to hear that you were the worse for your journey I myself am raven-hoarse with cold

Yours ever, A TENNYSON.

April, 1862

MY DEAR DUKE,

As you were kind enough to say that you would mention Woolner's name to the Queen, I send a photograph of a work of his, which Gladstone, who saw it the other day, pronounced the first thing he had seen after the antique The children are Thomas Fairbairn's, deaf and dumb, not pretty certainly, but infinitely pathetic

I do not say, show this to her Majesty, you know best, but admit that myself and Gladstone are justified in our admiration

Yours ever, A TENNYSON

¹ The Queen's

*My father's first visit to the Queen April 1862¹
after the death of the Prince Consort*

A was much affected by his interview with the Queen. He said that she stood pale and statue like before him, speaking in a quiet unutterably sad voice.

There was a kind of stately innocence about her. She said many kind things to him such as 'Next to the Bible 'In Memoriam' is my comfort.' She talked of the Prince and of Hallam and of Macaulay and of Goethe and of Schiller in connection with him and said that the Prince was so like the picture of Arthur Hallam in 'In Memoriam' even to his blue eyes. When A said that he thought that the Prince would have made a great king she answered 'He always said that it did not signify whether *he* did the right thing or did not so long as the right thing was done.'

A said 'We all grieve with your Majesty' and the Queen replied 'The country has been kind to me and I am thankful.'

When the Queen had withdrawn Princess Alice came in with Princess Beatrice.

After the interview my father wrote to Lady Augusta Bruce²

FARRINGFORD April 17th 1862

MY DEAR LADY AUGUSTA

Accept my very best thanks for your kind letter. I perceive that it was written on the evening of that day when I called at Osborne but I received it only yesterday then I thought that I would wait till

¹ This account was written down by my mother immediately after my father's return from Osborne.

Afterwards the wife of Dean Stanley, then Lady in Waiting to the Queen.

the prints¹ arrived, but as they have not, I will not delay my answer

I was conscious of having spoken with considerable emotion to the Queen, but I have a very imperfect recollection of what I did say. Nor indeed which perhaps you may think less excusable do I very well recollect what Her Majesty said to me. but I loved the voice that spoke, for being very blind I am much led by the voice, and blind as I am and as I told Her I was, I yet could dimly perceive so great an expression of sweetness in Her countenance as made me wroth with those imperfect cartes de visite of H M which Mayall once sent me. Will you say, as you best know how to say it, how deeply grateful I am to Her Majesty for the prints of Herself and of Him which She proposes to send me, and how very much I shall value Her Gift? I was charmed with Princess Alice. She seemed to me what Goethe calls *eine Natur*. Did he not say that was the highest compliment that could be paid to a woman? and the little Beatrice with her long tresses was very captivating. Thank you also for what you tell me of your own family. True, as you write, I often receive similar communications, but the value of these depends on the value of those from whom they come. I often scarce believe that I have done anything, especially when I meet with too flowery compliments. but when I know that I am spoken to sincerely, as by your Ladyship, I lift my head a little, and rejoice that I am not altogether useless

Believe me, yours very truly,

A. TENNYSON.

¹ Portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort

CHAPTER XXIII

DERBYSHIRE AND YORKSHIRE.

LETTERS

1862-1864¹

During this summer after finishing his *Enoch Arden*² or 'The Fisherman' as he called it then my father went with Palgrave for a tour to Derbyshire and Yorkshire. On his return I remember hearing him express delight at the beauties of Haddon Hall and at the glories of the Peak cavern. The guide had asked the travellers before entering the cavern at what scale they would wish to see the Great Hall illuminated for when the Emperor of Russia had been there he had chosen the most magnificent of the illuminations offered. My father answered 'Let us be as grand as Emperors for once' and Palgrave and he were amply rewarded by the wonderful colour effects produced and especially by the display of the crimson fire. From Castleton they went to Ripon, Leyburn, Middleham, Wensleydale, Bolton and Skipton. My father told me that it was at Middleham Castle he had made the lines in *Geraint and Enid*

And here had fallen a great part of a tower
Whole like a crag that tumbles from the cliff
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers

¹ See Appendix p. 511 for *Reminiscences* by Thomas Wilson and William Allingham 1863-64.

See Fitzgerald's 'Hints for *Enoch Arden*' in Appendix p. 515.

At Christmas a greeting from Edward Fitzgerald came

MARKET RISE, WOODBRIDGE,
1862

Let me hear how you both are and your boys, and where you have been this summer

I have as usual, nothing to tell of myself boating all the summer and reading *Clarissa Harlowe* since, you and I used to talk of the book more than 20 years ago I believe I am better read in it than almost any one in existence now No wonder, for it is almost intolerably tedious and absurd But I can't read the *Adam Bedes*, *Daisy Chains*, etc at all I look at my row of Sir Walter Scott, and think with comfort that I can always go to him of a winter evening, when no other book comes to hand

I think you must come over here one summer-day, not till summer, but before more summers are gone Else, who knows? Do you smoke? I sometimes talk with seafaring men who come from Boston in billyboys, and from Goole, and other places in the Humber, and then I don't forget the coast of Locksley Hall

1863

In January my father wrote to Frederick Locker, sending at the same time a volume of his poems for his daughter Eleanor

FARRINGFORD,
Jan 31st, 1863

DEAR MR LOCKER,

I am glad that your young lady approves of my little book Why wouldn't you let me give it to her?

As to this canard of a Baronetcy, I remember the same foolish rumour arising some years ago, and with some little trouble I put it down, or it died down of itself In this instance the notice had been out in the *Athenæum* several days before I heard of it, but I

answered the first letter which alluded to it by declaring that the rumour was *wholly* unfounded, so that as no Baronetcy has been offered there is less reason for considering your friendly pros and cons as to acceptance or refusal if it had I trust that I should have had grace and loyalty enough to think more of the Queen's feelings than my own in this matter I mean whichever way I answered Both myself and my wife have been somewhat vexed and annoyed by all this chatter

Kind regards to Lady Charlotte I shall be glad to see you here whenever you like to come our way Froude promised me he would come in January, but January is breathing his last to day

Yours very truly

ALFRED TENNYSON

On March 6th my father sent off his 'Welcome to Alexandra' He would like to have seen the pageant at the Prince of Wales wedding but his ticket for the Chapel only arrived on the 10th having been mis sent

After the arrival of the Princess of Wales in England Lady Augusta Bruce wrote

WINDSOR CASTLE
March 8th, 1863

DEAR MR TENNYSON

Last night a few minutes after the advent of the lovely Bride while I felt my heart still glowing from seeing the look of inexpressible brightness confidence and happiness with which she alighted on the threshold of Windsor Castle and threw herself into the arms of her new family your letter and the beautiful lines of welcome it enclosed were put into my hands

I cannot convey to you the impression they made on me or how I longed to put them into the hands of our beloved Queen how I longed that the heart of the nation should be moved and touched by them as mine had been that the noble soul inspiring

feeling of which we have witnessed the outburst, should find itself so expressed. The Queen's response to your words was all that I had expected. Her Majesty desires me to thank you very warmly, and to tell you with how much pleasure she has read the lines¹, and how much she rejoices that the sweet and charming Princess should be thus greeted.

One looks at her with trembling hope, but every expression, every act, word, and gesture more than justifies one's most sanguine expectations and desires. God grant it for the sake of the Prince, the Country, and I am tempted to feel above all, for the sake of that sorrowing heart, which is ever more and more being lifted up to the divine height of which you speak. Truly the royal mourner is bearing this joy as she has borne the sorrow, and it is a spectacle that would move a heart of stone. I should have liked you and dear Mrs Tennyson to see the light on Her Majesty's countenance, as she read your lines and as she speaks of the young joyous bride, so joyous but so tender and gentle to the widowed mother, also when Her Majesty speaks of the feeling manifested by her people, realizing as she does all that is contained in it.

I remain yours truly,

AUGUSTA BRUCE

At this time my father's indignation against Russia for her treatment of Poland was boundless. He was filled with horror too at the gigantic civil war in America, although he had always looked forward anxiously to the total abolition of slavery² but he had hoped that it might have been accomplished gradually and peacefully.

In May the Queen asked my father what she could do for him, and he said "Nothing, Madam, but shake my two boys by the hand. It may keep them loyal in the troublous times to come." So on the 9th Her Majesty sent for us all to Osborne. We lunched with

¹ "A Welcome," published by Moxon (March, 1863)

² He would sing with enthusiasm the great chorus of the "Battle-hymn of the Republic"

"Singing 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!'
His soul goes marching on"

Lady Augusta Bruce and drove with her in the grounds
 After returning to the Palace we waited in the
 drawing room and the Queen came to us All the
 Princesses came in by turns Prince Leopold also
 My mother wrote

The Queen is not like her portraits her face is full
 of intelligence and is very mobile and full of sympathy
 A was delighted with the breadth and freedom of her
 mind We talked of everything in heaven and earth
 Shades of pain and sadness often passed over the
 Queen's face

On the 11th a Queen's messenger rode over bringing
 from Her Majesty Guizot's edition of Prince Albert's
Speeches In der Stille by Karl Sudhoff *Lieder des*
Leides by Albert Zeller and an Album of the Queen's
 in which A was to write something He wrote out
 "All along the Valley and the next day sent the
 following letter to Lady Augusta Bruce

May 12th 1863

DEAR LADY AUGUSTA

I had no time yesterday to overlook the
 volume which Her Majesty sent me I did but see the
 inscription in the beginning by the Duchess of Kent and
 Goethe's *Edel sei der Mensch* in the Prince's hand
 writing—a poem which has always appeared to me one
 of the grandest things which Goethe or any other man
 has written Perhaps some time or other the Queen
 will allow me to look at the book again

The little song which I inserted in it was repeated to
 H M last year by the Duke of Argyll who told me that
 she approved of it and I thought it more graceful to
 give an unpublished than an already printed one

Cauteretz, which I had visited with my friend before
 I was twenty had always lived in my recollection as a

sort of Paradise, when I saw it once more, it had become a rather odious watering-place, but the hills wore their old green, and the roaring stream had the same echoes as of old. Altogether I like the little piece as well as anything I have written. I hope I wrote it out correctly for I was very much hurried and I feel sure that in my note to yourself I somewhere or other made pure nonsense of a sentence by putting an 'of' for an 'a' or 'and'.

I have read Guizot's Preface, which is just what it ought to be—compact, careful, reverential. I have also dipped slightly into the *Meditations* and what I have read of them I can quite approve of. Their one defect to me being that I discern the German through the translation. Passages here and there which would look quite natural in the original read a little too quaintly in our English yet I find my appreciation of these essays scarce lessened by feeling that they are a translation. They are true-hearted, tender, and solacing, and contrasting advantageously with our disquisitions on these subjects. Does H M know the sermons of Robertson of Brighton? he died young, not very long ago. These have always appeared to me the most spiritual utterances of any minister of the church in our times.

I am glad that the Queen remembers my visit with pleasure, and refers to the conversation she held with us, not without interest.

It was very good of you to think of bringing the book—we were sorry, it could not be.

Believe me, dear Lady Augusta,

Yours very truly,

A TENNYSON

My father wrote to the Duke of Argyll

FARRINGFORD

May 28th, 1863

MY DEAR DUKE

I have delayed so long granting the 'absolution' ¹ that like enough by this time you may have forgotten that you desired it

However it is granted

Only do not after absolution begin sinning the sin again with a greater gusto

Of course I am glad to have given a moment's satisfaction to our poor Queen glad too that you give a somewhat better account of her

I had a very pleasant two days' visit to Cliveden. I sat in your favourite seat which looks over the reach of the river, and regretted that you were not at my side. Gladstone was at C with me. I had met him before but had never seen him so nearly. Very pleasant and very interesting he was even when he discoursed on Homer, where most people think him a little hobby-horsical. Let him be. His hobby-horse is of the intellect and with a grace

Yours ever A TENNYSON

In the summer we went on a tour to York, Harrogate, Ripon and Fountains Abbey. My father was busy with his translation of Homer and with his *Alcaics* to Milton.

O mighty mouth'd inventor of harmonies
O skill'd to sing of Time and Eternity
God gifted organ voice of England
Milton a name to resound for ages

¹ Because the Duke had repeated to the Queen. All along the Valley

After the different experiments in Classical metre had been published in the *Cornhill* for December, my uncle Frederick wrote as follows

I got a letter from Fitzgerald yesterday, in reply to a note from me communicating to him poor Thackeray's sudden death, which I thought it very possible he might never have learnt in his solitude and indifference to newspapers. He tells me he has been ill with his old complaint, blood to the head, and expects to be taken off by it in the end, he hopes it may be suddenly, that he may not linger after an attack in a paralysed state. But there is "a Providence that shapes our ends," and whatever those ends may be, whether apoplexy, paralysis, or the painless separation of the *man* from his integuments, or natural death, not a very different thing from putting off your clothes to go to bed, no doubt (tho' poor Fitz cannot see a hand's breadth before him in these matters) all is for the best. I read Alfred's experiments in Classical metres in the *Cornhill*, and think them clever, though I prefer the translation from Homer. I send him an Italian sonnet which I am rather proud of, though Petrarch would stand aghast at it, and Dante would tell me to mind my own business.

At Christmas, Mr Jowett, Mr W G Clark (Public Orator at Cambridge), Dr and Mrs Butler, and the Bradleys visited us. The flow of my father's jests and stories, when he had sympathetic listeners, was inexhaustible and this party was particularly sympathetic.

One evening they were talking of repartee, and my father said, laughing "I would give all my poems to have made the two following retorts courteous. (1) A certain French king, seeing at Court a man said to be very like him, blurted out, 'You are very like our family is it possible that your mother was much at Court?' 'No! sire,' said the man, 'but my father was.' (2) The Prince Regent, being in Portsmouth one day and seeing Jack Towers across the street, shouted out in his royal way, 'Hulloa, Towers, I hear you are the greatest blackguard

in Portsmouth! Towers replied with a low bow, I hope your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my character!

He also thought that two of the neatest repartees were (1) the reply of Margaret More to a Lady Manners, both having had honours conferred on their families To the satirical remark of Lady Manners

Honores mutant Mores Margaret More replied 'That goes better in English, Madam — Honours change Manners' (2) The reply of the Italian lady to Napoleon who said to her, *Tutti Italiani sono perfidi* "Non tutti, ma Buona parte

At the end of December my father was finishing 'Aylmer's Field' He said 'The story is incalculably difficult to tell the dry facts are so prosaic in themselves' He often pointed out how hard he had found such and such a passage how much work and thought it had cost him, for instance the lawyer at work in chambers the pompous old Aylmer in his wrath the suicide He liked his own descriptions of English landscape and of cottages covered with creepers and especially the passage about the Travellers Joy

The following letter was written by my father to a stranger who questioned him as to his belief in a hereafter

SIR

I have been considering your questions but I am not a God or a disembodied spirit that I should answer them I can only say that I sympathize with your grief, and if faith mean anything at all it is trusting to those instincts or feelings or whatever they may be called which assure us of some life after this

A TENNYSON

He also wrote to Mr Swinburne about “Atalanta in Calydon”

MY DEAR SIR,

Accept my congratulations on the success of your Greek play. I had some strong objections to parts of it, but these I think have been modified by a reperusal, and at any rate I daresay you would not care to hear them, here however is one Is it *farr* for a Greek chorus to abuse the Deity something in the *style* of the Hebrew prophets?

Altogether it is many a long day since I have read anything so fine, for it is not only carefully written, but it has both strength and splendour, and shows moreover that you have a fine metrical invention which I envy you

Yours very truly, A TENNYSON.

APPENDIX

(P 7) *Professor Hales' account of Louth School*

They (the masters) were not cruelhearted men, to make ears tingle bones ache life generally a burden and a misery was no extreme pleasure to them. Small specimens of humanity leaping and dancing and wringing their hands and shrieking as if engaged in the worship of some Baal who perchance slept and must needs be awakened could scarcely have been agreeable objects of contemplation, but they knew not of any other method in which instruction might possibly be imparted. To shew how completely we lay at the mercy of the head master, I perhaps ought to state that we generally sat when 'up' to him upon one long form opposite to which stood a chair on which was seated the particular boy who was going on. Our master adopted for himself the peripatetic or more strictly perhaps the ana or kata patetic method, his beat was immediately in front of the form on which we sat so that he could get at the centre class as he paced up and down. He very frequently availed himself of his opportunities, and with the masterly dexterity and quickness which distinguished him often succeeded in touching up each one of us in the course of a single promenade. But most pitiable was the position of the poor boy on the chair on the other side of the master's line of walk. That chair was a sort of altar on which boys sacrifices were offered. There the youth sat exposed on every side to the blast of blows and boxes that might descend on him at any moment, which were sure to descend upon him sooner or later in a hideous hurricane.

(P 43) *Ghosts (Prologue of my father's paper written for the 'Apostles')*

He who has the power of speaking of the spiritual world speaks in a simple manner of a high matter. He speaks of life and death, and the things after death. He lifts the veil but the form behind it is shrouded in deeper obscurity. He raises the cloud, but he darkens the

prospect He unlocks with a golden key the iron-grated gates of the charnel house, he throws them wide open And forth issue from the inmost gloom the colossal Presences of the Past, majores humano, some as they lived, seemingly pale, and faintly smiling, some as they died, still suddenly frozen by the chill of death, and some as they were buried, with dropped eyelids, in their cerements and their winding sheets

The listeners creep closer to each other, they are afraid of the drawing of their own breaths, the beating of their own hearts The voice of *him* who speaks alone like a mountain stream on a still night fills up and occupies the silence He stands as it were on a vantage ground He becomes the minister and expounder of human sympathies His words *find* the heart like the arrows of truth Those who laughed long before, have long ago become solemn, and those who were solemn before, feel the awful sense of unutterable mystery The speaker pauses

"Wherefore," says one, "granting the intensity of the feeling, wherefore this fever and fret about a baseless vision?" "Do not assume," says another, "that any vision *is* baseless"

(P 108) LETTERS ABOUT ARTHUR HALLAM (AFTER
HIS DEATH)

From R J Tennant to my father

Nov 26th, 1833

MY DEAR ALFRED,

I wish I were gifted with a far sight to reach over hills and towns even as far as Somersby and thro' the windows of the house, that I might see you, how you look when you come down to breakfast, and after breakfast whether you sit reading, writing or musing, whether you are gloomy or cheerful, I hope the latter, and that you can look back upon the mournful past without that bitterness of spirit which you felt when I saw you I would rather not allude to this, but I wish to talk to you of what has been much in my thoughts since you were in town, and on which I have spoken to many of our friends It appears to be a universal wish among them, that whatever writings Arthur has left should be collected and published, that there may be some memorial of him among us, which, tho' it will fall very far short of what was hoped and expected of him, will yet be highly gratifying to his friends, and as we think will not be without interest and value to many

others. A great number of his poems are such as everyone will delight in and there are several essays that will do honour to his powers of original thought and expression. It seemed the most proper way to cause this to be done if you were to intimate it to Mr Hallam as the general wish of his friends. His desire that you would suggest to him whatever you think that Arthur would have wished to be done gives you ample opportunity to do this without being in the least obtrusive. I asked Spedding's opinion and he entirely agreed with me, and he is one whose opinion on such a matter is of great weight. It is possible that Mr Hallam may himself intend to do this, but even if it be so it will probably be a great satisfaction to him to learn that this feeling and wish prevails so generally among us and that such a wide circle of men are unanimous in seeking to pay honour to one who by his nearer friends was so deeply loved. You are not perhaps aware how widely his loss is felt, one circumstance will show it *many* of his *less intimate* acquaintance have been exerting themselves to cause a table to be placed in Trinity Chapel to his memory the intention failed only because he was in fact no on the foundation. I hope you will not think it ill timed in me to recall your memory to what I fear you already dwell too much upon. To me the remembrance of Arthur is full of delight looking back upon the days when he gave light and life to my spirit it is only when I need his counsels and know that I cannot any more receive them or when I think upon you and your sorrow that regret is mixed with bitterness. God bless you all. You are all in my thoughts night and day

Ever your affectionate

R. J. FRYANT

From Robert Monteth to my father

1833

MY DEAR ALFRED

I assure you I have never been quite easy without having had some communication between us since the news of the loss sustained by you. I say *you* because though it was and still is to myself one of those dreadful things which at moments one cannot bring oneself to believe yet the sorrow of all others combined cannot be supposed equal to that of you and your family. I assure you all with whom I have spoken about it have been full of sympathy with you, and all wish as I do for still stricter friendship with you if it might be

(which is all but impossible) that together we might help to fill up the gap. One feeling that remains with me is a longing to preserve all those friends whom I know Hallam loved and whom I learnt to love through him. He was so much a centre round which we moved that now there seems a possibility of many connections being all but dissolved. Since Hallam's death I almost feel like an old man looking back on many friendships as something bygone. I beseech you, do not let us permit this, you may even dislike the interference of common friendship for a time, but you will be glad at length to gather together all the different means by which you may feel not entirely in a different world from that in which you knew and loved Hallam. I will write you a long letter some day which I daresay will trouble you. If it does I shall be sorry, but it will rather prove the propriety of our not leaving you alone. I wish you were abroad with us and am revolving some schemes for seeing the south together. All Mr Garden's family desire to be most kindly remembered to you.

Believe me your very sincere friend,

R. MONTITH.

(P 117) MARIANA IN THE SOUTH

*Arthur H Hallam to W B Donne*¹

TRINITY,
Sunday [1831]

MY DEAR DONNE,

I rejoice exceedingly at the admiration you express for Alfred Tennyson in general, and the Indian ditty² in particular.

I expect you to be properly grateful to me for sending you by these presents another poem, of which to say that I love it would be only saying that it is his. It is intended, you will perceive, as a kind of pendant to his former poem of "Mariana," the idea of both being the expression of desolate loneliness, but with this distinctive variety in the second, that it paints the forlorn feeling as it would exist under the influence of different impressions of sense. When we were journeying together this summer through the South of France we came upon a range of country just corresponding to his preconceived thought of a barrenness, so as in the South, and the portraiture of the scenery in this poem is most faithful. You will, I think, agree with me that the

¹ Afterwards "Examiner of plays." This hitherto unpublished letter has been kindly given to me by his son Mr Mowbray Donne.

² "Anacaona," p 56

essential and distinguishing character of the conception requires in the "Southern Manana" a greater lingering on the outward circumstances, and a less palpable transition of the poet into Mariana's feelings than was the case in the former poem. Were this not implied in the subject it would be a fault. An artist, as Alfred is wont to say, ought to be lord of the five senses; but if he lacks the inward sense which reveals to him what is inward in the heart, he has left out the part of Hamlet in the play. In this meaning I think the objection sometimes made to a poem that it is too picturesque, is a just objection; but according to a more strict use of words, poetry cannot be too pictorial for it cannot represent too truly, and when the object of the poetic power happens to be an object of sensuous perception it is the business of the poetic language to paint.

It is observable in the mighty models of art left for the worship of ages by the Greeks and those too rare specimens of Roman production which breathe a Greek spirit, that their way of imaging a mood of the human heart in a group of circumstances, each of which reciprocally affects and is affected by the unity of that mood resembles much Alfred's manner of delineation and should therefore give additional sanction to the confidence of our praise.

I believe you will find instances in all the Greek poems of the highest order,—at present I can only call into distinct recollection the divine passage about the sacrifice of Iphigenia in Lucretius and the desolation of Ariadne in Catullus and the fragments of Sappho in which I see much congeniality to Alfred's peculiar power. I beg pardon for this prose; here comes something better.

(Here the "Southern Manana" is copied at length.)

Your very sincere friend

A. H. HALLAM

(P. 207) THE RECEPTION OF THE EARLY POEMS BY
AUBREY DE VEPE

1832-1845

There are moments when the day on which I first made acquaintance with Alfred Tennyson's poetry seems to me less remote than those days upon which events comparatively recent took place. It is more clearly marked in my memory than the day on which I first met the poet himself. My acquaintance with him as a poet had been so long and familiar, that to have made acquaintance with him as a man would have been to me something remarkable only if the man

and the poet had been in striking contrast. On the contrary they were very like each other.

The mode in which I first made acquaintance with Alfred Tennyson's poetry is recorded in a letter which was written by me after the death of the late Lord Houghton and published in his recent biography by Mr Wemyss Reid. Lord Houghton, then Richard Monckton Milnes, a Cambridge friend of my eldest brother's, drove up to the door of our house at Curragh Chase one night in 1832, and in a few days had quite won our hearts by his pleasant ways, his wit, and his astonishing acquaintance with all the modern European Literatures. He had brought with him the first number of a new magazine entitled *The Englishman* containing Arthur Hallam's essay on Tennyson's *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. The day on which I first took the slender volume into my hands was with me a memorable one. Arthur Hallam's essay had contrasted two different schools of modern poetry, calling one of these classes Poets of Reflection, and the other class Poets of Sensation, the latter represented by Shelley and Keats. Of Keats I knew nothing, and of Shelley very little; but the new poet seemed to me, while he had about him a touch of both the classes thus characterized, to have yet little in common with either. He was eminently original, and about that originality there was for me a wild, inexplicable magic and a deep pathos, though hardly as simple as Wordsworth's pathos, and with nothing of its homeliness, and the character of its language was nearly the opposite of that which Wordsworth had, at least in his youth, asserted to be the true poetic diction, viz the language of common life among the educated. The diction of the new poet was elaborate in accordance with a certain artificiality belonging to the time, that is, whenever strange combinations of words were needed in order to produce a corresponding exactitude of significance. The youthful poet very soon afterwards discarded that elaborateness, perceiving that the loss of simplicity caused by it could not be compensated for by any degree of expressiveness, and adopted a style especially marked by its purity. But the subtle exquisiteness of his imagination remained unchanged and had never required any such artificial aid. It had ever "fed among the lilies" of a "Fairy Land," which to it had ever been a native land. With the bleating of the lamb or the lowing of the herd there mingled from afar "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing." I remember my dear friend, Sara Coleridge, daughter of the poet, once remarking to me that, however inferior the bulk of a young man's poetry may be to that of the poet when mature, it generally possesses some passages with a special freshness of their own, and an inexplicable charm to be found in them alone. Such was the charm with which many of those early poems

captivated me a charm which they have never lost Still as in that old time, the old oak tree thick leaved ambrosial sighs over the grave of Clarel The new interpretation of Nature given to me then remains and the beauty mingled with the pathos when the scene described is one of Nature's forlornest, as in The Dying Swan or in the weird lines

Low flowing breezes are roaming
The broad valley dimmed in the gloaming—

never cease to possess me as they did the day that I read them first The sea beside which the minstrel lover chanted the ballad of Oriana seemed to me to uplift a clamour of woe such as no sea had ever uttered before, and reminded me of the sad prophet's cry *Magnum sicut mare lamentatio mea* Another image of grief if in a form less terrible yet more drearily desolate was presented to me by Mariana in the Moated Grange with the blackened pool close by and the poplar that shook alway above it The Recollections of the Arabian Nights seemed all the more wonderful because the picture presented with such truthfulness was one taken less from Nature's page than that of art because its very excess of magnificence precluded that effect of tawdriness which commonly characterizes descriptions of Oriental splendours and also because the harmony of the poem's metre so fully sustained the brilliancy of its imagery It was

‘A world of bright vision set floating in sound’¹

Many of the other poems impressed me not less vividly and I remember most of them by heart still Day after day my sister and I used to read them as we drove up and down the close green ways of our woods Our pony soon detected our abstracted mood Several times he nearly upset us down a bank and often choosing his path according to his private judgment stood still with his head hanging over a gate We sometimes sketched an imaginary likeness of the unknown poet We determined that he must be singularly unlike Shelley that his step must be not rapid but vague that there would be on his face less of light but more of dream, that his eye would be that of one who saw little where the many see much and saw much where the many see little Wholly unlike the young poet we thought must be the countenance of him who had long been the chief object of our poetic veneration the great contemplative Bard who had forsaken the fortunate Isles of the Muses for his Tower of Speculation on the mountain top Coleridge

¹ Leigh Hunt

In two years more Alfred Tennyson met us again in the gift of a new volume it had been eagerly waited for and it was eagerly read. The second volume was in several particulars a decided advance upon the earlier, yet we enjoyed it less at first. Though its subjects were more important and were also treated with more skill, a something seemed to be wanting. That something was probably the spontaneity and unconsciousness which belongs to very youthful poetry in its most felicitous specimens, for its failures are more numerous than its successes. A third and maturer period comes, in which the best qualities that mark the first and the second period are found united. A few poems in the later volume touched us nearly in the same way as those in the earlier. One of these was "The Lady of Shalott," destined to reappear at the interval of many years in a nobler, ampler and richer form, but not one which challenged more vividly the youthful imagination. Another was "Margaret," to which might be added "The Death of the Old Year," and "The Miller's Daughter", but most of them were remoter themes, characteristic of memorable epochs, or involving some metaphysical problems. Those poems were written with very great power and skill they were unlike each other, they showed that the author's genius possessed an extraordinary versatility, and that besides what was most characteristic in that genius he possessed an exquisite taste and a high art. "Mariana in the South" breathes the air of Southern France, and its sadness is touched by an amenity which never mitigates the wintry dreariness of "Mariana in the Moated Grange." "Ænone" is thoroughly Greek in spirit, though far richer in detail than the Greek art, a severe thing, as this commonly is. "The May Queen" is an enchanting Idyl of English Rural Life, not rendered dull by its moral but ennobled by it. The "Dream of Fair Women" does not illustrate any particular country or period, but it is a marvellous specimen of one especial class of poetry, that of Vision, which reached its perfection in Dante, whose verse the young aspirant may have been reading with a grateful desire to note by this poem the spot on which his feet had rested for a time. There is however nothing of plagiarism in it. "The Lotos-Eaters" is not more admirable for its beauty than for its unity, everywhere the luxuriously lovely scenery corresponds with the voluptuous sentiment, though voluptuous only in the way of enervate thought, not of passion. I remember the poet's pointing out to me the improvement effected later by the introduction of the last paragraph setting forth the Lucretian Philosophy respecting the Gods, their aloofness from all human interests and elevated action, an Epicurean and therefore hard-hearted repose, sweetened not troubled by the endless wail from the earth. The sudden change of metre in the last paragraph has a highly artistic

effect that of throwing the bulk of the poem as it were into a remote distance. This poem should be contrasted with another and later one "Ulysses" which illustrates the same lesson in a converse form. It shows us what Heroism may be even in old age though sustained by little except the love of knowledge and the scorn of sloth. Carlyle said that it was "Ulysses" which first convinced him that "Tennyson was a true poet. I remember hearing that Bishop Thirlwall made the same statement respecting "St Simeon Stylites.

Another poem in the second volume which if it has not the spontaneousness of many in the first at least illustrates a great theme with a great and manifold mastery is "The Palace of Art." In its extreme subjectivity it reminds us of German genius, but though its scope is a philosophical and spiritual one its handling is as strikingly objective and it consists almost wholly of images which though subordinated to moral, not material ends yet possess a vividness and a concentrated power rarely found elsewhere, and reminds us of Matthew Arnold's assertion that German Literature however profound it may be in thought is cumbrous and clumsy in style compared with English. Its theme is the danger resulting from that "Art Heresy" of modern times which substitutes the worship of Art for its own sake in place of that reverence which man should feel for it only when it knows its place and is content to minister at the altars of Powers greater than itself, viz. Nature and Religion. In this poem nearly every stanza is a picture condensed within four lines. It describes a Palace not a Temple one created by the imagination exclusively for its own delight, an imagination so great that it refuses all human sympathy. "O God like isolation which art mine and yet so small that it can dream of nothing greater than itself.

I sit as God, holding no form of Creed
But contemplating all

The root of the evil as the poet clearly intimates is to be found not in the Sense, but in Pride a greater crime the sole expiation of which is Humility.

"Make me a cottage in the vale" she said
"Where I may mourn and pray

This poem is far greater in thought and in power than any of those in the earlier volume though less attractive to some perhaps on account of an apparently didactic purpose. I remember a legend about it whether authentic or not. Alfred Tennyson and Richard Chenevix Trench had been friends at Cambridge and had a common love of poetry. Soon after his ordination the future Archbishop paid a visit

to the future Laureate He spoke about the new heresy which substituted Art for Faith and Beauty for Sanctity His brother-poet, it is said, contested nothing, but simply listened, occasionally replenishing his pipe When Trench had taken his departure the auditor took up his pen, and the single thought became a poem Later the same thought was illustrated by Trench in two poems, viz. "The Prize of Song," one of the stateliest lyrics of modern times, and a noble representative of Hellenic Song and, secondly, in a sonnet, beginning, "What good soever in thy heart or mind"

Two short poems of an extraordinary strength and majesty were written at this time one would have thought that they had been written at a maturer period, but, if I remember right, they were suggested by some popular demonstrations connected with the Reform Bill of 1832, and its rejection by the House of Lords Their political teaching shows that when but twenty-three years of age Tennyson's love of Liberty, which at all periods so strongly characterized his poetry, was accompanied by an equally strong conviction that Liberty must ever be a Moral Power beginning upon the spiritual "heights" of wisdom, mutual respect and self-control, and that no despotism could be more fatal than that *tyranny of a majority* in which alone a material omnipotence is united with a legal one These two poems begin respectively with the lines, "You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease," and "Of old sat Freedom on the heights" Their massive grandeur results mainly from their brevity, and the austere simplicity of their diction, which belongs to what has sometimes been called the "lapidary" style Each might indeed have been carved upon the entablature of a temple, and I remember hearing an aged statesman exclaim that they reminded him of what he had felt when, driving across the lonely plain of Paestum, he found himself confronted by its two temples Their power consists largely in that perfection of poetic form with which each of them is invested In this respect they may be profitably contrasted with a third poem which begins "Love thou thy land, with love far-brought" In thought and imagination that poem is equal to the former two, yet it bears no comparison with them as regards weight and effectiveness, because the same perfection of form was forbidden to it by the extent and complexity of its theme It could not have been caused by want of pains on the part of the poet An anecdote will illustrate his solicitude on the subject of poetic form, the importance of which was perhaps not as much appreciated by any other writer since the days of Greek poetry One night, after he had been reading aloud several of his poems, all of them short, he passed one of them to me and said, "What is the matter with that poem?" I read it and answered, "I see nothing to complain of" He

laid his fingers on two stanzas of it, the third and fifth and said Read it again After doing so I said It has now more completeness and totality about it, but the two stanzas you cover are among its best

No matter, he rejoined 'they make the poem too longbacked and they must go at any sacrifice Every short poem he remarked should have a definite shape like the curve sometimes a single, sometimes a double one assumed by a severed tress or the rind of an apple when flung on the floor

In 1842 twelve years after the publication of Alfred Tennyson's first volume a new edition of his poems appeared in two volumes the earlier of which included his poems previously published with a few exceptions while the second was wholly new It was this edition which carried his poetry beyond a narrower circle and fixed it in the heart of the nation but in winning the many the poet did not cease to delight the fit and few They gladly recognised the progress which his art had made a progress the result of well directed pains as well as of the poet's moral characteristics and peculiarities

Genius is often frittered away by the social popularity which greets its earlier achievements one among the worst forms of adulation Henry Taylor amusingly describes his own immunity from such perils He was he tells us

From social snares with ease
Saved by that gracious gift inaptitude to please

The younger poet was as little open to such snares He was proof against them through the absence of vanity even more than through shyness indolence or any other peculiarity He was born a poet and had no ambition except the single one of first meriting and then receiving the poet's crown an ambition the unselfish character of which is so asserted by Shelley in the expression Fame is Love disguised No matter how much courted he might be no attraction whether of wit beauty or fashion could prevail on him to frequent any society except that of those whom he cordially liked and in none did he ever talk for effect Neither did he allow himself as so many of our best modern poets have done to be diverted from poetry by inferior forms of labour though the loss very frequently sustained by poetry is doubtless much compensated by the signal aptitude which the poetic faculty sometimes shows for tasks not properly its own whether literary or practical He delighted in all forms of knowledge but he was faithful to his own gift and drew all things beside into the service of poetry as their Suzerain For this task the largeness of his sympathies specially qualified him though it might have produced

the opposite effect if he had not possessed a great unity of purpose as well as a great imaginative versatility

Another gift contributed to make these twelve years fruitful to him, that of a singular common sense. This gift, often regarded as but an humble one, is in reality nothing less than a form of inspiration, for, like the loftier inspiration, it works it knows not how, and spontaneously. It is often, as obviously in the case of Shakespeare, united with the highest genius, and it is as often signally defective in men of high abilities, but men who in genius have no part. The gift of common sense united with that of imagination attracted Alfred Tennyson to the humorous side of things as well as to the pathetic, and thus made him learned in Life, the Life of the Humanities. All those things in them which others see but in their accidents, the mind thus dowered with a twofold inspiration sees in their essence.

Those English Idyls¹ were a gift such as no other writer of Idyls had ever given to his countrymen. No Englishman can read them in far lands without the memory coming back to him of the days when he sat on an English stile, and watched English lambs at play, or walked beneath hedgerow trees in "a land of ancient peace" listening to the last note of the last bird-song as the twilight deepened into night. He will see an English Ruth adorning with flowers the hat of the child that is not hers, in the hope of winning his grandfather's heart, or sitting on the popped ground amid the wheat, while

The reapers reap'd

And the sun fell and all the land was dark

He will see "The Gardener's Daughter," and her garden described, to quote Henry Taylor's words, "as only Tennyson could describe it," that Garden bordered by

A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream
That stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster towers

It would be hard to find two Idyls more perfect than "Dora" and "The Gardener's Daughter," or more unlike each other the former so Hebraic in its stern and unadorned simplicity, the latter so pure in its richness, sweetness and pathos, a pathos not of sorrow, but of joy, one that delights, not wounds. I remember an incident connected with "The Gardener's Daughter." The poet had corrected

¹ My father used to spell Idyls then with one "l" for these shorter Idyls, and Idylls with two "l's" for the epic "Idylls of the King."

it as carefully as he had originally composed it in his head where he was in the habit of keeping more than one poem at a time before he wrote down any of them I found him one day in James Spedding's rooms He shewed me the MS and said 'The corrections jostled each other and the poem seemed out of gear Spedding has just now remarked that it wants nothing but that this passage forty lines should be omitted He is right It was omitted

Few of these Idyls are more perfect than 'Audley Court' short as it is What can be more vigorous than these lines illustrative of simple aversion as distinguished from hatred or resentment?

Oh! who would love? I woo'd a woman once
But she was sharper than an eastern wind
And all my heart turned from her, *as a thorn*
Turns from the sea but let me live my life

Those descriptions of nature owe half their charm to the circumstance that the illustrations of men and manners are in entire harmony with them In them material nature and human life are mirrors that mutually reflect each other There exist pictures in which the landscape is by one artist and the figures by another Compared with these poems they are failures

Among the Idyls none are more delightful than those which illustrate the life of young Englishmen and Englishwomen Such are Edwin Morris Locksley Hall 'The Day Dream' and Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue To me the most delightful of these is 'The Talking Oak' It is more difficult to make the Manor House poetical than the Cottage but here as in 'The Princess' and elsewhere that arduous problem is solved In it the poet's gift of expressive harmonious and richly coloured language reaches its highest

O rock upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
All starry culmination drop
Balm dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells

Very remarkable is the skill with which 'The Talking Oak' while depicting the country life of England connects with it a series of sketches illustrating each in but a few happy touches many of her past historical periods Its author told me that this poem was an experiment meant to test the degree in which it is within the power

of poetry to *humanize* external nature The *subtlety* of his own sympathies with Nature probably rendered it easier for him than for any other poet to invest tree or stream with human affections and sympathies He mentioned that he had written, as a companion to this poem, another one, dealing in similar fashion with a rivulet, but that it was lost and he repeated a line the syllables of which imitated the sound of a stream running over a stony bed, "I babble with my pebbles" The lost poem seems to survive in "The Brook," the most artistic, I think, of that kind of Idyl To this Idyl series many were added in later volumes, such as "The First Quarrel," "The Sisters," "The Village Wife," "The Spinster's Sweet-arts," "The Children's Hospital," and "Rizpah," among the strongest of the series.

In this series Idyllic Poetry was raised to a height after which it had never before aspired In most of the old Idyls, and the modern imitations of them, a couple of shepherds piped their loves in rivalry One of them gained his prize, and thanked Faunus, another lost it, as he had already lost the treacherous object of his affections, and went home seriously distressed but not without hope of "better luck the next time" There was in them no attempt at descriptive poetry the trees and the pastures were generally as like each other as sheep is like sheep It was otherwise with these new Idyls In them there was room for the whole range of human affections, passions and interests, and their descriptive passages delineated nature in all her moods and aspects, the humblest as well as the greatest Had those poems included nothing but their descriptive portions they would hence still have possessed a great charm but they were yet more remarkable for the dramatic skill with which the characters were discriminated, whether they belonged to the cultured or the humbler classes of society How unlike are the self-satisfied and harmless babblers of "Philip's Farm," and the sturdy yeoman who starves his son because he will not marry Dora, and who later weeps over that son's orphan child! How different from both is that Northern farmer of "the old style," with a heart hard as a stone, and a mind that seems but animated matter, and yet with a single spot of tenderness in him, one for the soil itself, from which he seems to have risen full-grown, on which he has laboured so long, and over which he cannot bear that the new-fangled steam-plough and the hiss of the "kettle" should ever pass! Many a year before Tennyson wrote drama, his Idyls had proved that in his poetic gift there lived a latent but admirable dramatic insight

The volume of 1842 was welcomed not only with gratitude for all that it bestowed, but as an augury of gifts greater yet sure to follow

whenever a genius so potent and so various measured itself with a theme worthy of it and capable of testing all its powers That augury was fulfilled by the publication of *In Memoriam* and the 'Idylls of the King' "*In Memoriam* showed how great a thing man's love is by revealing the greatness of that love that grief and that deliverance from grief of which it is capable The 'Idylls of the King' more of a complete great Epic than any of the great Epics showed how high is that aim which every commonwealth of men is bound to propose to itself, and it showed not less that that high aim political at once and spiritual when frustrated owes its doom not to mischance or external violence chiefly but to moral evil that saps the State's foundations

(P 487) REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS WILSON AND
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

1863-64

Mr Wilson writes

We used frequently to walk together with the boys sometimes drawing Mrs Tennyson in her little four wheeled carriage along the Downs towards the Needles through Maidens Croft over the little rustic bridge across the lane where sometimes inquisitive strangers used to lie in wait to catch a sight of the Poet

Maidens Croft reminds me of Mr Tennyson's resentment of Mr Ruskin's criticising his line in 'Maud' as a pathetic fallacy

And left the daisies rosy

Why he said the very day I wrote it I saw the daisies rosy in Maidens Croft and thought of enclosing one to Ruskin labelled 'A pathetic fallacy' I remember asking him if unselfishness was the essence of virtue? his reply was Certainly

Not unfrequently I used to have evening talks with him on the way up to bed looking at the many pictures that adorned the staircase these he said he looked at far more frequently than pictures in the room On one of these occasions as he was holding a candle to examine some book or picture (for he was very near sighted) his wavy dark hair took fire I was for putting it out 'Oh never mind he said it depends upon chance burnings

He spoke of 'the wind torturing the roof' and used often to mount outside the roof from his attic chamber to admire the moonlight and

the sound of the breakers in the Bay. He was so short-sighted that the moon, without a glass, seemed to him like a shield across the sky¹

He came into my room one day looking for any new book to feed upon he took down one by Stevenson called *Praying and Worling*, an account of German Ragged Schools, he told me afterwards he had read it with great pleasure, he was keen to get De Morgan's *From Matter to Spirit*

On Lionel's birthday we acted a little Play or Charade the first scene, to represent the word 'lion,' was the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the servants were admitted to the performance, and laughed heartily at Wall, the Moon, and other grotesque characters Tennyson remarked that this confirmed his opinion of the enduring popularity of broad Comedy in England

Tennyson always said that his childhood had been at times very unhappy, and his desire was to make Hallam and Lionel's childhood as happy as possible he encouraged Lionel, who had some talent for drawing, to copy natural objects

He used sometimes to read aloud in the evening, in a deep sustained sonorous voice I remember little Hallam warning me not to trouble him when he was smoking his first morning pipe, when he used to think that his best inspirations came

At the time of these Recollections I was not in good health, sometimes suffering from fits of melancholy, on one such occasion he said, "If you wish to kill yourself don't do it here go to Yarmouth and do it decently", on another occasion he said, "Just go grimly on" I once spoke of Christ as an example of failure "Do you," said he, "call that failure which has altered the belief and the social relations of the whole world?"

Mr Allingham writes

Oct 3rd, 1863 Saturday We drove to Farringford (Mrs A, Clough and W A), picking up on the way Pollock and his son Drawing-room tea, Mrs Tennyson in white, I can sometimes scarcely hear her low tones Mrs Cameron, dark, short, sharp-eyed, one hears very distinctly I wandered to the book-table where Tennyson joined me He praised Worsley's *Odyssey* In a book of Latin versions from his own poetry he found some slips in Lord Lyttelton's Latin *Cytherea Venus*, etc "Did I find Lymington very dull?" I told him that

¹ He said that he never saw the two end stars in the tail of "Ursa Major" separate To his eyes they intersected one another

since coming there I had heard Cardinal Wiseman lecture (on Self culture) Spurgeon preach and seen Tom Sayers spar More than I have he remarked In taking leave he said, Come to-morrow

Oct 4th I walked over alone to Farringford, found first Mrs Tennyson the two boys and their tutor Tennyson at luncheon 'What do we know of the feelings of insects? Nothing Tennyson takes me upstairs to his den on the top storey and higher up a ladder to the leads He often comes up here at night to look at the heavens Then we went down and walked about the grounds looking at a cedar, a huge fern an Irish yew The dark cedar in Maud 'sighing for Lebanon he got at Swanston, Sir John Simeon's We went down the garden, past a large fig tree growing in the open like a breaking wave" Contradictions *from him* are no way disagreeable and so to the farmyard Have you a particular feeling about a farm yard? he asked a special delight in it? I have The first time I read Shakespeare was on a hay stack *Othello* I said This man's overrated Boys can't understand Shakespeare We spoke a little of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, next year Most people pronounce *Arbutus* wrong with the second syllable long *Clematis* too which should be 'Clemâtis In the passage or somewhere near it I noticed a dusty plial hanging up with some dried brawn stuff in it (left by the last owners of Farringford) It is a Lar he said with a twinkle in his eyes And what else is it? I asked An old bottle of *Ipecacuanha*. We looked at the great magnolia stretching up to the roof, then into the hall and saw some fossils 'Man: so small' he said, but a fly on the wheel Mrs Clough was in the house and she and I now departed Tennyson coming with us as far as the little south postern opening on the lane In parting he said to me We shall see you sometimes? which gladdened me

Later We (W A and Rev W Barnes the Dorsetshire poet) drove in a fly to Farringford where Tennyson Mrs Tennyson Miss Tennyson, met us in the hall Tennyson and Barnes at once on easy terms having simple poetic minds and mutual good will I ask of 'Ancient Britons, barrows roads etc I to upper room to dress Tennyson comes in to me and we go down together Dinner stories of Ghosts and Dreams To drawing room as usual where Tennyson had his port Barnes no wine Tennyson said Modern fame is nothing I'd rather have an acre of land I shall go down down I'm up now Action and reaction Tennyson went upstairs by himself I see Enter Mrs Cameron (in a funny red open work shawl) with two of her boys Tennyson reappeared and Mrs Cameron showed a small firework toy called Pharaoh's Serpents, a kind of pastille which when lighted twists about in a wormlike shape Mrs Cameron said

they were poisonous, and forbade us all to touch Tennyson in defiance put out his hand "Don't touch 'em," shrieked Mrs Cameron "You shan't, Alfred!" But Alfred did "Wash your hands then!" But Alfred wouldn't, and rubbed his moustache instead, enjoying Mrs Cameron's agonies Then she said to him, "Will you come to morrow to be photographed?" He, very emphatically, "No!" Then she turned to me, "You left a Great Poet out of *Nightingale Valley*, and have been repenting ever since in sackcloth and ashes, eh?" She meant Henry Taylor I tried to say that the volume was not a collection of specimens of poets, but she did not listen Then she said graciously, "Come to-morrow and you shall be taken, and (whispers) you shall see Madonna, eh?" Madonna, otherwise called Island Mary, being one of her pretty servants whom she photographs as the Virgin, etc This eh! and hm! makes a droll little finish to many of Mrs Cameron's sentences She is extremely clever, and good-natured Tennyson and I went out to the porch with Mrs Cameron, where her donkey-chair was waiting in the moonlight We looked at some of her own photographs on the walls, and at one of Henry Taylor Tennyson said to one of the Cameron boys, "All your mother's geese are swans and all her Taylors are gods!" "What's that?" says Mrs Cameron, who only heard part, upon which Tennyson repeated the words, introducing them with "Your son says," at which we all laughed, whether the lady enjoyed it or not But she was candid enough on her part Tennyson asked her would she photograph Mr Barnes? But she said "No" She objected to the top of his head

Tennyson now took Barnes and me to his top room "Darwinism. Man from Ape, would that really make any difference?" "Time is nothing (said T) are we not all part of Deity?" "Pantheism," hinted Barnes, who was not at ease in this sort of speculation "Well," says Tennyson, "I think I believe in Pantheism, of a sort" Barnes to bed, Tennyson and I up ladder to the roof and looked at Orion, then to my room, where more talk He liked Barnes, he said, "but he is not accustomed to strong views theologic" We talked of Browning, for whom Tennyson had a very strong personal regard "I can't understand how he should care for my poetry His new poem has 15,000 lines there's copiousness! Good night" Bed about 1

(P 487) *Hints for Enoch Arden from Edward Fitzgerald*
(1862) *in a letter to my mother*

How is it that your note has been unanswered this month or more? Why a fortnight of the month I didn't see it at all being away with a sister in Norfolk and the remaining fortnight? Why I kept thinking I might tell you something about the *fishing* questions you ask me I mean about telling you *anything* about fishermen etc Well some how what little I know on such matters won't turn up on demand perhaps it would undemanded if you and A T were in my boat one summer day on this poor river or plunging over its bar into the German Seas Ah! Alfred should never have left his old county with its Mablethorpe sea As to the definite questions you ask on the subject I can only answer for the customs in such matters *hereabout*

1 There is no *apprenticeship* to fishing anyone takes anyone who comes handy etc even in the *Deep Sea* fishing i.e. not along the coast, but out to the Dogger bank Scotland Ireland etc (for cod fish) anyone *may* go who *can* get a berth Only a little while ago a lad was telling me at Aldbro how *he* first went as a boy of 13 he *hid* himself in the *stern* of the boat that was pushing off to the *smack* and when they were well off shore he pushed up his head from under ropes etc and the Master only said 'What! is thee that devil of a boy? You'll be glad enough to be at home again before long!' and so took him out to sea and now the lad has his 14s a week (grown to 19 years old) like the rest

2 May *fishermen* act as pilots or must they be of a *Guild* of pilots? Yes properly no one is *authorized* to become a pilot unless he has served his time as *mate* in a *squire rigged vessel* (i.e. nothing under a *brig* even a *schooner* won't do) When he has so served a certain time he has to pass examinations before (I *think*) the *Trinity Board* and so is admitted or not to be of the Guild But when all the authorized pilots in a place are exhausted (as will happen when many foreign ships pass etc) then a *fisherman* or other *unauthorized* sailor will go being called a '*Brummagem Pilot*

Oh dear! this is very learned very useless I dare say But you ask me and I tell my best I have been almost tempted to write you out some morsels of Dampier's *Voyages* which I copied out for myself so fine as they are in their way I think but they would be no use unless A T fell upon them by chance for of all horses Pegasus least likes to be dragged to drink I love Captain Cook too what fine English his in the Johnsonian days! I remember 10 years ago telling Alfred at Brighton of some poor little verses found in the Prayer Book of a

seafaring son of our old coachman, who died at sea and Alfred took the pipe out of his blessed old lips to remurmur one, which *Thackeray* pooh-poohed. Along the coast here are many peculiar and fine Scandinavian words, which are not registered even by our provincial glossarists (who have dealt chiefly with the inland husbandman people)

Well, I shan't go on more about this unless you desire some more. About the photographs of A T, thank you for them as *you* think one of them very good, I have no doubt it is so but what becomes of the eyes? I had seen some bigger ones, which made a sort of Rembrandt Burgomaster of him but in reality I don't much love photographs though I asked you for one, because I knew they were always going on and I sincerely thank you for sending me (I dare say) the best

This is vile weak scribbling, after two glasses of b-r-n-d-y and water too (Sunday evening)

I saw (in Norfolk) that Yarrell does give that human note to the plover so I dare say he is right, and my friends on the river here wrong. I see too that Yarrell writes the word "Curlew" as French "*Courve lieu*" (*I think*), supposed to be from its *cry* (Query Will A T say anything better than an Aldbro' fisherman said of a boat (Humph) "Ah!—She go like a *Violin*, she do!")

Some Summer some Summer day send the old wretch here, where nobody scarce knows his name (don't be angry, Mrs A T), though a duller place is not! but an ugly river

(and a dirty sea)

(and E F G)

which is my poem Q E. D

(P S Leave the scrap of *Cook* on the floor, in Alfred's way don't give it him)

